CHILDREN'S BOOK OF FACT AND FANCY



THE · BOOK · HOUSE ·



A BOOK is just a House of Thought,
Where many Things and People live.
Beyond its doors Great Things are taught,
And all its Dwellers give and give.
So walk right through the open door
With kindly Heart and brain awake.
You'll find in there a Wonder Store
Of Good Things, all for you to take.

The Dwellers in *your* Book House know
All sorts of tales to tell to you,
And each will try his best to show
The way those tales of Wonder grew.
For this our Book House Friends expect
A trifling payment in return;
Just thoughtful Kindness and Respect,—
That's all they *ask* for all we *learn*.

John-martin

This BOOK belongs to

THE BOOK TREE

A BOOK TREE is a Knowledge Tree,
As almost anyone can see.
Long, long ago its seed was sown;
For *years* and *years* the Tree has grown.
Ten thousand thousand Hearts & Heads
Have cared for it, so now it spreads
Its Roots and Branches far and wide,
And casts its shade on every side.

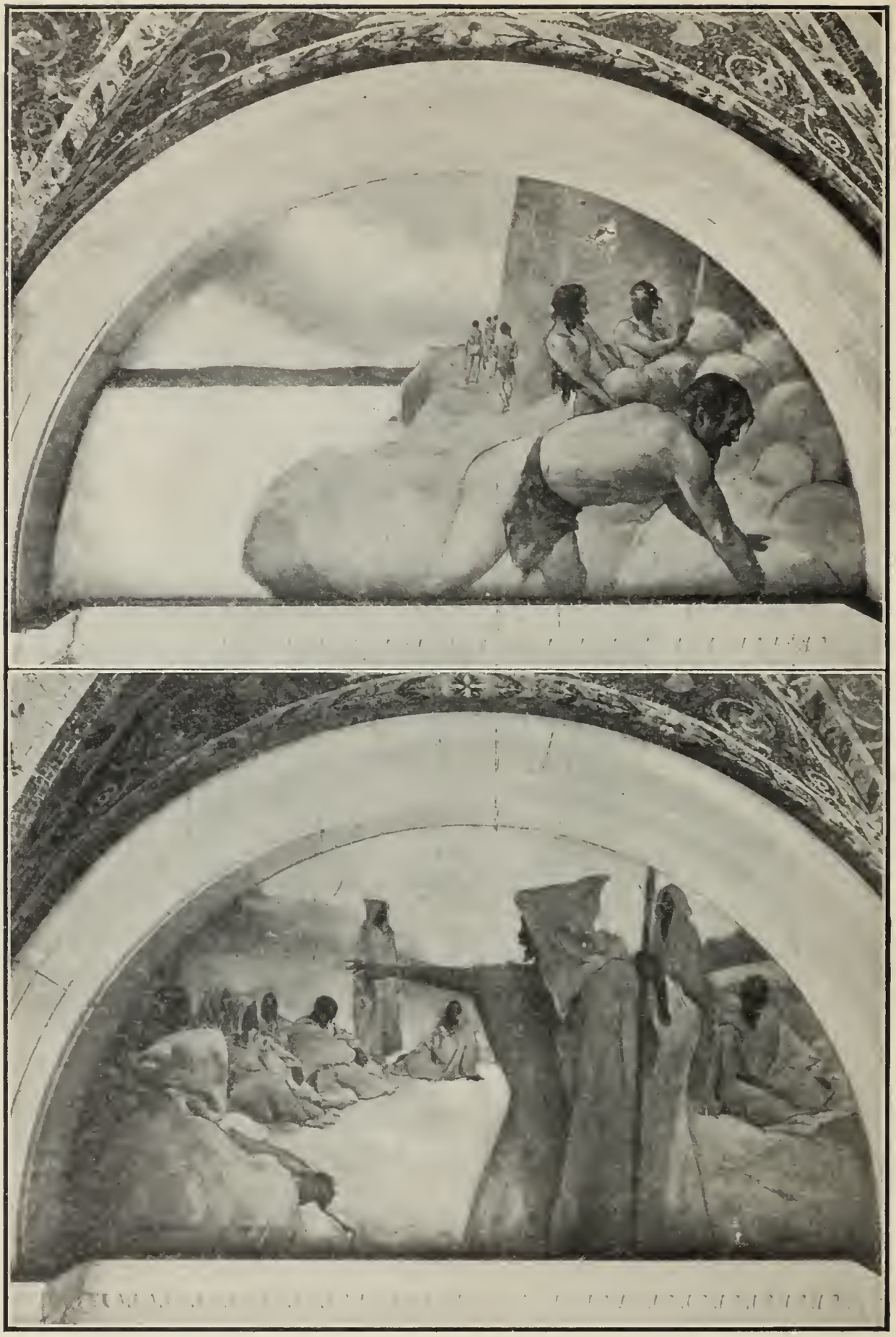
This Tree bears Fruit of different kinds
For many Hearts and many Minds.
So all you Children have to do
Is just to take what's *best* for you.
But no one ever soils or breaks
The Golden Fruit he *needs* and takes,
And no one ever bends or tears
The Books this Tree of Knowledge bears.

John-martin



Copyright 1910 by Morgan Shepard

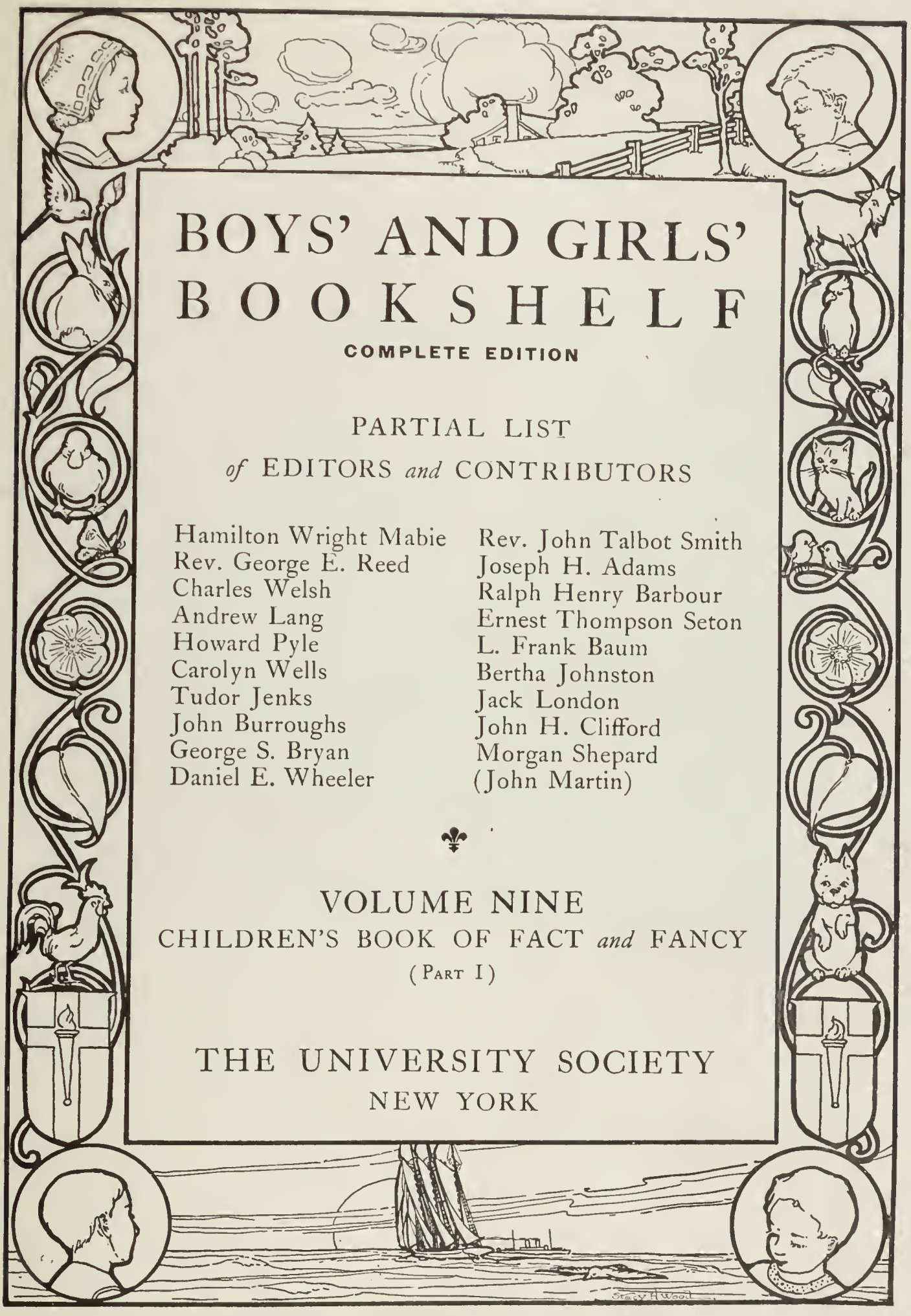




THE EVOLUTION OF THE BOOK—I.

FROM THE MURAL DECORATIONS BY J. W. ALEXANDER IN THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

UPPER: THE CAIRN. LOWER: ORAL TRADITION.



BOYS' AND GIRLS' BOOKSHELF

COMPLETE EDITION

PARTIAL LIST

of EDITORS *and* CONTRIBUTORS

Hamilton Wright Mabie
Rev. George E. Reed
Charles Welsh
Andrew Lang
Howard Pyle
Carolyn Wells
Tudor Jenks
John Burroughs
George S. Bryan
Daniel E. Wheeler
Rev. John Talbot Smith
Joseph H. Adams
Ralph Henry Barbour
Ernest Thompson Seton
L. Frank Baum
Bertha Johnston
Jack London
John H. Clifford
Morgan Shepard
(John Martin)

VOLUME NINE

CHILDREN'S BOOK OF FACT *and* FANCY

(PART I)

THE UNIVERSITY SOCIETY
NEW YORK



Copyright, 1915, by
THE UNIVERSITY SOCIETY Inc.

PARTIAL LIST OF EDITORS, AUTHORS, AND ILLUSTRATORS WHOSE WORK APPEARS IN THIS PUBLICATION

CHARLES WELSH,
Author of "The Right Reading for [Children," "Stories Children Love."

REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH,
Director of the Catholic Summer School of America and Author of "The Prairie [Boy," etc.

MORGAN SHEPARD (JOHN MARTIN),
Writer of illustrated letters to children.

REV. GEORGE E. REED,
Ex-President of Dickinson College.

JOSEPH H. ADAMS,
Editor of "Harper's Practical Books [for Boys."

RALPH HENRY BARBOUR,
Author of "The Crimson Sweater" and [other books for boys.

L. FRANK BAUM,
Author of "The Wizard of Oz," "Queen [Zixie of Ix" and other children's books.

KATHARINE N. BIRDSALL,
Formerly Associate-Editor of "The [Children's Magazine."

J. G. BROWN,
Painter of Child-Life.

JOHN BURROUGHS,
Naturalist and Author.

ELLIS PARKER BUTLER,
Author of "The Incubator Baby," "A [Thin Santa Claus," etc.

LAURA E. RICHARDS,
Author of "When I Was Your Age," ["Five-Minute Stories," etc.

REV. JAMES M. FARRAR,
Author of "A Junior Congregation" and ["Little Talks to Little People."

REV. WASHINGTON GLADDEN,
Author of "Santa Claus on a Lark," ["Social Salvation," etc.

MARGARET JOHNSON,
Illustrator, and Author of "A Bunch of [Keys," etc.

CHARLOTTE BREWSTER JORDAN,
Author of "Mother Song and Child [Song," etc.

EMILIE BENSON KNIPE,
Illustrator, and Author of "Little Miss [Fales," etc.

JACK LONDON,
Author of "The Call of the Wild," "The [Seawolf" and other stories.

LUCY FITCH PERKINS,
Illustrator, Decorator, and Author of "A Book of Joys," "The Goose Girl," [etc.

HOWARD PYLE,
Illustrator, and Author of "Otto of the Silver Hand," "Robin Hood" and other [young folks' books.

HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE,
Associate-Editor of "The Outlook" and Author of "My Study Fire," "Works and Days" and other volumes of [essays.

ERNEST THOMPSON SETON,
Author of "Wild Animal Play for [Children," "Two Little Savages," etc.

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD,
Author of "Hester Stanley's Friends," [etc.

JASMINE STONE VAN DRESSER,
Author of "How to Find Happyland," [etc.

CAROLYN WELLS,
Author of "Folly in Fairyland," the "Patty" books, the "Marjorie" books, [etc.

TUDOR JENKS,
Author of "Boys' Book of Explorations," "Electricity for Young People," [etc.

JOHN H. CLIFFORD,
Associate-Editor of "The Young Folks' [Treasury," "The Mother's Book," etc.

ADMIRAL ROBERT E. PEARY,
U. S. Naval Officer, Explorer and Author of "Northward Over the Great [Ice," etc

GEORGE S. BRYAN,
Writer and Translator.

CLIFFORD HOWARD,
Author of "Curious Facts," etc.

EDITH M. THOMAS,
Author of "Lyrics and Sonnets," "The [Children of Christmas," etc.

DANIEL E. WHEELER,
Associate-Editor of "The Young Folks' [Treasury," etc.

AMY STEEDMAN,
Author of "In God's Garden," etc.

L. L. WEEDON,
Author of "Bible Stories," etc.

ARTHUR UPSON,
Poet and Critic.

EMILIE POULSSON,
Author of "Nursery Finger-Plays," ["Child Stories and Rhymes," etc.

PAULINE FRANCES CAMP,
Author of "Poems."

MARY V. WORSTELL,
Author, Editor and Lecturer.

EDWIN L. SABIN,
Author of "When You Were a Boy," etc.

MARTHA BURR BANKS,
Author of "Dame Dimple's Thanksgiv- [ing."

DAVID KILBURN STEVENS,
Author of "Lays of a Lazy Dog."

F. S. CHURCH,
Illustrator.

WILLIAM OLIVER STEVENS,
Author of "The Young Privateersman."

CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER,
Author of "Stories of Animal Life." ["The Boy Anglers," etc.

E. W. KEMBLE,
Illustrator; Author of "Kemble's Sketch [Book," etc.

CONSTANCE C. HARRISON (MRS BURTON HARRISON),
Author of "Old-Fashioned Fairy Books," ["Folk and Fairy Tales." etc.

DAY ALLEN WILLEY,
Journalist and Magazine Writer.

CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK,
Author of "Cradle and Nursery," "What [to Eat," etc.

ROBERT WILLIAMS WOOD,
Professor of Experimental Physics in Johns Hopkins University; Author of "How to Tell the Birds from the Flow- [ers," etc.

EDWARD F. BIGELOW,
Naturalist; Editor of "The Guide to Nature" and Author of "The Spirit [of Nature-Study," etc.

EDMUND J. SAWYER,
Natural History Writer.

FRANK L. CHAPMAN,
Curator of Ornithology, American Mu- [seum, and Editor of "Bird-Lore."

JAMES C. BEARD,
Illustrator, and Author of "Little Workers," "Curious Homes and Their [Tenants," etc.

THOMAS H. KEARNEY,
Of the Bureau of Plant Industry, U. S. [Department of Agriculture.

ERNEST INGERSOLL,
Author of "Wild Life of Orchard and Field," "The Life of Mammals" and [other works on natural history.

MARY DAWSON,
Author of "The Book of Frolics for All [Occasions."

GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH,
Author of "The Mysterious Beacon [Light," etc.

BERTHA JOHNSTON,
Editor of "The Kindergarten Maga- zine" and Author of "Home Occupa- [tions for Boys and Girls."

EDWIN W. FOSTER,
Author of "Carpentry and Woodwork," [etc.

W. S. CAMERON,
Natural History Writer.

SILAS ALPHA LOTTRIDGE,
Author of "Animal Snapshots and How [Made.

WILLIAM LOVELL FINLEY,
Author of "American Birds Studied [and Photographed from Life."

A FOREWORD.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:

When the Editors of THE BOOKSHELF made these two Volumes (IX. and X.), they thought a good deal about boys and girls who *ask questions*. Perhaps this was because they had only *heard* there were such children. Perhaps it was because they have children of their own who ask a great many questions. I hope the last reason was the *real* one, because I should be very sorry for an editor—or any other man—who had children that didn't ask questions. Children of that kind, I am sure, would be dull and lazy and altogether uninteresting things to have around the house. Anyhow, the editors must have been thinking of the other kind, and that is why they allowed so many pages to the "CHILDREN'S QUESTION BOX," in this volume, and to "INTERESTING QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS" in the next one.

It is perfectly right and proper for boys and girls to ask questions. As I have just hinted, I wouldn't give much for a child who didn't see and hear a lot of things he didn't understand, and want to know about them. If you are one of the questioning kind—and I am sure you are—probably you take your questions to your papa or mamma, or perhaps to a big brother or a big sister, which is all right, for that is one of the things papas and mammas and big brothers and sisters are for.

But there is another and a better way, which is to *try to find out for yourself*. And that is one of the things the whole BOOKSHELF (and especially Volumes IX. and X.) is for. So whenever you want to know about any particular thing, such as what it is that makes you feel hungry, or where did all the water in the oceans come from, or why all of your fingers are

not of the same length, or what makes a rainbow, or any one of the very many things you don't understand, just turn to these volumes. Or rather, turn first to the INDEX, read what is said there about how to use it, and then *look up the subject for yourself.*

If you learn to do this, you will be forming one of the very best habits you can have—I was going to say, *the* very best—the habit of *Self-Reliance.* For, without this habit you really can't expect to amount to very much when you grow up. Ask your papa or your mamma or any other grown-up if this isn't so.

And besides, after you have learned to do this, it's such a lot more fun than just to *ask* and to be *told!* It's a kind of a game, you see—something like Hide and Seek. Now, there wouldn't be any fun in playing Hide and Seek, if the hider always jumped out and cried, "Here I am!" would there? So just make believe the thing you want to know is the hider, and that the place it is hiding in is somewhere in these volumes, and that you are the seeker. After you have done this a few times, you will come to like it better than any other way of finding out about things you want to know. And all the while you will be learning not only what a wise and knowing friend you have in THE BOOKSHELF, but what a wonderful and valuable thing any *good book* is.

And while we are on the subject of knowing about things, I want to warn you never to be afraid to say, *"I don't know,"* if you *don't* know. For, if you *pretend* to know, and really *don't,* it is certain that sooner or later people will find you out, and after that will have a poor opinion of you. And what is more important, you will come to have a poor opinion of yourself; that is, you will lose your *Self-Respect,* and if you lose that you may be sure that nobody will have any respect for you.

By way of illustration, I want to tell you about a college professor I once knew. Probably you think now

that a college professor must know *everything* about the subject he teaches, but some day you are likely to find out that *no* man knows *everything* about *any* subject. Now, this professor had a way of saying, "I don't know," when he *didn't* know, and saying it right out, bluntly, before about forty students. And do you know, I always liked that professor for this frankness, and because of it I always felt sure that he wouldn't say anything that wasn't so. *But,* you may be sure that when he next came into the classroom, this professor *did* know about the subject he had said he was ignorant of, and he knew a *great deal* about it, too; for he had always taken much pains to find out about it meanwhile.

Of course, there is a great deal in these two volumes that you will want to read, besides these questions and answers. For instance, there are the sections called, "Tales of Sir Walter Scott," "Some Stories of Charles Dickens," and "Stories that Make Use of History," all in Volume IX. These will introduce you to some most fascinating men and women, like Waverley and Rob Roy and Bonnie Prince Charley and Flora MacIvor and Jennie Deans, and many more, all of them made very real by Sir Walter's skilful pen; not to mention the amusing Mr. Pickwick, and Sam Weller and Oliver Twist and Nicholas Nickleby and the heroic Sydney Carton, and all the rest of the interesting men and women whom Dickens put into his wonderful books.

And then you will want to know something more about good Sir Walter and Charles Dickens, and so you will turn to the sections called, "Six Great Story-Tellers," which will tell you not only about Scott and Dickens, but about the great William Makepeace Thackeray and Charles Kingsley (a very particular friend of boys and girls), and George Eliot, who, you will learn, was not a man, as you might suppose from the name, but a woman, and one of the most remarkable women the world ever knew.

Then in the section, "A Few More Great Story-Tellers," you will want to read about other great writers, like John Bunyan, who wrote the famous *Pilgrim's Progress,* and Jonathan Swift, who wrote a very clever and amusing book, called *Gulliver's Travels* (both of which stories you will find, in brief form in this same Volume IX.), and Samuel Richardson and Henry Fielding and Oliver Goldsmith—poor Oliver, who wasn't all his friends wished him to be as a man, but who, nevertheless, wrote one of the most beautiful stories in the English language, *The Vicar of Wakefield,* and also one of the most perfect poems, *The Deserted Village.*

And then there are the highly useful sections (in Volume X.), called "Doing Things Indoors and Out," which tell you how to make things—that is, how to use your hands. And last, but by no means least, there are the jolly little verses, and the longer poems, many of them very famous and beautiful ones, which you will come to like better and better as you grow older.

I have told you only a little about what is in these two volumes of The BOOKSHELF, but I know you will find something that will interest you on every page.

Just *look* at *every page,* and see if I am not *right.*

Yours, for facts and fun,

UNCLE JOE.

CONTENTS

PAGES

STORIES IN POEM AND PICTURE FOR LITTLE FOLK, PART IV 1 – 5

Three Welshmen—If!—I Am Lonely (*George Eliot*)—Ambitious Sophy (*Elizabeth Turner*)—The Gardener (*Lucy F. Perkins*)—Garden Rivals (*Isabel E. Mackay*) Grandmother's Garden (*Joel Benton*)

TALES OF SIR WALTER SCOTT 6 – 14

POEMS FOR CHILDREN OF ALL AGES, PART V 15 – 25

Geoffry of Monmouth's Dream (*Stella G. Stern*)—The Young Mouse (*Jeffreys Taylor*)—Snake Story (*Henry Johnstone*)—The Melancholy Pig (*Lewis Carroll*) —The King of Unsergarten (*Eric Parker*)—The Longfellow House at Portland (*Mary E. Roberts*)—A Chinese Valentine (*A. R. Wheelan*)—To the Fringed Gentian (*William Cullen Bryant*)—The Moon (*Robert Louis Stevenson*)—The Months—Symon's Lesson of Wisdom for all Manner of Children—The Ant and the Cricket—What Would You See? (*George Macdonald*)—Sneezing

SIX GREAT STORY-TELLERS II 26 – 39

Sir Walter Scott—Charles Dickens—William M. Thackeray—Charles Kingsley—George Eliot—Robert Louis Stevenson

POEMS FOR CHILDREN OF ALL AGES, PART VIII 40 – 51

On New Year's Day in the Morning (*Helen G. Cone*)—Sweet Robin—The Dream of a Boy who Lived at Nine-Elms (*William B. Rands*)—The Dream of a Girl who Lived at Seven-Oaks (*William B. Rands*)—The Two Countries (*Jane M. Parker*)—A New Arithmetic (*George W. Daley*)—The Snail and the Race-Horse (*F. C. Gordon*)—Miss Gingham of Hingham (*Arthur Upson*)—A Summer Snow Storm (*E. S. T.*)—To Coverly—A Year's Windfalls (*Christina Rossetti*)—Jacky—Try Again (*Eliza Cook*)—The Boy and the Sheep (*Ann Taylor*)—The Introduction to "The Bad Child's Book of Beasts." (*Hilaire Belloc*)—Birds in Summer (*Mary Howitt*)—St. Swithin's Day

SOME STORIES OF CHARLES DICKENS 52 – 57

POEMS FOR CHILDREN OF ALL AGES, PART IX 58 – 69

A Fourth of July Record (*Lilian D. Rice*)—The Babes in the Wood—A Weather Rule—The Prophets of the Hive—Meg Merrilies (*John Keats*)—Romance (*Gabriel Setoun*)—A Dream Journey (*Blanche V. Fisher*)—How the King Chose his Wife (*Adele Barney Wilson*)—Three Little Bears (*M. C. McNeill*)—The Snowman (*W. W. Ellsworth*)—At Dinner (*Alden A. Knipe*)

A FEW MORE GREAT STORY-TELLERS 70 – 76

John Bunyan—Jonathan Swift—Samuel Richardson — Henry Fielding — Laurence Sterne—Tobias George Smollett—Oliver Goldsmith

PAGES

POEMS FOR CHILDREN OF ALL AGES, PART X 77 - 88

The Little Maid of Spain (*Helen G. Cone*)—The Tea-Set Blue (*Rose M. Powers*)—A Little Gentleman; Helping; Time for Everything; A New Baby (*Alden A. Knipe*)—Summer—After Tea (*Alden A. Knipe*)—The Pensioner in Gray (*Marion Longfellow*)—Examples (*Rudolf F. Bunner*)—The Forsaken Merman (*Matthew Arnold*)—Good Tidings—Picture Books in Winter (*Robert L. Stevenson*)—Cock Robin and Jenny Wren—Signs of Rain (*Edward Jenner*)—The Sensitive Cat (*Alice Brown*)

POEMS FOR CHILDREN OF ALL AGES, PART XI 89 - 98

The Ballad of Bruce's Bowl (*Paul R. Heyl*)—Crinkum Crankums (*Ellen Manly*)—The May Queen (*Alfred, Lord Tennyson*)—The Boy Decides—Maria's Purse (*Elizabeth Turner*)—A Sleeping Child (*Arthur Hugh Clough*)

PEEPS INTO TWO IMMORTAL BOOKS 99 -112

Gulliver's Travels (condensed version) *Jonathan Swift*
The Pilgrim's Progress (condensed version) *John Bunyan*

STORIES THAT MAKE USE OF HISTORY 113-124

A Great Show *Alfred Church*
Richard My King *Livingston B. Morse*
How Regulus Went Back to Die

GOLDEN DEEDS OF MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN 125-129

William Wallace, who led the Scots Against the English—How William Tell Shot at the Apple on his Boy's Head—How George Castriot Held the Turks at Bay—Louis Kossuth, who Fought for the Freedom of Hungary—How Margaret Wilson Gave up her Life—The Boy who Saved the Hamlet—The Noble Sikh in the Indian Mutiny—How Mary Jones Got the Bible—Jeanne, the Brave Little Mother

POEMS FOR CHILDREN OF ALL AGES, PART XII 130-143

The May-Pole Dance (*Cornelia W. McCleary*)—Cupid and Santa Claus (*Albert B. Paine*)—Ballad of the Little Page (*Abbie F. Brown*)—Green Apples (*John T. Trowbridge*)—An Apple-Orchard in the Spring (William Martin)—Old Grimes (*Albert G. Greene*)—The Owl-Critic (*James T. Fields*)—Paul Revere's Ride (*Henry W. Longfellow*)—The Coral Grove (*James G. Percival*)—Strange Lands (*Laurence Alma-Tadema*)—In a Garden (*Algernon C. Swinburne*)—The Greedy Boy—An Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog (*Oliver Goldsmith*)—Snowdrops (*Laurence Alma-Tadema*)—The Music of Happiness (*Gabriel Setoun*)—The Eyes of God

THE LITTLE BROTHER OF LOO LEE LOO 144-148

Margaret Johnson

THE STORY WITHOUT AN END 149-152

(Condensed version) *Friedrich W. Carové*

POEMS FOR CHILDREN OF ALL AGES, PART XIII 153-163

The Round Robin (*E. Barnes*)—The Prisoner of Chillon (*Lord Byron*)—The Old Clock on the Stairs (*Henry W. Longfellow*)—The Dreadful Story about Harriet and the Matches (*Henry W. Longfellow*)—The Lay of the Last Minstrel (*Sir Walter Scott*)—A Child's Laughter (*Algernon C. Swinburne*)—The Pirate (*Helena Sharpsteen*)—A Song Full of Children (*Robert B. Hale*)

PAGES

TWO MODERN FAIRY STORIES 164–175

In the Moonlight Field *Albert B. Paine*
The Bad Temper of the Princess *Marion Burton*

CHILD CHARACTERS FROM DICKENS 176–186

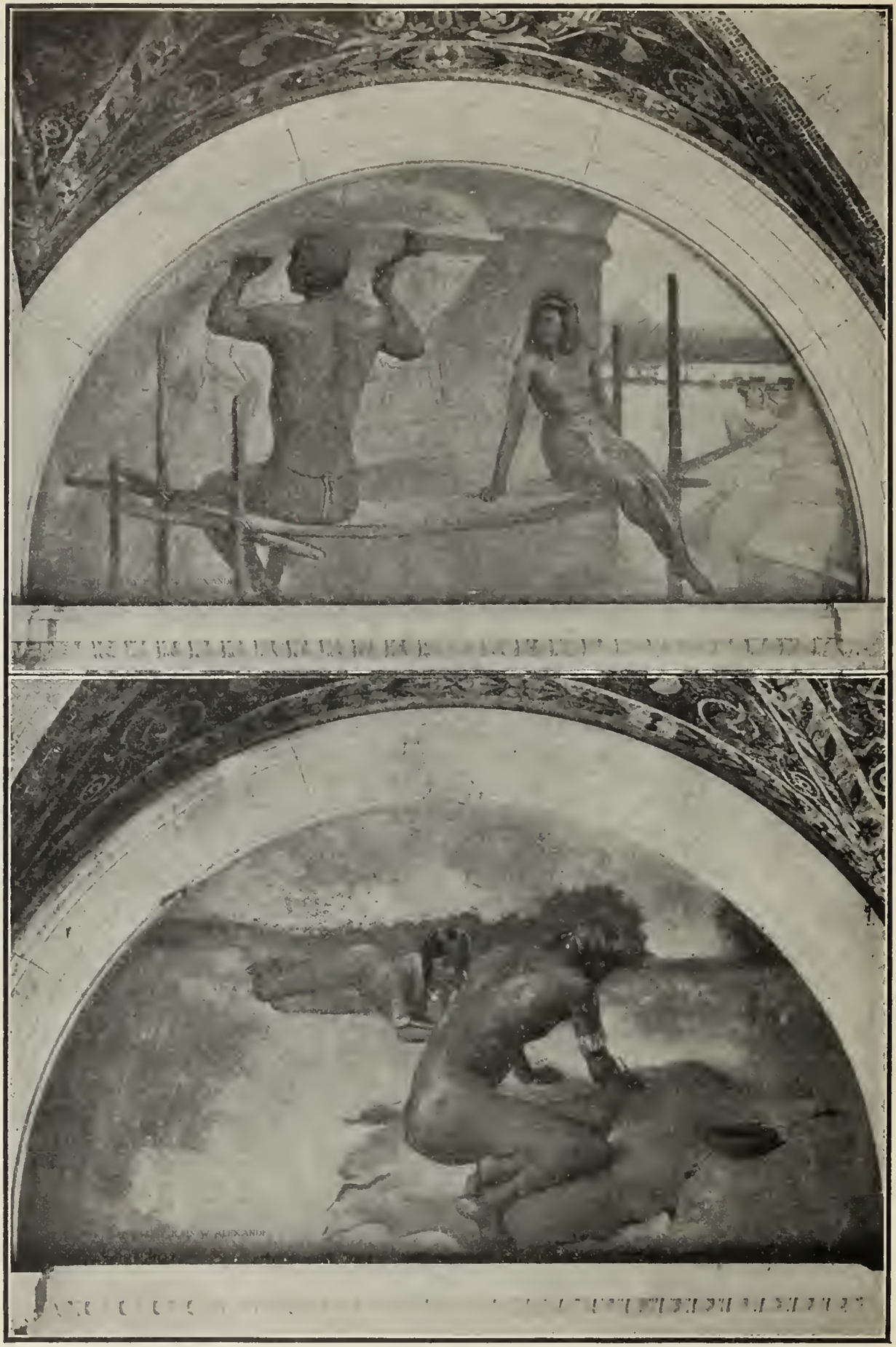
A Runaway Couple—The Marchioness—The Golden Lucy—The Little Doll's Dressmaker

CHILDREN'S QUESTION-BOX 187–197

If Man is so Small, How Did He Conquer the Earth?—Why Are we Never Satisfied? Why Are we Taught to Use our Right Hand and Not our Left?—Should we Like One Friend More than Another?—Why Are White Men More Civilized than Black Men?—Why Do we Feel Fear When we Do Not Want to be Afraid?—Did People Once Live Longer than People Do To-day?—Why Do we sometimes Faint at Very Sudden News?—Why Do we Grow Old?—Why is it that we Die?—Ought we to be Afraid to Die?—Why Do we Go to Sleep, and What Good Does It Do Us?—Where Do we Go in our Sleep?—Why Can't we Remember What Happened to Us When we Were Babies?—Can we Train the Memory?—Why Do we Forget Some Things and Remember Others?—How Did Men Learn to Talk?—How Many Words Do Most of Us Use?—Where Did the Alphabet Come From?—Why Do Languages Change as Time Passes?—Will All People Ever Speak the Same Language?—What Language Did Jesus Speak?—Why Have we Different Words for the Same Thing?—Are New Words Made for New Things?—How Many Words Are There in the English Language?—Why has the English Language so Many Words from Others?—Why Do we Learn Latin When no Country Talks It?—Why Are There so Many Languages?—Did Man Always Write?—Which People First Wrote Books?—What Does Encyclopædia Mean?—What Do we Mean by Tradition?—Does the Shape of the Brain Mean Anything?—What is a Thought?—What Makes Us Think?—Why Can we Think of Only One Thing at a Time?—Can we Ever Stop Thinking?—Do we Think in Words?—Can we Think without Words?—Can we Teach Ourselves to Think?—Why Does the Face Change When we Think Hard?—Can People Read our Thoughts?

POEMS FOR CHILDREN OF ALL AGES, PART XIV 198–208

That Little Christmas Tree (*Helen S. Perkins*)—Down by the Sea (*F. A. Harker*)—Wasted Pity (*S. Virginia Levis*)—Bennie Bent (*Clara O. Lyon*)—The Road to Fairy Land (*Cecil Cavendish*)—The Bells (*Edgar Allan Poe*)—Hiawatha's Sailing (*Henry W. Longfellow*)—The "Gray Swan" (*Alice Cary*)—The Owl (*Alfred, Lord Tennyson*)—A Christmas Lullaby (*John A. Symonds*)



THE EVOLUTION OF THE BOOK—II.

FROM THE MURAL DECORATIONS BY J. W. ALEXANDER IN THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

UPPER: EGYPTIAN HIEROGLYPHICS. LOWER: PICTURE-WRITING

STORIES IN POEM AND PICTURE FOR LITTLE FOLK

PART IV

THREE WELSHMEN

There were three jolly Welshmen
As I have heard them say,
And they would go a-hunting
Upon St. David's day.

All the day they hunted,
And nothing could they find
But a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing with the wind.

One said it was a ship,
The other he said, nay;
The third said it was a house,
With the chimney blown away.

Then all the night they hunted,
And nothing could they find
But the moon a-gliding,
A-gliding with the wind.

One said it was the moon,
The other he said, nay;
The third said it was a cheese,
With one half cut away.

IF!

If all the seas were one sea,
What a *great* sea that would be!
And if all the trees were one tree,
What a *great* tree that would be!
And if all the axes were one axe,
What a *great* axe that would be!
And if all the men were one man,
What a *great* man he would be!
And if the *great* man took the *great* axe,
And cut down the *great* tree,
And let it fall into the *great* sea,
What a splish splash *that* would be!

I AM LONELY

By George Eliot

The world is great: the birds all fly from me,
The stars are golden fruit upon a tree
All out of reach: my little sister went,
And I am lonely.

The world is great: I tried to mount the hill
Above the pines, where the light lies so still,
But it rose higher: little Lisa went,
And I am lonely.

The world is great: the wind comes rushing by,
I wonder where it comes from: sea birds cry
And hurt my heart: my little sister went,
And I am lonely.

The world is great: the people laugh and talk,
And make loud holiday: how fast they walk!
I 'm lame, they push me: little Lisa went,
And I am lonely.

AMBITIOUS SOPHY

By Elizabeth Turner

Miss Sophy, one fine sunny day,
Left her work and ran away;
When soon she reach'd the garden-gate,
Which finding lock'd, she would not wait,
But tried to climb and scramble o'er
A gate as high as any door.

But little girls should never climb,
And Sophy won't another time;
For when, upon the highest rail,
Her frock was caught upon a nail,
She lost her hold, and, sad to tell,
Was hurt and bruised—for down she fell.

THE GARDENER.

By Lucy Fitch Perkins.



The Quaker doves are crooning in the dovecote in the sun,
And the vine is green against the garden wall.
I 've dug the seeds I planted, and they 've sprouted, every one,
And I shall have a harvest in the Fall.

Garden Rivals

By Isabel Eccleston Mackay

Pansy in the garden-bed
To a Johnnie-jump-up said:
"Surely you are not connected
With the Pansy family tree?
You are much too small and sickly,
And your blossom fades too
quickly—
Yet I heard some children saying
That they thought you *looked
like me!*"

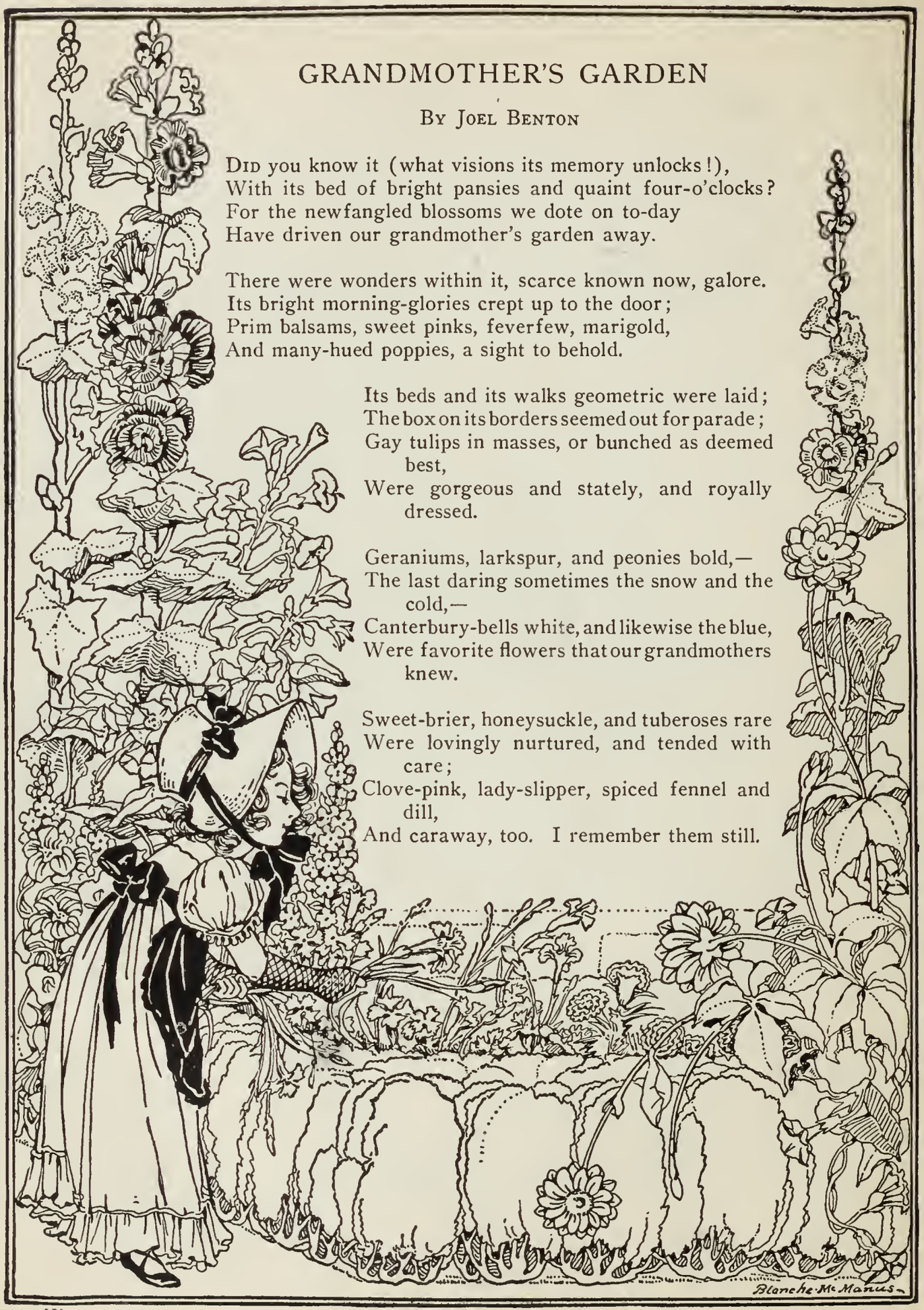
Johnnie-jump-up merely smiled:
"You are tame and I am wild,
But that there 's a close
resemblance
Any little child can see.
You are in the garden growing,
I outside, still, there 's no
knowing
But that you and I are
cousins—
Nearer relatives, maybe!"

Said the list'ning Hollyhock:
"How you silly flowers talk!
I 'm amazed such haughty
spirit
In such humble things to see!
If you both were tall and graceful,
If you wore a dress as tasteful
As the one I wear, 't were easy
To excuse your vanity!"

White Rose nodded to Rose Red,
"Did you notice that?" she said.
"Strange indeed, that homely
flowers
Always boast how well they 're
dressed!
Did you hear the wind say lately
'*Stiff* things always think they 're
stately
But for perfect grace and beauty
Give me—' you can guess the
rest!"

"Doubtless he referred to me,"
Said Carnation Pink, "you see
Some are born to grace and
beauty—
'T is admitted by the wise—
And Carnation Pinks inherit
Beauty, with the grace to wear it—
Not that I would boast about it,
Only—well, just use your eyes!"

Larkspur timidly peeped out:
"What is all the strife about?
Every flower has some beauty—
Don't you think so? Why, then,
fall
To debating with each other?
Some like one and some another—
One, I know, (his taste is famous)
Likes the Larkspur best of all!"



GRANDMOTHER'S GARDEN

By Joel Benton

Did you know it (what visions its memory unlocks!),
With its bed of bright pansies and quaint four-o'clocks?
For the newfangled blossoms we dote on to-day
Have driven our grandmother's garden away.

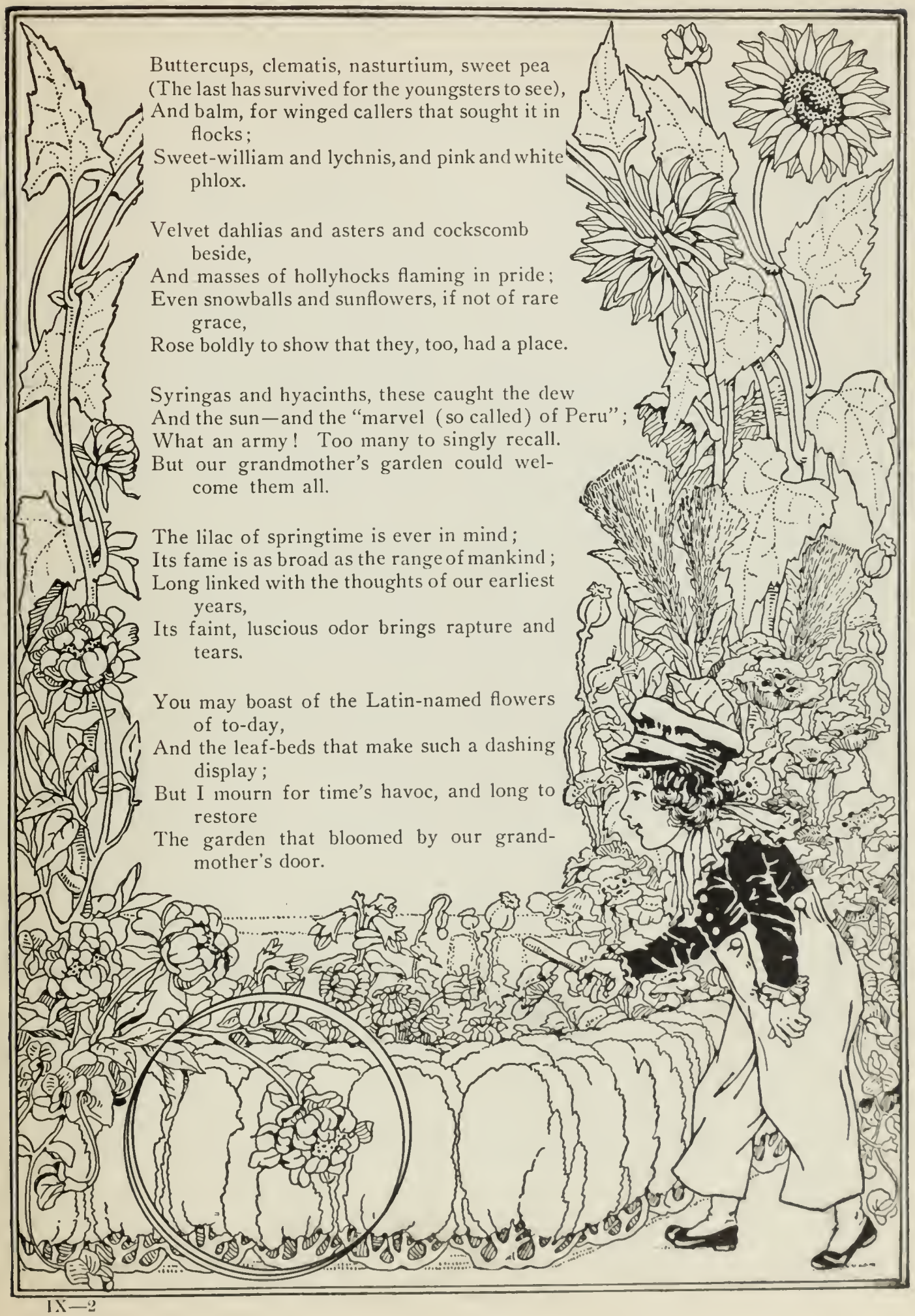
There were wonders within it, scarce known now, galore.
Its bright morning-glories crept up to the door;
Prim balsams, sweet pinks, feverfew, marigold,
And many-hued poppies, a sight to behold.

Its beds and its walks geometric were laid;
The box on its borders seemed out for parade;
Gay tulips in masses, or bunched as deemed best,
Were gorgeous and stately, and royally dressed.

Geraniums, larkspur, and peonies bold,—
The last daring sometimes the snow and the cold,—
Canterbury-bells white, and likewise the blue,
Were favorite flowers that our grandmothers knew.

Sweet-brier, honeysuckle, and tuberoses rare
Were lovingly nurtured, and tended with care;
Clove-pink, lady-slipper, spiced fennel and dill,
And caraway, too. I remember them still.

Blanche McManus



Buttercups, clematis, nasturtium, sweet pea
(The last has survived for the youngsters to see),
And balm, for winged callers that sought it in flocks;
Sweet-william and lychnis, and pink and white phlox.

Velvet dahlias and asters and cockscomb beside,
And masses of hollyhocks flaming in pride;
Even snowballs and sunflowers, if not of rare grace,
Rose boldly to show that they, too, had a place.

Syringas and hyacinths, these caught the dew
And the sun—and the "marvel (so called) of Peru";
What an army! Too many to singly recall.
But our grandmother's garden could welcome them all.

The lilac of springtime is ever in mind;
Its fame is as broad as the range of mankind;
Long linked with the thoughts of our earliest years,
Its faint, luscious odor brings rapture and tears.

You may boast of the Latin-named flowers of to-day,
And the leaf-beds that make such a dashing display;
But I mourn for time's havoc, and long to restore
The garden that bloomed by our grandmother's door.

TALES OF SIR WALTER SCOTT

THE WAVERLEY NOVELS

In English literature no series of books by one man can compare in quantity and quality with the "Waverley Novels," written by Sir Walter Scott between the years 1814 and 1831. These wonderful tales of the past would fill as many as ten thousand closely printed pages, and the period of history covered by them is more than seven hundred years. Clearly, then, it is impossible to retell here all the stories in the "Waverley Novels." A complete edition usually contains twenty-five volumes, and the series includes thirty-two stories. A number of the novels that can best be retold in a little space will be dealt with in these pages; but, in addition to that, we must have some general idea of the whole series, and so we may begin by looking at the whole of this wonderful library before we turn to the particular books.

Although Sir Walter Scott's novels cover so long a period of European history, we are not to suppose that he wrote them in the order of time. As a matter of fact, the very first of his stories described the life of only sixty years before his own day. It was called "Waverley: or 'T is Sixty Years Since," and dealt with the Jacobite rising of 1745. The story that goes farthest back into history was one of the last two he wrote in the year 1831. It is called "Count Robert of Paris," and deals with the first Crusade, the scene being laid chiefly in and around the wonderful city of Constantinople.

We must always bear in mind when we are thinking about the "Waverley Novels" that, though most of them are founded upon fact, they do not derive their chief interest from being historical, but from being told with so much spirit and romantic force that we are enthralled by the swift and straightforward movement of the story, and never stop to ask ourselves whether it is all true history or largely the invention of the wizard story-teller.

Perhaps it will be best, though it is certainly unusual, to take our quick glance through the "Waverley Novels," not in the order in which the author wrote them, nor yet in the order we ourselves need read them, but in their historical order, as though they were all chapters in one long tale of seven hundred years.

"Count Robert of Paris," as we have already said, is a tale of the first Crusade, of the year 1098. The story itself, or rather what is called the "plot," is not very remarkable, but the adventures of the count and the other leaders of the Crusade, among whom was the famous Peter the Hermit, are full of healthy excitement, and give us a fine picture of those distant times when men lived only to fight, most of the crusaders even being more anxious for the fighting than for the avowed object of the Crusade, which was, as you know, the delivering of the supposed sepulcher of Christ from the hands of the Mohammedans. Count Robert, intrepid to the point of recklessness, fought under the illustrious Godfrey of Bouillon, so famous as a leader of the first Crusade.

The next novel in point of time is "The Betrothed," the scene of which is laid chiefly in Wales about the year 1187. This was the time of the third Crusade, and, indeed, the novel was written as one of the "Tales of the Crusaders." Its interest, however, centers in Wales, the heroine being Eveline, the daughter of Sir Raymond, a Norman lord. She is "the betrothed," for she undertakes to wait three long years to become the wife of Sir Hugo de Lacy, who has gone away to fight with the crusaders. But before he can return, Eveline is captured by a Welsh prince, who had previously sought to marry her, but had been defeated by Sir Hugo when attacking Sir Raymond's castle. Sir Hugo's nephew, Sir Damian, rescues her, and is almost killed himself. Eveline nurses him, and they fall in love with each other. When Sir Hugo returns from the Crusade and finds that his nephew loves his own "betrothed," he generously stands aside and allows them to marry.

HEROES AND HEROINES OF "THE TALISMAN" AND "IVANHOE"

"The Talisman," which is one of the finest of Sir Walter's stories, deals with the same period of history and the battles of the crusaders in Assyria during the year 1191. The great hero of the story is Richard I., or Richard the Lion-hearted, and his noble enemy is the Sultan Saladin. The "talisman" is just a little red purse which Saladin carries in his bosom, and which, when he comes disguised as a physician into the camp of the English king, he uses to cure Richard of a fever. There is, of course, a love-story in the book, as well as endless adventures. The heroine, the Lady Edith, a kinswoman of Richard, marries Sir Kenneth, the heir to the Scottish throne, and Saladin presents her with his "talisman."

"Ivanhoe" is a splendid romance of life in England, just three years later than the period of the previous novel.

Next comes "Castle Dangerous," which is a romance of "The Perilous Castle of Douglas," so called because it was three times taken from the English in the years 1306 and 1307. This story was the last which the great novelist wrote, when he was broken in health and fortune and had not many more months to live.

THE STORIES OF "THE FAIR MAID OF PERTH" AND "THE BLACK MONK"

But "The Fair Maid of Perth" takes us nearly another century onward in history, as the period is 1402, though a descendant of the Douglas has an important part to play in the story. Henry IV. now rules in England, and Robert III. in Scotland. There are two love-stories in the book, but the one that interests us most is, of course, that of the "Fair Maid," whose name is Catharine Glover.

On St. Valentine's Day Catharine kisses Henry Smith, the armorer, while he is asleep, and afterward he proposes to marry her, but she refuses. In the end, however, and after many adventures, when Henry might have a knighthood if he cared to accept it, the "Fair Maid" becomes the wife of the armorer.

These were the days when many Scotsmen went abroad to fight for foreign kings and princes in the wars which were always raging on the Continent. "Quentin Durward," which is one of the best of the novels, is the tale of a young Scotsman of that name who finds his fortune as one of the Scottish guards of Louis XI. of France, and ends by marrying a countess in the year 1468.

Just six years later is the period described in "Anne of Geierstein," in the scenes of which we travel to Switzerland, Germany, and France, and learn much about the secret Tribunal of Westphalia, presided over by the "Black Monk," the father of Anne. Two English gentlemen, the Earl of Oxford and his son, Sir Arthur de Vere, are traveling, disguised as merchants, bearing a letter to the Duke of Burgundy, and it would have gone ill with them had it not happened that Anne had met Sir Arthur and fallen in love with him before. So her father acquitted them, and later on Sir Arthur married Anne.

THREE STORIES OF THE DAYS OF THE GREAT REFORMATION

We are at home in Melrose, on the Tweed, and the neighborhood which Sir Walter loved so much, in the story of "The Monastery," and the year is 1550. "The Abbot" is also a story of Scotland in the year 1557, and both of these are largely concerned with the Reformation, neither being so interesting as most of the other novels, though Mary Queen of Scots is splendidly described in "The Abbot." "Kenilworth" is a third story of Reformation times, the period being 1575, and it is infinitely more interesting than either of the other two. Nothing could be finer than its animated descriptions of Kenilworth Castle and the fête given there by the Earl of Leicester in honor of Queen Elizabeth, whose character is finely described. Leicester has secretly married Amy, the daughter of Sir Hugh Robsart, but cannot let this be known to the Queen. Amy's end is mysterious. The story is full of exciting incidents and characters so well described that we seem to have seen them in real life, and are never likely to forget them.

We arrive at the beginning of the seventeenth century, during the reign of King James I., in "The Fortunes of Nigel," which tells the extraordinary adventures of a young Scottish nobleman who comes to London to get the King to restore his estates, and how he succeeds, after many disappointments, in establishing his "fortunes," while in "The Legend of Montrose" we have passed over forty years, and find ourselves in Scotland during that terrible time when the Civil War was raging in England and the Earl of Montrose was fighting for King Charles in the North against the Covenanters, who were led by the Marquis of Argyll. This story contains one of the novelist's finest characters, in the person of Sir Dugald Dalgetty.

IN THE DAYS OF THE "MERRY MONARCH" AND THE GAY CAVALIERS

King Charles I. is beheaded, and the Commonwealth has been declared by the year 1652, with which "Woodstock" deals. Though not one of Sir Walter's best works, this is a spirited and entertaining romance, which is chiefly concerned with the adventures of Charles II., ending with the death of Cromwell and the King's entry into London. "Peveril of the Peak" carries us some twenty years later and well into the reign of Charles II., the period being 1678. It is a story of Cavalier and Roundhead, the daughter of one who had been a supporter of the Commonwealth, Major Bridgenorth, falling in love with Julian Peveril, a Cavalier. It is a very long story, and contains the enormous number of 108 characters. The hero and heroine marry in the end, of course. "The Peak" is another name for Derbyshire, in which many of the incidents happen.

THE MOST TRAGIC OF ALL SIR WALTER SCOTT'S STORIES

The time of "Old Mortality" is exactly the same as the previous story, but the scene has changed to Scotland and Holland. "The Bride of Lammermoor," perhaps the greatest, and certainly the most tragic, of all the "Waverley Novels," comes next in point of time. It tells of the sad fate that befell Lucy Ashton, because she yielded to the pressure of her parents and married Hayston of Bucklaw, while her true lover, the last Lord of Ravenswood, was hastening home to her from the wars in the Netherlands.

"The Pirate" gives us a truly romantic picture of the wild scenery and the primitive life of the Shetland Islands at the beginning of the eighteenth century; while "The Black Dwarf" is a romance of about the same period, the scene being laid in the Lowlands of Scotland. "The Black Dwarf" is a mysterious person who is consulted by Isabella Vere, the daughter of a Jacobite leader, who would force her to marry his friend, Sir Frederick Langley. The Black Dwarf helps her, for he is really Sir Edward Mauley, and has power over the unscrupulous Sir Frederick. He appears just as the wedding is about to take place, and forbids it. Isabella later marries her own true love, the young squire Earnscliff.

STIRRING STORIES OF THE WILD SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS

"Rob Roy," that splendid story of a Highland chief, brings us to the year 1715, and, of course, we must read of it farther on, as well as of "The Heart of Midlothian" and "Waverley," both of which also refer to the first half of the eighteenth century. Next comes "Redgauntlet," the story of a conspiracy formed by Sir Edward Hugh Redgauntlet in the year 1763 on behalf of the Young Pretender. "Guy Mannering," which introduces us to many memorable characters, though the hero himself is not one of these, brings us to the second half of the eighteenth century, with which period the story of "The Surgeon's Daughter" is also concerned. This describes the remarkable adventures of Menie Gray in India, and her return to her native country.

This brings us to the closing years of the eighteenth century in the stirring romance of "The Antiquary"; and last of all there is "St. Ronan's Well," which brings us into the earlier years of the nineteenth century. This is not a very successful work compared with some of the other fine stories among the long list of the "Waverley Novels."

THE ROMANCE OF "WAVERLEY"

The second Jacobite rebellion was almost confined to the Scottish Highlands, and broke out on the landing on Scottish soil of Charles Edward Stuart, grandson of James II. of England, called by his adherents "the Young Chevalier," and also "Bonnie Prince Charlie," and by the English "the Young Pretender." It was the object of the rising to place this young man on the English throne, which was then occupied by George II.

Edward Waverley, the hero of Scott's first novel, was the son of Richard Waverley, an ambitious politician who looked to the Whigs, the supporters of the King, for political advancement, and nephew of Sir Everard Waverley, a wealthy bachelor who regarded Edward as his heir.

Sir Everard had no particular love for the House of Hanover, to which King George belonged, so that as Edward lived partly with his father and partly with his uncle—his mother being dead—he came in his early years under the influences of the two great opposing political forces of the time.

Sir Everard and his sister, Mistress Rachel, became somewhat alarmed at their nephew's habits of desultory reading and love of solitude, which his father did nothing to counteract. His father "was too much interested in his own plans of wealth and ambition to notice more respecting Edward than that he was of a very bookish turn, and probably destined to be a bishop." Mistress Rachel suggested that the boy should travel on the Continent with his tutor.





TWO PORTRAITS OF BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE, THE YOUNG PRETENDER.

YOUNG CAPTAIN WAVERLEY'S FATEFUL MISSION TO THE HIGHLANDS

Richard Waverley saw no objection to this plan. But Richard's political friends thought otherwise, and the result was that the lad was offered, and accepted, a captaincy in a dragoon regiment, then quartered at Dundee, whither he set forth, carrying, among other things, a fateful letter of introduction from his uncle to the Baron of Bradwardine at his Perthshire seat of Tully-Veolan, on the borders of the Highlands. The baron was an old friend of Sir Everard's, and had borne arms on behalf of the Stuarts.

After being initiated into his military duties at Dundee, young Waverley gained leave of absence for a few weeks. He desired to see the country, but his first object was to visit his uncle's friend at Tully-Veolan, a typical old Scottish manor-house. Here he received a cordial welcome from the baron and his daughter Rose, a sweet girl of about Waverley's own age. Her hair was of pale gold; her skin like the snow of her own mountains in whiteness. "Yet she had not a pallid or pensive cast of countenance; her features, as well as her temper, had a lively expression; her complexion, though not florid, was so pure as to seem transparent, and the slightest emotion sent her whole blood at once to her face and neck. Her form, though under the common size, was remarkably elegant, and her motions were light, easy, and unembarrassed."

It fell to the lot of Rose Bradwardine to perform the duties of hostess and guide combined. Thus the two were constantly in one another's company.

THE ENGLISH GENTLEMAN AND THE HIGHLAND LASS

She rode with him in the vicinity of Tully-Veolan, and listened with delight as he talked of the books he knew and loved. But while those who saw them together so frequently bethought them that the baron was arranging a match between his daughter and the wealthy young Englishman, Rose's father shut his eyes to possibilities in this direction.

If he had thought of an alliance, Edward's indifference would have offered a bar to the project. His mind was still full of the influence of the old romances he had read. His imagination still led him into mental adventures in which female forms of exquisite grace and beauty mingled. Rose Bradwardine, beautiful and amiable though she was, had not precisely the sort of merit or beauty which captivates a romantic imagination in early youth. She was too frank, too confiding, too kind.

"Was it possible to bow, to tremble, and to adore before the timid yet playful little girl, who now asked Edward to mend her pen, now to construe a stanza in Tasso, and now to spell a very, very long word in his version of it?" No; but, for all that, time at Tully-Veolan passed so agreeably that Waverley applied for and obtained an extension of his leave of absence. The permission was accompanied by a hint from his commanding officer, Colonel Gardiner, to the effect that he should not spend too much of his leisure in the company of those who, estimable as they might be in a general sense, were not supposed to be friendly to the government or the King, to whose service he had been sworn.

About this time it happened that Tully-Veolan was raided by one Donald Bean Lean, a Highland cateran, or robber, who carried off the baron's milch cows. Raids of this kind were of frequent occurrence on the Highland border, and a local chieftain, Fergus MacIvor, Vich Ian Vohr, received from many Lowland gentlemen what was known as "protection money," as a surety against the attention of these robbers. Between this chieftain and the baron there had been a quarrel. Rose's father suddenly discovered that he had unknowingly, through an agent, paid "protection money" to Vich Ian Vohr. Thereupon he had promptly stopped the payment.

HOW WAVERLEY CAME TO THE HAUNT OF THE HIGHLAND ROBBER

But after Donald Bean Lean's escapade, Vich Ian Vohr, who held the baron in great respect, sent to the master of Tully-Veolan, offering aid in the recovery of the missing cattle. This message was brought to Tully-Veolan by a kinsman of the chief's, Evan Dhu MacCombich. From the last-named, Waverley heard accounts of Highland ways and customs that stirred his love of adventure. When, therefore, Evan Dhu offered to conduct him to the stronghold of Donald Bean Lean and the home of Vich Ian Vohr, he decided to accept the invitation.

Waverley's journey in the campany of Evan Dhu, and the latter's wild-looking companions, through wild mountain scenery, was one well calculated to appeal to his love of the romantic, particularly that part of it which took him at nighttime in silence over the waters of an unknown lake to the robber's fastness.

On meeting Donald Bean Lean, Waverley was astonished, even alarmed, to find a person of this

description so accurately informed of the strength and composition of the various garrisons and regiments quartered north of the Tay. His feelings were further played upon by the robber's mysterious language. Donald Bean Lean spoke as if Waverley had a secret message for him, and regarded it as a grievance that he was not thought worthy of confidence equally with the Baron of Bradwardine and Vich Ian Vohr.

AMONG THE FOLLOWERS OF "BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE"

The meaning of all this Waverley was not to learn until later. Meanwhile he was hospitably entertained, and the only disconcerting incident was the disappearance of his seal. This was taken from him while he slept, and the outlaw used it as a sign of his authority to the recruits Waverley had taken with him to Dundee, whom Donald Bean Lean urged to desert and to join the forces of Charles Edward, "Bonnie Prince Charlie," whenever they heard of the landing of this personage in Scotland.

After his visit to the secret hold of Donald Bean Lean, Waverley was escorted to Glennaquoich, the home of Vich Ian Vohr. He was received very cordially by this chieftain and his sister Flora. Flora MacIvor bore a striking resemblance to her brother. She had the same antique and regular correctness of profile, the same dark eyes, eyelashes and eyebrows, the same clearness of complexion. But the haughty and somewhat stern regularity of Fergus's features was beautifully softened in those of Flora. Her voice was soft and sweet, yet in urging any favorite topic it possessed the tones which impress awe and conviction.

THE CHARMING HEROINE WHO STOOD FAST FOR THE JACOBITES

Flora MacIvor was most devotedly attached to the exiled Stuarts. To contribute to the restoration of their family to the throne, "she was prepared to do all, to suffer all, to sacrifice all." And Flora was as accomplished as she was beautiful.

At first there was nothing at Glennaquoich to tempt Waverley to take up the cause which Vich Ian Vohr and his sister had at heart; that is to say, he was not directly asked to throw in his lot with the cause. But one day he took part in a hunting expedition. This was organized as a kind of prelude to definite action by the Jacobites. Waverley met with an accident which delayed his return to Dundee. But Donald Bean Lean had gone there, and while Waverley was at Glennaquoich, the Jacobite was tempting the men of his regiment to join him, and intercepting letters sent to Waverley by Colonel Gardiner, first of all advising, and then commanding, his return to duty.

HOW AN ENGLISH SOLDIER JOINED THE SCOTTISH REBELS

At last despatches reached Waverley. They contained matters of very deep interest. His father wrote complaining bitterly of bad treatment at the hands of the government. There was a long-delayed letter from Colonel Gardiner commanding his return to Dundee within three days. Then his uncle and aunt wrote asking him to resign his commission rather than render himself subject to such treatment as that which had been meted out to his father. From a newspaper put into his hands by Vich Ian Vohr, Waverley next learned that he had been deprived of his commission.

Regarding himself now as a man greatly wronged, one who had been publicly disgraced without a hearing, Waverley threw in his lot with the Highlanders. By this time Vich Ian Vohr had observed, with no little satisfaction, the growing attachment of Waverley to Flora. He saw, indeed, no bar to their union save the relations between Waverley's father and the government, and his guest's commission in the King's army. These obstacles were now removed.

WAVERLEY MEETS THE PRETENDER TO THE BRITISH THRONE

On her part, if she entertained any feeling other than friendship for Waverley, Flora MacIvor did not show it. And, strongly attached as she was to the cause of the Stuarts, she appreciated the risk involved by the rebels, and bade Waverley consult his reason—not his resentment nor his feelings in regard to herself—before he decided to join them. But the resentment, or the feelings, or both, gained the day.

Thus, it happened that Waverley was introduced by Vich Ian Vohr to the Young Chevalier. And the personal charm of this unfortunate young man completed his conversion. Meanwhile, Flora used her influence to make Waverley think more intimately of her friend, Rose Bradwardine, ignorant of her own brother's attachment to the baron's daughter. Between love and war, Waverley was carried almost breathlessly along in the train of the rebellion. He

took part in the victory of the Highlanders at Prestonpans, and in this battle saved the life of his uncle's friend, Colonel Talbot.

There was another incident of the battle which made a grave impression on Waverley's mind. This was the death of Colonel Gardiner. The colonel, sorely wounded, was maintaining a desperate and unavailing resistance against a strong body of the Highlanders when Waverley saw him.

THE DEATH OF WAVERLEY'S COLONEL ON THE FIELD OF PRESTONPANS

"To save this good and brave man became the instant object of his most anxious exertions. But he could only witness his fall. Ere Edward could make his way among the Highlanders, who, furious and eager for spoil, now thronged upon each other, he saw his former commander brought from his horse by the blow of a scythe, and beheld him receive, while on the ground, more wounds than would have let out twenty lives."

After the battle of Prestonpans Waverley marched with the rebels into England. He was with them in their enforced return, till the disaster at Clifton, where Vich Ian Vohr was taken prisoner. Then he was separated from them. Unflinchingly loyal to the cause he had espoused, Vich Ian Vohr met his death within the grim walls of Carlisle Castle. Broken at last in spirit, Flora MacIvor, lamenting that she had urged her brother on to his terrible end, sought refuge in the convent of the Scottish Benedictine nuns in Paris. Waverley was pardoned and his life was saved largely through the affectionate devotion of Rose Bradwardine, whose kindness to the outlaw's daughter was the means of bringing to light Donald Bean Lean's treacherous use of Waverley's letters and signet.

A wiser and an infinitely stronger man for his adventures, Waverley married Rose Bradwardine, and settled on his estate.

"THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN"—THE STORY OF A WOMAN'S HEROISM

Not only is "The Heart of Midlothian" one of Scott's great stories, but the heroine, Jeanie Deans, is one of the finest characters in fiction. She is drawn from real life.

Margaret Murdockson was the wife of a favorite servant of a clergyman named Staunton, rector of Willingham. She had a daughter; Mr. Staunton had a son. The daughter was a beautiful but very unsettled girl; the rector's son was equally foolish, and his father sent him abroad.

George, as the young man was named, resolved never to see his father again. He led a life of wild adventure. Arriving in Scotland, he became acquainted with one Wilson, a smuggler. He also became acquainted with Effie Deans, the daughter of a Scottish peasant. He planned to run away to some retreat with Effie Deans.

About this time a friend tried to bring about friendliness between father and son. The father sent his son a large sum of money, but wrote disowning him forever. Stung by this letter, George Staunton joined Wilson in a perilous smuggling adventure. The two men were captured and condemned. By the self-sacrifice of Wilson, however, Staunton escaped.

Meanwhile, Effie Deans was arrested and condemned for causing the death of their little child. As a matter of fact, the infant had been stolen away by Madge Wildfire, the daughter of Margaret Murdockson. Convinced of her half-sister's innocence, Jeanie Deans, who, because of Effie's trouble, kept her own lover, Reuben Butler, a Presbyterian minister, at a distance, decided to walk to London to petition the King (George II.) for a pardon. Jeanie, when she arrived in London, was fortunate enough to enlist the sympathy of the Duke of Argyll, and by this nobleman's influence was enabled to see the Queen. The description of this interview, which took place in one of the royal gardens at Richmond, is one of the finest passages in the whole book.

The duke explained the singular law under which Effie Deans had received sentence of death, and detailed the affectionate exertions which Jeanie had made on behalf of her sister, for whose sake she was willing to sacrifice all but truth and conscience.

Queen Caroline listened with attention. She was rather fond, it must be remembered, of an argument, and soon found matter in what the duke told her for raising objections to his request.

"It appears to me, my lord," she replied, "that this is a severe law. But still, it is adopted upon good grounds, I am bound to suppose, as the law of the country, and the girl has been convicted under it. The very presumptions which the law construes into a positive proof of guilt exist in her case; and all that your Grace has said concerning the possibility of her innocence may be a very good argument for annulling the act of Parliament, but cannot, while it stands good, be admitted in favor of any individual convicted upon the statute."

The duke saw and avoided the snare, for he was conscious that, by replying to the argument, he must have been inevitably led to a discussion,

in the course of which the Queen was likely to be hardened in her own opinion, until she became obliged, out of mere respect to consistency, to let the criminal suffer.

HOW JEANIE PLEADED FOR HER SISTER BEFORE THE QUEEN

"If your Majesty," he said, "would condescend to hear my poor countrywoman herself, perhaps she may find an advocate in your own heart, more able than I am, to combat the doubts suggested by your understanding."

The Queen seemed to consent, and the duke made a signal for Jeanie to advance from the spot where she had hitherto remained. Her Majesty could not help smiling at the awestruck manner in which the quiet, demure figure of the little Scotswoman advanced toward her, and yet more at the first sound of her broad northern accent.

But Jeanie had a low voice and sweet-toned, "an excellent thing in woman," and she besought "her leddyship to have pity on a poor misguided young creature," in tones so affecting that, like the notes of some of her native songs, provincial vulgarity was lost in pathos.

"Stand up, young woman," said the Queen, but in a kind tone. And, after a few questions as to the Scottish laws, her Majesty asked how Jeanie had traveled up from Scotland.

JEANIE DESCRIBES HER LONG WALK FROM EDINBURGH TO LONDON

"Upon my foot, mostly, madam," was the reply.

"What, all that immense way on foot? How far can you walk in a day?"

"Five-and-twenty miles and a bittock."

"And a what?" said the Queen, looking toward the Duke of Argyll.

"And about five miles more," replied the duke.

"And I thought I was a good walker," said the Queen; "but this shames me."

"May your leddyship never hae sae weary a heart that ye canna be sensible of the weariness of the limbs," said Jeanie.

"That came better off," thought the duke. "It 's the first thing she has said to the purpose."

Poor Jeanie, it should be explained, had uttered certain remarks that could have borne a special and, for her, a dangerous meaning, in her replies to the Queen's inquiries; and it had been arranged that when she trod on dangerous ground the duke should raise his hand to his chin.

"And I didna just a'thegither walk the hail way neither, for I had whiles the cast of a cart; and I had the cast of a horse from Ferrybridge and divers other easements," said Jeanie, cutting short her story, for she observed the duke make the sign he had fixed upon.

"With all these accommodations," answered the Queen, "you must have had a very fatiguing journey, and, I fear, to little purpose; since, if the King were to pardon your sister, in all probability it would do her little good, for I suppose your people of Edinburgh would hang her out of spite?"

HOW JEANIE DEANS MATCHED THE QUEEN IN CAUTIOUS SPEECH

This reference was to the Porteous Riots, with a description of which the story opens. Captain Porteous commanded the guard at the execution of Wilson, the smuggler, and, fearing a rescue after the escape of Staunton, ordered his men to fire on the mob. Seventeen persons were killed or wounded. About two months later—on June 22, 1736—Porteous was found guilty of murder. The King being then in Hanover, the Queen granted Porteous a reprieve. At night the mob broke open the prison, the old Tolbooth or "Heart of Midlothian," as it was called, took out the officer, and hanged him to a post in the grass-market.

"She will sink herself now outright," thought the duke. But he was wrong.

"She was confident," she said, "that baith town and country wad rejoice to see his Majesty taking compassion on a poor unfriended creature."

"Hark you, young woman, had you any friends engaged in the Porteous mob?"

"No, madam," answered Jeanie, happy that the question was so framed that she could, with a good conscience, answer it in the negative.

"But I suppose," continued the Queen, "if you were possessed of such a secret, you would hold it a matter of conscience to keep it to yourself?"

"I would pray to be directed and guided what was the line of duty, madam," answered Jeanie.

"Yes; and take that which suited your own inclinations," was the reply.

ONE WORD FROM THE KING'S MOUTH AND HOW MUCH IT MIGHT DO

"If it like you, madam," said Jeanie, "I would hae gaen to the end of the earth to save the life of John Porteous, or any other unhappy man in his condition; but I might lawfully doubt how far I

am called upon to be the avenger of his blood, though it may become the civil magistrate to do so. He is dead and gane to his place, and they that have slain him must answer for their ain act. But my sister, my puir sister, Effie, still lives, though her days and hours are numbered!

"She still lives, and a word of the King's mouth might restore her to a broken-hearted old man, that never in his daily and nightly exercise forgot to pray that his Majesty might be blessed with a long and prosperous reign, and that his throne and the throne of his posterity might be established in righteousness.

"Oh, madam, if ever ye kend what it was to sorrow for, and with, a sinning and a suffering creature, whose mind is so tossed that she can be neither ca'd fit to live or die, have some compassion on our misery! Save an honest house from dishonor, and an unhappy girl from a dreadful death!

THE POWER AND PATHOS OF AN HONEST WOMAN'S SIMPLE WORDS

"Alas! It is not when we sleep soft and wake merrily ourselves that we think on other people's sufferings. Our hearts are waxed light within us then, and we are for righting our ain wrangs and fighting our ain battles. But when the hour of trouble comes to the mind or to the body—and seldom may it visit your leddyship—and when the hour of death comes, that comes to high and low—lang and late may it be yours! Oh, my leddy, then it isna what we hae dune for oursel's, but what we hae dune for others, that we think on maist pleasantly. And the thought that ye hae intervened to spare the puir thing's life will be sweeter in that hour, come when it may, than if a word of your mouth could hang the hail Porteous mob at the tail of a tow."

Tear followed tear down Jeanie's cheeks as, her features glowing and quivering with emotion, she pleaded her sister's cause with a pathos which was at once simple and solemn.

"This is eloquence," said her Majesty to the Duke of Argyll. "Young woman," she continued, addressing herself to Jeanie, "*I* cannot grant a pardon to your sister; but you shall not want any warm intercession with his Majesty. Take this housewife case," she continued, putting a small embroidered needle-case into Jeanie's hands; "do not open it now, but at your leisure—you will find something in it which will remind you that you have had an interview with Queen Caroline."

THE QUEEN'S GIFT TO JEANIE AND HOW SHE KEPT HER PROMISE

Thus ended the interview. Inside the needle-case was the usual assortment of silk and needles, with scissors, tweezers, etc., and in the pocket was a bank-bill for fifty pounds.

Jeanie was delighted with the case, especially as it bore the Queen's name, but was with difficulty persuaded by the duke to retain the bank-note, as that seemed so very large a sum of money to the poor Scotswoman.

Queen Caroline kept her promise, and Effie Deans was pardoned. Staunton succeeded to his family title with Effie as his wife. Soon afterward, however, he was shot by a gypsy boy, who turned out to be his own son, who had been carried away by Madge Wildfire, and for whose supposed murder Effie had almost suffered death. So that in the death of Staunton there was a tragic retribution.

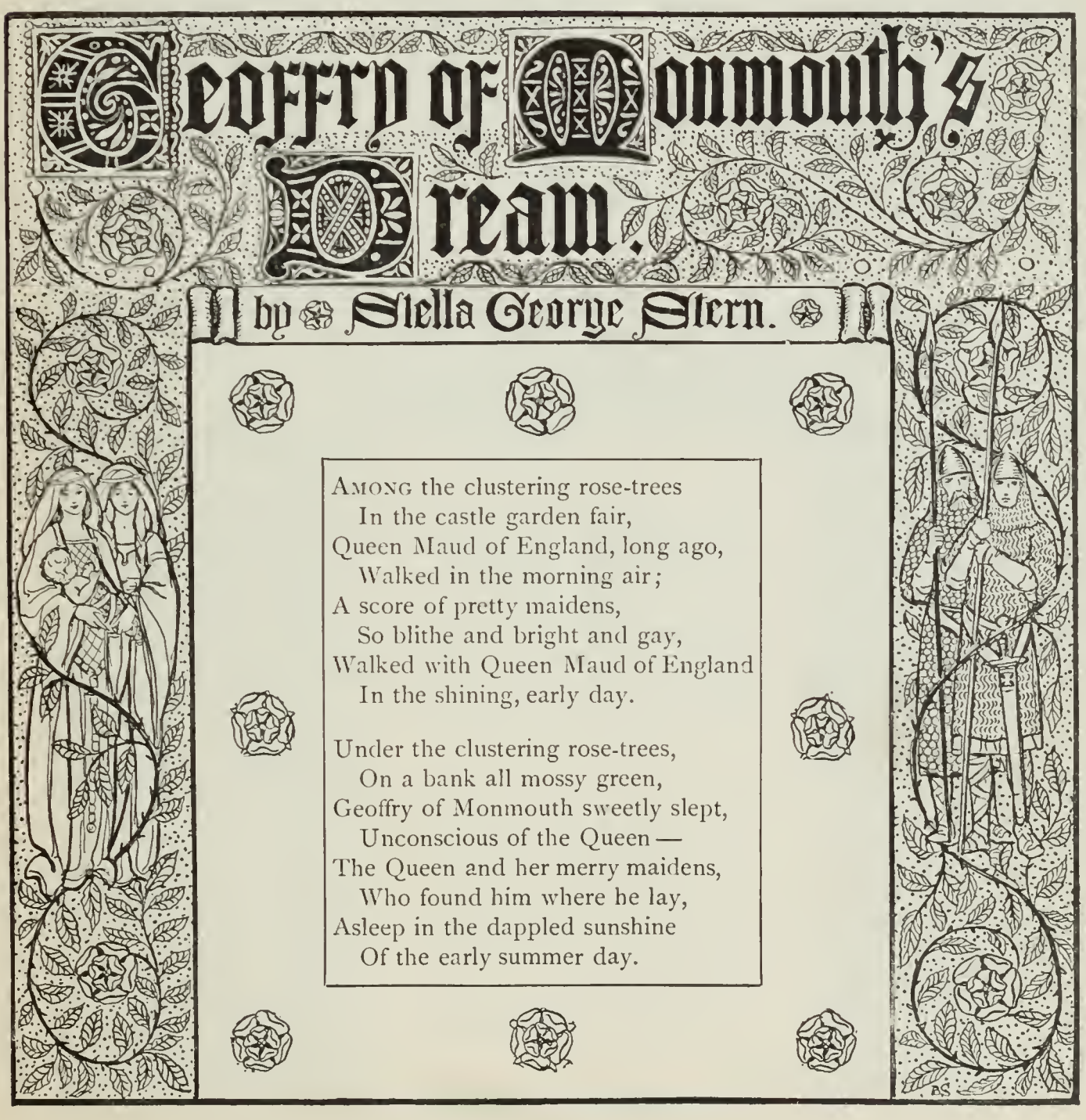
Effie retired to a convent, and Jeanie married Reuben Butler, the minister who had been her faithful friend throughout her troubles.

"Happy in each other, in the prosperity of their family, and the love and honor of all who knew them, this simple pair lived beloved, and died lamented," are the last words of the author on the devoted Jeanie and her husband, Reuben.



POEMS FOR CHILDREN OF ALL AGES

PART VII



Geoffry of Monmouth's Dream.

by Stella George Stern.

AMONG the clustering rose-trees
In the castle garden fair,
Queen Maud of England, long ago,
Walked in the morning air;
A score of pretty maidens,
So blithe and bright and gay,
Walked with Queen Maud of England
In the shining, early day.

Under the clustering rose-trees,
On a bank all mossy green,
Geoffry of Monmouth sweetly slept,
Unconscious of the Queen —
The Queen and her merry maidens,
Who found him where he lay,
Asleep in the dappled sunshine
Of the early summer day.



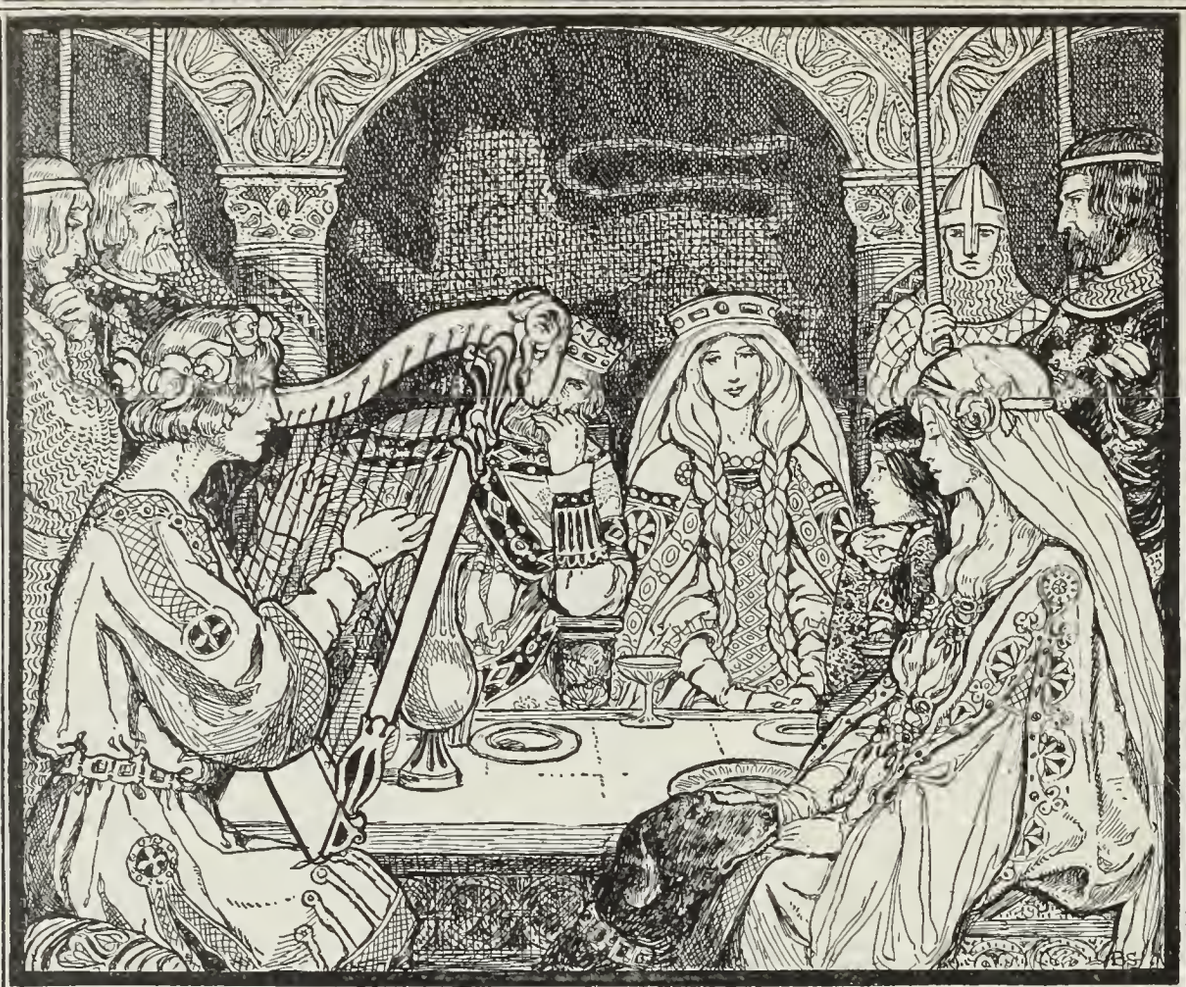
Then up spake Anne of Normandy,
The cousin of the King,
"Pelt him with roses, maidens;
Awaken him and sing:
Why sleeps my Lord of Monmouth
So early in the day,
When the Queen and all her maidens
Are blithe and bright and gay?"

Then up spake English Edith,
The cousin of the Queen,
As sweet as any violet new
That glistens in the green.
"Oh, prithee, hush!" said Edith;
"For truly it would seem
To be a dreadful evil
To break a poet's dream."



Among the clustering rose-trees,
With laughter hushed and low,
A-tiptoe in the morning sun,
The Queen and her maidens go.
Under the clustering rose-trees
Geoffry of Monmouth lay,
And dreamed the lovely morning
And the noontide all away.

In the castle hall at evening,
To lords and ladies fair,
Geoffry of Monmouth told his tale—
A vision bright and rare.
Their hearts beat quick and tender,
To hear the tale out-ring
Of Arthur, the great Pendragon,
The heaven-sent fairy king.





'T was still in the hall of the castle
Till the King, when the tale was done,
Cried, "Geoffry of Monmouth, truly tell
How such a tale was spun."
"This morn, as I slept in the garden,"
Said Geoffry of Monmouth, "Sire,
A dream of the great Pendragon
Came upon wings of fire."

'T was still in the hall of the castle;
They brooded long o'er the tale,
While Anne of Normandy laughed low,
And Edith's cheek went pale:
Sweet Edith, maid of England—
Maid wise enough to deem
It was a dreadful evil
To break a poet's dream!



THE YOUNG MOUSE

By Jeffreys Taylor

In a crack near a cupboard, with dainties provided,
A certain young mouse with her mother resided;
So securely they lived on that fortunate spot,
Any mouse in the land might have envied their lot.

But one day this young mouse, who was given to roam,
Having made an excursion some way from her home,
On a sudden return'd, with such joy in her eyes
That her gray sedate parent express'd some surprise.

"O mother!" said she, "the good folks of this house,
I 'm convinced, have not any ill will to a mouse;
And those tales can't be true which you always are telling,
For they 've been at the pains to construct us a dwelling.

"The floor is of wood, and the walls are of wires,
Exactly the size that one's comfort requires;
And I 'm sure that we there should have nothing to fear,
If ten cats with their kittens at once should appear.

"And then they have made such nice holes in the wall,
One could slip in and out with no trouble at all;
But forcing one through such crannies as these
Always gives one's poor ribs a most terrible squeeze.

"But the best of all is, they 've provided us well,
With a large piece of cheese of most exquisite smell;
'T was so nice, I had put my head in to go through,
When I thought it my duty to come and fetch you."

"Ah, child!" said her mother, "believe, I entreat,
Both the cage and the cheese are a horrible cheat.
Do not think all that trouble they took for our *good;*
They would catch us and *kill* us all there if they could,
As they 've caught and killed scores; and I never could learn
That a mouse, who once entered, did ever return!"

Let the young people mind what the old people say,
And when danger is near them keep out of the way.

SNAKE STORY

By Henry Johnstone

There was a little Serpent and he would n't go to school—
Oh, what a naughty little Snake!
He grinn'd and put his tongue out when they said it was the rule—
Ah, what a naughty face to make.

He wriggled off behind a stone and hid himself from sight—
Oh, what a naughty thing to do!
And went to sleep as if it were the middle of the night—
I would n't do like that, would you?

He dreamt of stealing linties' eggs and sucking them quite dry—
Oh, what a greedy thing to dream!
And then he dreamt that he had wings and knew the way to fly—
Ah, what a pleasure that would seem!

By came a collie dog and said, "What have we here?
Oh, it 's a horrid little Snake!"
He bark'd at him and woke him up and fill'd him full of fear—
Ah, how his heart began to quake!

How the Serpent got away he really did n't know—
Oh, what a dreadful fright he got!
But he hurried all the way to school as hard as he could go,
Dusty and terrified and hot.

As into school he wriggled, they were putting books away—
"Oh," says the master, "is it you?
Stand upon that stool, sir, while the others go to play;
That 's what a truant has to do."

THE MELANCHOLY PIG

By Lewis Carroll

There was a Pig, that sat alone,
Beside a ruined Pump.
By day and night he made his moan:
It would have stirred a heart of stone
To see him wring his hoofs and groan,
Because he could not jump.



BY ERIC PARKER

The King of Unsergarten
Went forth to fight the foe;
He took with him his trumpet,
His shield and sword and bow.

Along the gravel pathway
And round the lawn he passed;
He stopped at every corner
And blew a fearful blast.

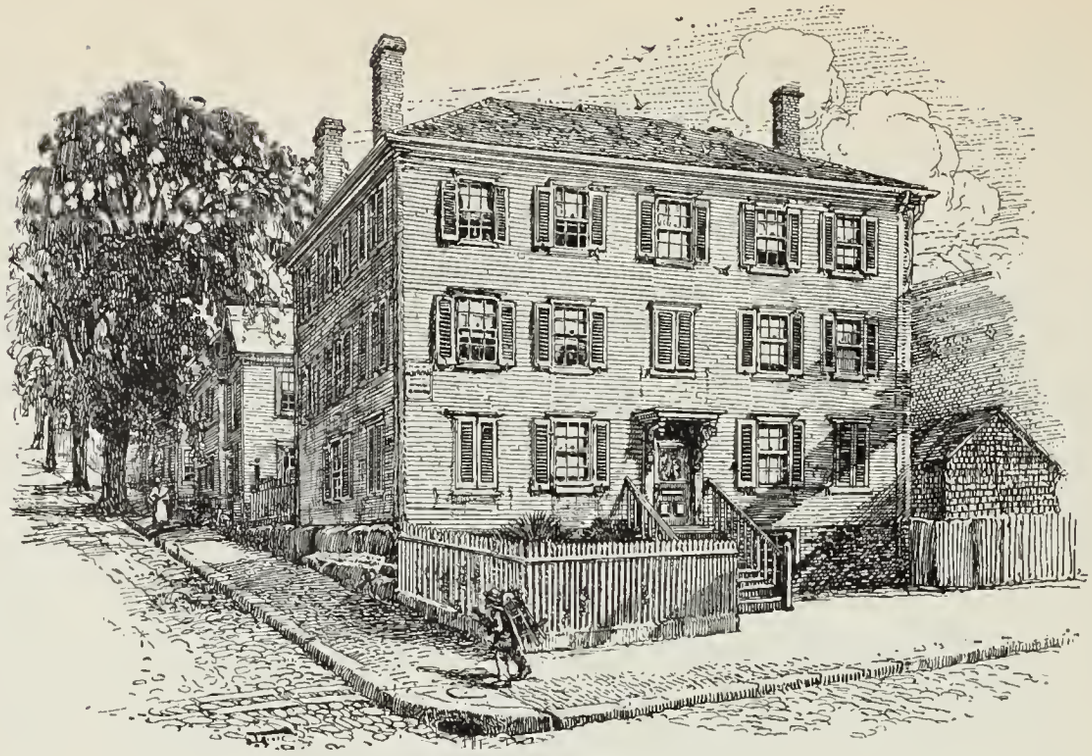
His quiver and his buckler
He brandished in the breeze;
He shot a score of arrows
Into the ambush trees.



"AND BLEW A FEARFUL BLAST."

The King of Unsergarten,
When that the war was done,
His wooden sword beside him,
Lay sleeping in the sun.





THE HOUSE AT PORTLAND, MAINE, IN WHICH LONGFELLOW WAS BORN.

THE LONGFELLOW HOUSE AT PORTLAND

BY MARY ELEANOR ROBERTS

THIS is the home that his boyhood knew,
That good poet whose songs we know;
Here he studied and played like you,
Here at last to a man he grew,
Year by year in the long ago.

Noble his life was, free from stain;
Love and honor to him belong;
Here he wrote of the sun and rain,
Here he minted for us again
Many a treasure of foreign song.

This is his table, that his chair,
Where he sat in the twilight dim;
Shut your eyes, you may see him there,
But his statue is in the square;
So his city has honored him.

Little sons, there is much to do,
Though no statue shall be our prize;
Men are needed, the brave and true,
Some fair city is calling you,
Wheresoever her roofs may rise.

Under the elms or afar from these,
Where, in the land of the dreamy South,
Live-oaks droop in the morning breeze,
Or, perchance, where the Western pepper-trees
Burn like flames at the harbor's mouth,
Some fair city, in trade or art,
School or college, needs you to-day.
If, undaunted, you do your part,
Earnest purpose and honest heart,
Know that surely she will repay.



THE LONGFELLOW STATUE AT PORTLAND, MAINE.

Then, some day, in the evening brown,
May you come, with your labor past,
Honored hands to be folded down,
Back once more to your own dear town,
Never to be ashamed at last.

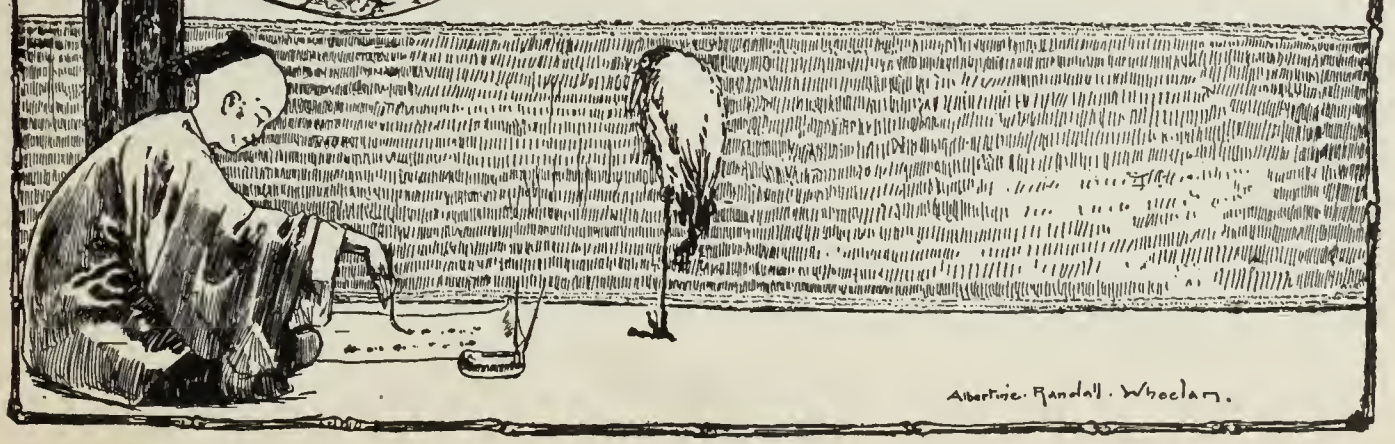
A CHINESE VALENTINE



Translation

THE East Wind softly blows my thoughts with the pink and white blossoms to her whom I love. Come out under the plum-tree and listen to the voice of the East Wind.

"One who is not known."



TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN

By courtesy of D. Appleton & Co., publishers of Bryant's Complete Poetical Works.

By William Cullen Bryant

Thou blossom bright with autumn dew,
And colored with the heaven's own blue,
That openest, when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night;

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late, and com'st alone,
When woods are bare, and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged Year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

THE MOON

By Robert Louis Stevenson

The moon has a face like the clock in the hall;
She shines on thieves on the garden wall,
On streets and fields and harbor quays,
And birdies asleep in the forks of the trees.

The squalling cat and the squeaking mouse,
The howling dog by the door of the house,
The bat that lies in bed at noon,
All love to be out by the light of the moon.

But all of the things that belong to the day
Cuddle to sleep to be out of her way;
And flowers and children close their eyes
Till up in the morning the sun shall arise.

THE MONTHS

(*An English Rhyme*)

January brings the snow,
Makes our feet and fingers glow.

February brings the rain,
Thaws the frozen lake again.

March brings breezes loud and shrill,
Stirs the dancing daffodil.

April brings the primrose sweet,
Scatters daisies at our feet.

May brings flocks of pretty lambs,
Skipping by their fleecy dams.

June brings tulips, lilies, roses,
Fills the children's hands with posies.

Hot July brings cooling showers,
Apricots and gillyflowers.

August brings the sheaves of corn,
Then the harvest home is borne.

Warm September brings the fruit,
Sportsmen then begin to shoot.

Fresh October brings the pheasant,
Then to gather nuts is pleasant.

Dull November brings the blast,
Then the leaves are whirling fast.

Chill December brings the sleet,
Blazing fire and Christmas treat.

SYMON'S LESSON OF WISDOM FOR ALL MANNER OF CHILDREN*

Child, I warn thee in all wise,
That thou tell truth and make no lies.
Child, be froward not, nor proud,
But raise thy head and speak aloud;
When any man doth speak to thee,
Doff thy hood and bow thy knee;
Wash thy hands and wash thy face,
And be thou courteous in each place.
When thou comest with good cheer
In hall or bower, bid "God be here!"
Look thou cast at no man's dog
A stone, nor strike his horse or hog;
Look thou neither scorn nor jape
With man, with maiden, nor with ape;
Let no man of thee make plaint;
Swear not by God, nor yet by saint.
Be courteous, when thou stand'st at meat,
And what men serve thee, take and eat:
Scrupling not to cry nor crave,
Saying, "Nay, *that* must I have."

* A fragment of a fifteenth century poem, made modern.

Stand thou still before the board,
Look thou speak no noisy word.
Honor thy father and thy mother,
Grieve thou ne'er the one nor other;
But ever and oft shalt thou kneel down,
And ask their blessing and benison.
Child, keep thy clothes aye fair and clean,
Let no filth thereon be seen.
Child, climb not over house nor wall,
Neither for fruit, nor bird, nor ball.
Child, cast no stones at neighbor's house,
Since they may break his glass windows;
Make no noise, nor jape, nor play,
In holy church on holy day.
And, child, there 's yet another thing,
Keep thee from words and jangeling.
And, child, whene'er thou goest to play,
Look thou come home by light of day.
I warn thee, child, of another matter,
Keep thee well from fire and water;
And beware of how thou dost look
Over brink, or well, or brook. . . .
Rise betimes and go to school,
Fare not as a wanton fool,
Learn as fast as e'er thou can,
For our bishop good is an agèd man,
And therefore thou must learn right fast
Wouldst thou be bishop when he is past. . . .

THE ANT AND THE CRICKET

A silly young cricket, accustomed to sing
Through the warm sunny months of gay summer and spring,
Began to complain, when he found that at home
His cupboard was empty and winter was come.
Not a crumb to be found
On the snow-covered ground;
Not a flower could he see,
Not a leaf on a tree:
"Oh, what will become," says the cricket, "of me?"

At last by starvation and famine made bold,
All dripping with wet and all trembling with cold,
Away he set off to a miserly ant,
To see if, to keep him alive, he would grant
Him shelter from rain:
A mouthful of grain
He wished only to borrow,
He 'd repay it to-morrow:
If not, he must die of starvation and sorrow.

Says the ant to the cricket, "I 'm your servant and friend,
But we ants never borrow, we ants never lend;
But tell me, dear sir, did you lay nothing by
When the weather was warm?" Said the cricket, "Not I.
My heart was so light
That I sang day and night,
For all nature looked gay."
"You *sang*, sir, you say?
Go then," said the ant, "and *dance* winter away."

Thus ending, he hastily lifted the wicket
And out of the door turned the poor little cricket.
Though this is a fable, the moral is good:
If you live without work, you must live without food.

WHAT WOULD YOU SEE?

By George Macdonald

What would you see if I took you up
To my little nest in the air?
You would see the sky like a clear blue cup
Turned upside downward there.

What would you do if I took you there
To my little nest in the tree?
My child with cries would trouble the air,
To get what she could but see.

What would you get in the top of the tree
For all your crying and grief?
Not a star would you clutch of all you see—
You could only gather a leaf.

But when you had lost your greedy grief,
Content to see from afar,
You would find in your hand a withering leaf,
In your heart a shining star.

SNEEZING

If you sneeze on Monday, you sneeze for danger;
Sneeze on a Tuesday, kiss a stranger;
Sneeze on a Wednesday, sneeze for a letter;
Sneeze on a Thursday, something better;
Sneeze on a Friday, sneeze for sorrow;
Sneeze on a Saturday, joy to-morrow.

SIX GREAT STORY-TELLERS

SIR WALTER SCOTT

It is not given to every writer to win a foremost place in two branches of literature; but Walter Scott excelled first as poet, then as novelist. His first publications were poems, which now are familiar wherever the English tongue is spoken. Then, when the popular favor forsook him for Lord Byron, he remarked to Ballantyne, his printer, "Well, well, James, so be it; but, you know, we must not droop, for we can't afford to give over. Since one line has failed, we must just stick to something else." And the "something else" was the writing of historical novels which have never yet been equaled.

Walter Scott was descended on his father's side from some of the raiders living in the Lowlands of Scotland, in the records of whose doings he took from his earliest boyhood such keen delight. His father, however, followed the peaceful profession of a solicitor, or writer to the signet, to use the Scottish expression; his mother was the daughter of a medical professor at Edinburgh. Walter was one of a family of twelve, and was born in Edinburgh on August 15, 1771. As a child he was very weakly. In his second year an attack of fever left him with a lameness in his right leg which was never cured, though it did not prevent many a long tramp over the hills of southern Scotland. For the sake of his health the child was sent to his grandfather's farm at Sandyknowe, a place situated in the midst of a district rich in Border traditions handed down in song, ballad, and story.

Here the future poet and novelist drank in, along with the pure air, the spirit of love for nature which animated his life and still animates his work. The long summer days were spent in keen enjoyment of the sights and sounds of rustic life. In rough weather or during winter evenings the boy was no less happy, for he drew upon his grandmother's unfailing supply of Border legends and ballads, many of which he soon knew by heart.

Five years were spent at the Edinburgh High School and two at the University. Scott did not, however, distinguish himself as a scholar, though he afterward knew German, Spanish, Italian, and French. He was a favorite in the playground, where he would often delight his schoolfellows by relating some of the exciting tales with which his mind was stored. At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed to his father, but at twenty-one was called to the Scottish bar, thus becoming an advocate or barrister. This course had, however, been interrupted when he was sixteen by another illness, during which absolute quiet was imposed upon him. But even this time of enforced idleness was of use, for he spent the hours of convalescence in reading history, especially accounts of campaigns, and in watching the evolutions of the troops in the Meadow Park, close by his father's house.

Scott practised for some time as an advocate in the law-courts. But all the while his thoughts were with those who of old broke or defied the law of which he was now the defender. The whole of his leisure time was spent in tramping the countryside in search of the scenes of ancient battle, raid, and foray. In his father's opinion, at least, he was more fitted to be a peddler than a lawyer. Scott, however—to use the expression of a friend of his own—was "making himself," and preparing his mind for the execution of work which should compel the admiration of all men.

In 1797 Scott married Miss Charlotte Carpenter, a young lady of French extraction whom he met at a watering-place in Cumberland. Early in the next year the young couple made their first home in a cottage at Lasswade on the Esk, six miles from the Scottish capital. Mrs. Scott had an annual income of £500. In 1799 her husband was made sheriff depute of Selkirkshire, with a salary of £300 per annum. The duties of this post were very light, and the "shirra," as he was called, was now free to indulge his literary tastes. The year 1802 saw the publication of his first book. This was the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish

Border," a collection of songs and ballads, partly collected from various sources, partly original.

In 1804 the lawyer-poet moved to another and larger country residence at Ashestiel, only five miles from the place where, on the banks of the Tweed, he afterward built Abbotsford.

The Scotts left Ashestiel in 1812. But before that time the poet had written and published poems which have won for him a foremost place among poets of the English tongue. The first, which appeared in 1805, was "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," in which the striking figure of the blind old harper—"the last of all the bards"—stands out preëminent, and even overshadows the personages of the real story. Then, in 1808, came "Marmion," a warlike poem of Flodden Field; and two years later "The Lady of the Lake," which tells of the romantic wanderings in disguise of James V. of Scotland, and his meetings with Ellen Douglas and that doughty Highland champion Roderick Dhu.

Scott had now obtained a further legal appointment—that of clerk of the Court of Session, for which, after some years without pay, he received a salary of £800 a year. To become a Tweedside laird, to possess land of his own, and to found a new branch of the Scott family, of which the Duke of Buccleuch was chieftain—these were the cherished dreams of Walter Scott, and now the way seemed to be opening for their realization.

About this time he invested money in the printing and publishing firms of the Ballantynes of Edinburgh, and with money advanced on poems yet to be written he purchased the land on which he subsequently built the castle of Abbotsford. Thus he embarked in ventures that darkened the evening of his life and killed him before his time. The laureateship was offered to him in 1813, but this honor he declined. Other poems followed those mentioned above, but they were not so successful, and it was then that Scott turned from poetry to prose. He wrote the famous stories about many of which we have told you in an earlier section.

In 1805 Scott had begun a story of the Jacobite rebellion of 1745, but had laid it aside unfinished. This he completed and published in 1814 under the title of "Waverley: or 'Tis Sixty Years Since." Scott did not reveal the secret of the authorship of this tale for a number of years, and for a long time the great literary question of the day was, "Who wrote 'Waverley'?"

From the time of the publication of his first novel Scott led a busy and happy life. He had the name of being the best worker and the best player in the kingdom, for his recreations were entered upon in the same vigorous spirit as his work. He took great delight in laying out the grounds of his estate. "Planting and pruning trees," he writes, "I could work at from morning to night. There is a sort of self-congratulation, a little tickling self-flattery in the idea that, while you are pleasing and amusing yourself, you are seriously contributing to the future welfare of the country, and that your very acorn may send its future ribs of oak to future victories like Trafalgar."

Now let us briefly inquire into some of the results of his vigorous work at this time. His famous tales are now published under the general title of the "Waverley Novels," which is not the best of titles, because "Waverley" was the name applied to only one of the series. "Waverley" was closely followed by "Guy Mannering," which contains what is said to be a portrait of the author along with the characters of Meg Merrilies, the gypsy queen, and Dominie Sampson. Not many months elapsed before Scott was again before the public with "The Antiquary," which deals with the last ten years of the eighteenth century, and reveals the author's deep interest in the doings of bygone ages.

In "Old Mortality," published in 1816, we renew our acquaintance with the sturdy Covenanters who brought down upon themselves the fierce, unrelenting persecution of John Graham of Claverhouse. Not quite two years later came "Rob Roy" and the "Heart of Midlothian." In 1819 appeared "The Bride of Lammermoor," then the "Legend of Montrose." The next year saw the appearance of "Ivanhoe," that favorite story of English youth, with its stirring account of the adventures of the Disinherited Knight and the Black Knight, the latter being Richard the Lion-hearted in disguise. "The Monastery," of the same year, was not very well received, and was followed a few months later by "The Abbot," in which we have an account of the escape of Mary Queen of Scots from Loch Leven Castle.

In the year of "Ivanhoe" Scott was created a baronet, and made large additions to his estate at Abbotsford, the cost of which helped to hasten the misfortune that was to descend upon him before long. "Kenilworth" was published in 1821. In "St. Ronan's Well" the author gives us a change from his usual style of story, and sketches the various characters of the visitors collected at a spa or health-resort.

"Redgauntlet," the story of 1824, is another tale of the Jacobites, and is also interesting because of its portrait of the writer's father in the character of Saunders Fairford. In the next year came other tales, and among them "The Talisman." In the same year Sir Walter began

"Woodstock." In the beginning of 1826, through the failure of Constable and Company, the publishers, and the Ballantynes, printers, Scott found himself, as partner in the latter firm, involved with the other members in debt to the amount of £117,000. For the payment in full of this enormous sum (which Scott insisted upon regarding as a personal debt), there was no resource except the pen of the now almost worn-out writer. But his firm will did not bend nor his sturdy spirit quail before the mighty task which he now set himself, namely, that of paying off the entire amount. In this year of disaster his wife died, but through failing health the brave soul struggled on to leave behind him a name at which no one could justly point the finger of scorn.

Between the January of 1826 and the same month of 1828 he earned nearly £40,000, and before his death £63,000 of the original debt was paid. This left a debt of £54,000, which was met chiefly by the sale of his copyrights after his death. During this time he wrote, among other things, a "Life of Napoleon," as well as the tales entitled "Count Robert of Paris" and "Castle Dangerous." The two latter books were the work of a paralytic patient, for Sir Walter was stricken with paralysis in the beginning of 1830. To regain, if possible, his health, shattered by anxiety and overwork, he undertook in 1831 a tour to Malta and Italy in a frigate placed at his disposal by the government.

But it was all in vain. In passing down the Rhine he was suddenly taken worse, and now his only wish was to reach his beloved Abbotsford before death claimed him. This desire was fulfilled, and he lingered for two months after the date of his reaching home.

On September 21, 1832, "at half-past one in the afternoon, on a glorious autumn day, with every window wide open and the ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles distinctly audible in his room, he passed away, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes." So his son-in-law and biographer, John G. Lockhart, describes this great man's end.

In the words of an old Roman writer, "he had borne adversity wisely, had not been broken by fortune, and, amidst the buffets of fate, had maintained his dignity." He was buried by the side of his wife mid the "moldering ruins" of Dryburgh Abbey, near Melrose, and only a few miles from Abbotsford.

CHARLES DICKENS

This great writer was no favorite of fortune. The chronicle of his early life is one of struggling poverty, and the comparative wealth which he afterward enjoyed was won by his own diligence and strenuous endeavor. He was born at Landport, near Portsmouth, England, February 7, 1812, being the second child and first-born son in a family of eight. His father, John Dickens, who was a clerk in the Navy Pay Office at Portsmouth, appears to have been of the disposition that too literally takes "no thought for the morrow."

In Charles's fourth year his father was transferred to Chatham, where the family had their home till 1821. Here the future novelist, along with his sister Fanny, began his school life in the day-school of William Giles, for whom Dickens always cherished a warm affection. The tales of Smollett, one of the first English novelists, the story of "Robinson Crusoe," and the works of Goldsmith, especially "The Vicar of Wakefield," were eagerly read by the boy who was destined to become the most popular novelist of his time. In 1822 the salary of the elder Dickens was reduced, and he was also transferred to London, where he took up his abode in Bayham Street, Camden Town, for a short time. His next move was to a debtor's prison—the Marshalsea, afterward described by his son in "Little Dorrit"—where he was confined for two years, his family, with the exception of Charles, living with him.

This was the darkest period of the novelist's life. In some of his books he gives us scenes from the lowest and most poverty-stricken parts of London, and we know that some of these are pictures of poverty and destitution which he knew at first hand. During this time he worked in Warren's blacking-factory for the sum of six shillings weekly, his occupation being that of pasting the labels upon the blacking-pots. A timely legacy, however, enabled the family to start life afresh. The father obtained employment as Parliamentary reporter to the "Morning Herald," while Charles was sent to Wellington House Academy in Hampstead Road. At fourteen he left school and became office-boy to a solicitor of Gray's Inn. While engaged in this work he learned shorthand, and two years later he obtained an appointment as reporter at Doctors' Commons, passing from this post to become Parliamentary reporter for the "Morning Chronicle." In this capacity he gained a reputation for quickness and accuracy which was the envy of his associates.

To his daily and nightly rambles in all parts of London at this time we owe many of the most realistic scenes in Dickens's novels. Speaking of his work for the "Morning Chronicle," he afterward said: "I have often transcribed for the

printer from my shorthand notes important public speeches in which the strictest accuracy was required, and a mistake in which would have been to a young man severely compromising; writing on the palm of my hand, by the light of a dark lantern in a postchaise and four, galloping through a wild country, and through the dead of night, at the then surprising rate of fifteen miles an hour. . . . I have worn my knees by writing on them on the old back row of the old gallery of the old House of Commons; and I have worn my feet by standing to write in a preposterous pew in the old House of Lords, where we used to be huddled together like so many sheep kept in waiting, say, until the woolsack might want restuffing."

But this work, though not ill-paid, was only a preparation. In December, 1833, the young journalist beheld "with eyes dimmed with joy and pride" his first successful literary effort in the pages of the "Monthly Magazine." This was a sketch entitled "A Dinner at Poplar Walk," which, under another title, afterward formed one of the famous "Sketches by Boz." Further papers followed, and soon the young author was contributing sketches of a similar character to the "Evening Chronicle," published at the office of the "Morning Chronicle," and was in receipt of an advance of two guineas per week upon the five which he was already receiving (about $35.65 in all).

The year 1835 saw the publication in book form of "Sketches by Boz," which had a large sale on both sides of the Atlantic. At the time when he was commencing the more famous "Pickwick Papers," he married Catherine Hogarth, the daughter of a friend to whom he owed much of his early advancement. "Pickwick" was received with unbounded delight, and when published in book form in 1837, the year of Queen Victoria's accession, it brought the author a considerable sum of ready money, and afterward a handsome annual income. Of all his books this has always been the popular favorite.

Most of Dickens's subsequent works were published first in serial form and then in book form. His next production appeared in a magazine named "Bentley's Miscellany." This was "Oliver Twist," in which the author set himself the task of exhibiting the "dregs of life" and the bitter hardships of the poor. "Nicholas Nickleby," which appeared in 1839, was written not only for the purpose of giving pleasure, but also of showing up some of the private schools at that time, of which Dotheboys Hall, presided over by Mr. Squeers and his wife, was said to be a type.

Then followed "The Old Curiosity Shop," with its touching story of the wanderings of Little Nell and her grandfather. None of Dickens's well-known characters appeals more closely to the hearts of his readers than this gentle little maiden, from the beginning of the story, where we find her asleep in the curiosity-dealer's warehouse, to the time when "her little bird—a poor slight thing the pressure of a finger would have crushed—was stirring nimbly in its cage; and the strong heart of its child-mistress was mute and motionless forever."

"Barnaby Rudge," which came next in order, is one of Dickens's two historical novels, the other being "A Tale of Two Cities," written many years afterward. The former was written after the story of Nell and her grandfather, and deals with the time of the Gordon Riots. These took place in London in the year 1780, when the mob, with a cry of "No popery!" burned Newgate Prison, as well as a large number of Catholic chapels and houses of members of Parliament.

In 1842 Dickens paid a visit to the United States, where he was received with great honor. After his return he published his "American Notes" and "Martin Chuzzlewit," which roused the anger of the Americans, on account of his criticism and satire upon some of their manners and customs. But this misunderstanding was afterward righted.

About this time Dickens began a series of Christmas stories, which appeared for five years, and charmed all readers. They breathed the true spirit of a good old-fashioned English Christmas, with its "holly, mistletoe, red berries, ivy, turkeys, geese, game, poultry, brawn, meat, pigs, sausages, oysters, pies, puddings, fruit, and punch." The three best known are "A Christmas Carol," "The Chimes," and "The Cricket on the Hearth." Strange to say, they were mostly written while the author was traveling abroad: for example, the title of "The Chimes" was suggested, not by the merry Christmas bells of some English church, but by the chiming of the bells of a church in Genoa.

In 1846 the now famous and popular author was in Italy, and engaged in the production of "Dombey and Son." In this novel he attacks the vice of pride—pride of birth, pride of position, pride of wealth—and on the way gives us a truly pathetic picture of little Paul Dombey and his early death. The scene of the death of the little boy so deeply affected the author himself that, after writing it, he wandered all night through the streets of Paris, feeling as though he himself had lost a well-loved child.

One of the leading London dailies—the "Daily News"—had Dickens for its first editor. But he soon gave up this work, which was not congenial.



A FEW GREAT ENGLISH WRITERS.

Then he devoted himself to his writing and to another occupation, in which he achieved conspicuous success, both in England and America. This was the public reading of extracts from his own works, by which he further delighted many thousands of his readers, helped many a deserving charity, and put a large amount of money into his own pocket.

"David Copperfield" appeared in 1850. This is one of his best known and best loved works, and one for which he himself is said to have had a marked preference. The story is, to a great extent, the story of his own life, and therefore becomes doubly interesting. Shakespeare makes Hamlet mention "the law's delay," in recounting the ills of life which oppress mankind. Dickens wrote a complete novel upon this theme, entitled "Bleak House," of which we give an outline in another place.

Dickens had now once more taken up editorial work, but of a different kind from that in which he formerly engaged. He began "Household Words," afterward named "All the Year Round," a magazine that numbered among its contributors many writers who afterward became famous on their own account. Other works of Dickens, which we can only mention here, but some of which we tell about in another section, are "Great Expectations," "Our Mutual Friend," "Little Dorrit," and the unfinished "Mystery of Edwin Drood." Besides these, Dickens wrote a very large number of shorter stories, or sketches. His best work was done between 1847 and 1851.

Our own country was once more honored by a visit from the people's writer, who, in 1867, undertook a tour through the chief American cities, reading extracts from his works wherever he went. The visit created much enthusiasm, but it cost Dickens a great deal, for his health was rapidly failing. He had now fixed upon a country residence at Gadshill, Rochester, a place memorable in history as the scene of the robbery which brought the friend of the madcap Prince Harry before Judge Gascoigne. Concerning this newly acquired property Dickens writes:

"My little place is a grave, red-brick house, which I have added to and stuck bits upon in all manner of ways, so that it is as pleasantly irregular, and as violently opposed to all architectural ideas, as the most hopeful man could possibly desire. It is on the summit of Gadshill. The robbery was committed before the door on the man with the treasure, and Falstaff ran away from the identical spot of ground now covered by the room in which I write."

In this pleasant country retreat the tired workman was not allowed to pass any considerable length of time. For years before his death he had overtaxed his bodily strength. By a restless energy, which proved at last too great even for his robust health, he was impelled to keep always moving. "I am become incapable of rest," he writes to a friend. "I am quite confident I should rust, break, and die if I spared myself. Much better to die doing." And this he did.

On June 8, 1870, Dickens devoted both morning and afternoon to completing the sixth number of his last and unfinished story. When he came in from the chalet in the garden where he always wrote in summer, his sister-in-law noticed that he looked very ill. "Come and lie down," she said, trying to support him with her arm. "Yes, on the ground," he replied, slipping from her hold to the floor. He never spoke again. At ten minutes past six on the evening of the 9th he passed quietly away.

Without display, in a manner that would have been most pleasing to himself, he was buried in the early morning of June 14. He lies resting in Westminster Abbey, the resting-place of kings—he who was a king among writers.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

Here we tell you something about a famous English author who was born at Calcutta, India, July 18, 1811, the year before that which saw the birth of Charles Dickens. His father, Richmond Thackeray, a member of an old English family, held a good position in the Indian Civil Service. He died five years after the birth of his son, and his widow, after a time, married a Major Smyth.

The son was brought to England to be educated, and the school selected for that purpose was the famous Charterhouse. "He came to the school young," writes a school-fellow in after years, "a pretty, gentle, and rather timid boy. I think his experience there was not generally pleasant. Though he had afterward a scholarlike knowledge of Latin, he did not attain distinction in the school; and I should think that the character of the head-master, Dr. Russell, which was vigorous, unsympathetic and stern, though not severe, was uncongenial to his own. With the boys who knew him Thackeray was popular; but he had no skill in games, and, I think, no taste for them. . . . He took part in a scheme, which came to nothing, for a school magazine, and he wrote verses for it of which I only remember that they were good of their kind."

In the February of 1829 Thackeray proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge, which has educated so many famous men. He left the University, however, in the following year without obtaining

a degree, and traveled first in Germany and then to Paris. In this city he decided to study art, and for the purpose he could not have selected a better place. But this was not the pursuit in which he was destined to make his mark. It is interesting to note at this point that he was afterward one of the applicants for the post of illustrator of the "Pickwick Papers," and that his services were declined.

He came of age in 1832, the year in which Scott, his great predecessor in the art of story-telling, breathed his last, and, at the same time, he came into his fortune, which gave him the comfortable income of £500 a year. It was not long before the whole of his money had slipped through his fingers, for he was not by any means of a careful disposition. Part of the money is said to have been squandered at the gaming-table, but the greater portion of it was lost in unsuccessful newspaper speculation. Now that he was obliged to earn his own living, he took to that occupation for which no apprenticeship is thought to be needed—literature.

Soon we find Thackeray in London contributing to two periodicals—the "Constitutional" and "Fraser's Magazine." The most famous of his contributions were "The Yellowplush Papers" and "The History of Samuel Titmarsh and the Great Hoggarty Diamond," the latter of which, it was announced, would be illustrated by Samuel's cousin, Michael Angelo Titmarsh.

In his "Yellowplush Papers" he exposes many of the fashionable follies of his time, for with what is called "snobbery," Thackeray was ever at war. The "History" is short, and treats of bubble companies and the schemings of their promoters, as well as the foolish simplicity of those investors who walk open-eyed into the traps laid for them. Samuel and Michael Angelo Titmarsh, the author and the artist, are one and the same person—namely, Thackeray himself; but the promised pictures did not appear. There is an amusing connection, and the only one, between Thackeray and the great artist and sculptor, Michael Angelo, in the fact that when schoolboys each of these great men had his nose broken by a fellow-pupil.

Thus Thackeray began his literary career when he was twenty-six, at the time of Queen Victoria's accession and of the publication of the "Pickwick Papers." Soon after this time Thackerary married Isabella Shawe. Before many years had passed, his wife's mind failed and he was deprived entirely of her companionship.

In 1840 appeared "The Paris Sketch Book," the contents of which had been already published in various periodicals, and between 1843 and 1853 the now rising author was a contributor to London's well-known comic literary weekly, "Punch." To this journal he contributed numberless short pieces and ballads. His "Irish Sketch Book," illustrated by himself, appeared in the first year of his connection with "Punch," and in 1848 came "Vanity Fair," to charm his now numerous circle of readers.

¶ Here we have a faithful picture of the society of Thackeray's time drawn by the hand of a master, and a story in which the interest never flags. One of the most striking characters is Sir Pitt Crawley, a baronet, a man of large property and a member of Parliament, who in one place is described as "a man in drab breeches and gaiters with a dirty old coat, a foul old neck-cloth, lashed round his bristly neck, a shining bald head, a leering red face, a pair of twinkling gray eyes, and a mouth perpetually on the grin." The story takes us to the Continent and deals with the time of Waterloo. Perhaps the most prominent character of all is Becky Sharp, who is not by any means exhibited as a heroine, but who interests us by the very boldness and ingenuity of her schemes, which are laid to make herself a woman of importance in society. And all through the story we see the writer's hatred of snobbery and his love of modest worth. ¶ In 1850 "Pendennis" was given to the world. This is another novel of society, and gives us the life of Arthur Pendennis, a young man of good birth, but by no means a hero. He acts in many cases very foolishly, but his good angels are his mother and the girl who becomes his wife. This is almost the only instance in Thackeray's novels of an ordinary happy ending, where hero and heroine live "happy ever after." The author knew only too well that in real life

> Our sincerest laughter
> With some pain is fraught.
> Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

And it was real life that he endeavored to show, using a style that is a model of English in its purity and simplicity. Take, for example, this touching account of a very common sorrow—the loss of a little child:

"It was not, however, destined that she and her child should inhabit that little garret. We were to leave our lodgings on Monday morning; but on Saturday evening the child was seized with convulsions, and all Sunday the mother watched and prayed for it; but it pleased God to take the innocent infant from us, and on Sunday, at midnight, it lay a corpse in its mother's bosom. We have other children, happy and well, now round about us, and from the father's heart the memory of this little thing has almost faded; but I do be-

lieve that every day of her life the mother thinks of her first-born that was with her for so short a while: many and many a time she has taken her daughters to the grave, in St. Bride's, where he lies buried; and she wears still at her neck a little, little lock of gold hair, which she took from the head of the infant as he lay smiling in his coffin. It has happened to me to forget the child's birthday, but to her never; and often in the midst of common talk comes something that shows she is thinking of the child still."

"Henry Esmond," which appeared in 1852, deals with the time of Queen Anne. Upon the writing of it Thackeray spent great care and thought. The tale is supposed to be related by Henry Esmond while living on the estate of Castlewood, in Virginia. Lady Castlewood, whom Esmond eventually marries, is a fine character, but her daughter Beatrix is a proud, ambitious woman, bent upon securing, at all hazards, money, position, and influence. During the course of the story we are interested in the description of the life of the period, and in the appearance of Addison and Steele, two of the most famous men of letters of their time.

In 1854 came "The Newcomes," which renews our acquaintance with Pendennis, who is represented as the editor of the story. The chief characters at the beginning of the story are Colonel Newcome and his son Clive, who becomes an artist. At the end of the tale Clive is a widower with a son of his own, to whom he is as deeply devoted as his father had been to him. The story is by no means a glad one, and its attractiveness lies in its being well told. The old Colonel loses his fortune through allowing himself to be drawn into bubble speculations, as the author was in his youth. Then he enters the almshouse at the Charterhouse, and there the old English gentleman dies.

"At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly beat time—and, just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said, 'Adsum,' and fell back. It was the word we used at school when names were called; and lo, he whose heart was as that of a little child had answered to his name and stood in the presence of the Master!" There is scarcely anything more touching than this in the whole of our literature.

A full list of Thackeray's works would be a very long one. He wrote numberless sketches, short papers, and ballads, besides his novels, and many of these were very amusing, some being what we call burlesques. One is entitled "Rebecca and Rowena," in which we follow the supposed fortunes of several of our old friends of Scott's "Ivanhoe." Thackeray shows us that his chief object in writing this was to make Ivanhoe marry Rebecca the Jewess, as he had considered from boyhood that this was the only satisfactory conclusion to the tale.

After the publication of "The Newcomes," Thackeray undertook to give public lectures. Unlike Dickens, he prepared special lectures, and did not merely read extracts from his own books. In 1853 he made a tour in America, and was well received on this side of the Atlantic. Then, in 1857, he unsuccessfully contested Oxford for parliamentary honors. The author was not fitted for Parliament, and by his failure to obtain a seat the House of Commons lost nothing, while literature gained much.

"The Virginians" was published in 1859. This is a tale of the twin grandsons of Harry Esmond, and forms a continuation of the story told by him. One of the lads was sent to England to make his way, and the other was, for a time, supposed to have been killed by Indians. Under the title of the Baroness Bernstein, the Beatrix of "Esmond" reappears—a rich old lady, loved by her relatives, though not for her own sake.

The "Cornhill Magazine" was set on foot in 1859, and Thackeray became its first editor. Under his editorship the magazine had many famous contributors—Alfred Tennyson, John Ruskin, Mrs. Browning, Matthew Arnold, and others. This work was laid down in 1862. In the next year, on the day before Christmas, Thackeray died suddenly in his bed. He was buried in Kensal Green cemetery, and not long afterward a bust to his memory was placed in Westminster Abbey.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

Parson, poet, politician, scientist, novelist, lecturer, teacher, and sportsman, was Charles Kingsley, and to each of these pursuits he devoted a share of his immense energy. He was born at Holne vicarage, in Devonshire, on June 12, 1819, when Dickens and Thackeray were boys of seven and eight years respectively. At this time his father, after whom he was named, was curate of the parish of Holne. The lad came of a family of soldiers on the one side and of scientists on the other, and both the warlike and the scientific had their place in his character. As a very small boy he was distinguished by his love of sports and athletics, as well as by the restless energy which afterward found voice in the words—

When all 's done, nothing 's done; there 's rest above.
Below, let work be death, if work be love.

Six years of his boyhood were spent in the Fen District of Northamptonshire and Lincolnshire, the scenery of which he afterward described in his novel, "Hereward the Wake." Then he was removed to Clovelly, where his father had been made rector, and placed among some of the scenes which he has rendered familiar in "Westward Ho!" the story of the time of the Armada. In 1836 his father was made vicar of St. Luke's, Chelsea, which living he held till his death in 1860.

Charles is reported to have written sermons and poems at a very early age. He was at a school in Clifton in 1831, and saw the Bristol Riots of that year, when the excesses of the mob and their disregard for valuable property disgusted him. He was afterward to learn some of the reasons for the deep discontent of the poorer classes of the time, and to come to the conclusion that what they needed most was guidance and not mere repression. In the year following he was at the grammar school at Helston, in Cornwall, where he was known as an ardent geologist, though he was not a favorite among his schoolfellows. When his father was appointed to St. Luke's, Chelsea, Charles began to attend classes at King's College, London, walking from and to Chelsea every day.

Two years of this study fitted him for the university, and in 1838 he was entered at Magdalene College, Cambridge. He worked hard, but not with much system. He had a keen intellect, but to him it was drudgery to keep on the beaten track of the ordinary studies for a degree. He studied botany and geology as well as other sciences, and also took up mathematics and classics.

A keen athlete and sportsman, Kingsley firmly believed in what he called "muscular Christianity." To him and to others who followed his lead, the teaching of Christ was manly and strong, to be followed by the athlete as well as, perhaps better than, by the recluse. He found abroad the idea that to be a follower of Christ meant, among other things, to deny one's self any share in innocent pleasures and pursuits. This idea he fought against with all the might of an energetic nature. Man's bodily strength, and his ability to enjoy the lawful exercise of it, were, so he maintained, the gifts of God, and as such they were to be used and enjoyed. Yet he was all that is gentle to the weak and suffering, and helpful to those who turned to him in their need, the guiding principle of his life being embodied in his own words:

Do the work that 's nearest
Though it 's dull at whiles,
Helping, when you meet them,
Lame dogs over stiles.

The year 1842 saw him a bachelor of arts and an ordained clergyman of the Church of England. He was appointed curate of Eversley in Hampshire. With this place he was associated for the remainder of his life. After working for two years as curate he married, and was appointed rector of Eversley. The young rector and his wife found the village in a sad state in every way, enough to appal any one who had not an iron will and unbending resolution. The church was out of repair; the village was badly drained and very unhealthy; and the spiritual and intellectual state of the people was worse than that of their homes and surroundings. By sympathy, by well-directed, unceasing work, by tact and patience, the rector and his wife gradually improved the state of affairs, and the name of Kingsley came to be loved and revered among the villagers.

The rector's family life was happy, and his affection for his wife and children was deep and unselfish. He had also a few stanch friends, among whom was Thomas Hughes, the author of that well-known and well-loved boys' book, "Tom Brown's School-days."

In 1848 Kingsley published a poem entitled "The Saint's Tragedy," and in after years he wrote many poems, songs, and ballads. Two of his best known songs are "The Sands o' Dee" and "The Three Fishers." But now he took up the work and gave voice to the opinions which made him very unpopular in many quarters, but gained him the good word and the friendship of large numbers of the working classes. The widespread discontent among certain classes in England, caused by slackness of trade, bad harvests, and the pressure of the corn-laws, was at that time leading to riot and disorder. The agitators demanded (1) voting by ballot; (2) universal franchise; (3) annual Parliaments; (4) payment of members; (5) abolition of the property qualification; and (6) division of the country into equal electoral districts. These six points were expressly stated in what was called the People's Charter, and those who supported the movement were therefore called Chartists.

Charles Kingsley sympathized with the agitators to a very great extent, and so incurred the dislike of large numbers of his own class. He saw, however, the mistakes made by the Chartists themselves, and he spoke out boldly against excess. His aim was to infuse the spirit of Christianity into the movement, and to lead the agitators

to sober and lawful methods of improving their position.

In 1848 his first novel appeared in "Fraser's Magazine," to which Thackeray also contributed. It was named "Yeast," and it dealt with more than one problem of interest. It pictured the distressed and forsaken condition of the agricultural laborer of the time. In this book Kingsley also gives us an account of some of the religious doubts that troubled him while a student at Cambridge. The book did not win for him any popularity, partly because it showed so clearly the necessity for extensive sanitary improvements, which are always costly, and which some landlords are unwilling to undertake.

Kingsley's health broke down through overwork, and he was obliged to withdraw from active life for a time. But the busy brain was incapable of rest, and in 1850 he completed "Alton Locke." This book did for the London artisan what "Yeast" had done for the agricultural laborer. It exposed all the horrors of the sweaters' dens which were common in London at that time, where boys and girls, men and women, worked under fearful conditions for starvation wages. His "Tour on the Rhine" of 1851 gives a breezy account of a pleasant holiday spent in the neighborhood of that romantic river, and the writing of this must have afforded a welcome change to its author.

Then came, in 1853, the now famous story of "Hypatia," a tale of a beautiful and learned Greek maiden who taught the heathen mysteries, and by her pure and noble life put to shame the savage monks of the city, who were not satisfied till they had torn her to pieces. This awful crime was committed within the sacred walls of their church, before the very altar above which stood "the colossal Christ watching unmoved from off the wall, his right hand raised to give a blessing —or a curse."

In 1854 Kingsley took his wife to Bideford, in Devonshire, for the sake of her health. Here he wrote "Westward Ho!" the story that stirs our spirit with the memory of the brave old sea-dogs of "the spacious times of great Elizabeth," and their spirited defeat of the so-called Invincible Armada. Amyas Leigh, the giant hero, with a heart tender as a woman's; Ayacanora, the beautiful Indian maiden, "daughter of the Sun"; Mrs. Leigh and her gentle, brave, and chivalrous son Frank; the cruel Eustace working out the fiendish plans of the Spanish Inquisition; Rose, the English maiden, and Don Guzman, her Spanish lover—these are some of the friends of our youth with whom we would not willingly part. In the following year the rector was back at Eversley, engaged in parish work, and busy, too, on his next book, which appeared in 1857. It was entitled "Two Years Ago."

In this book Kingsley deals again with the lack of sufficient sanitation, which made the dwellers in English towns and villages an easy prey to epidemic disease. He also touches upon the Crimean War, in which he took a close and keen soldierly interest. The hero of the tale is Tom Thurnall, a vigorous, adventurous young medical man with a keen love of nature and quite as keen a hatred of cant and hypocrisy. The heroine is Grace Harvey, the village schoolmistress, a character drawn with all Kingsley's love and sympathy for true womanliness.

Kingsley had by this time lived down a good deal of the unpopularity which his work among the Chartists had occasioned. In 1859 he was made one of the Queen's chaplains, and in the following year was appointed professor of modern history at Cambridge. Then, in 1863, appeared his "Water Babies," or, as he calls it, "A Fairy Tale for a Land Baby." He also wrote other books for children—"The Heroes," or "Greek Fairy Tales," and "Madame How and Lady Why," the latter being written with the object of teaching young people to use their eyes and ears. After the appearance of "The Water Babies," he took a holiday in France, and some time afterward sailed to the West Indies, the scenery of which he had attempted to describe from imagination and extensive reading in "Westward Ho!" We can imagine the keen delight with which he would survey the scenes which, since his boyhood, had been to him "a fairy vision of the heart." In "At Last" he gives an account of a Christmas spent in this region.

The year 1869 saw Kingsley appointed to a canonry at Chester, and in 1873 he was made a canon of Westminster. Twelve months later he paid a visit to America, lecturing in some of the chief cities, where he was well received. His journey home was delayed by an attack of pleurisy, and he returned in very feeble health. His wife was ill at the same time, and he was thus deprived of the loving care which would have sweetened his last moments. He passed away on January 23, 1875, and was laid to rest in the churchyard at Eversley.

Let us finish our short sketch of a life well spent by quoting the words of Matthew Arnold, a friend of Kingsley's, and son of Arnold of Rugby, the "prince of schoolmasters." He calls him "the most generous man I have ever known, the most forward to praise what he thought good, the most willing to admire, the most free from all thought of himself in praising and in admiring,

the most incapable of being made ill-natured or even indifferent by having to support ill-natured attacks himself."

GEORGE ELIOT

You may know that George Eliot is the pen-name of a woman whose best work has given her, in the opinion of at least one biographer, the right to stand by the side of Shakespeare. There is no higher praise for any English writer.

George Eliot's real name was Mary Ann, or Marian, Evans, and she was born on November 22, 1819, in the South Farm, Arbury, Warwickshire. She came of a family that was of Welsh origin, and her father, Robert Evans, was at one time a carpenter, and latterly a farmer and land-agent. He was twice married, and Marian was the daughter of his second wife.

In 1820 the family removed to Griff House, one mile from Nuneaton. This house and the farm connected with it are full of memories of the novelist's childhood. She describes the garden in "Adam Bede," perhaps her best known story, as "a true farmhouse garden, with hardy perennial flowers, unpruned fruit-trees, and kitchen vegetables, growing together in careless, half-neglected abundance. There were tall hollyhocks beginning to flower and dazzle the eye with their pink, white, and yellow; there were syringas and Gueldres roses, all large and disorderly, for want of trimming; there were leafy walls of scarlet beans and late peas; there was a row of bushy filberts in one direction, and in another a huge apple-tree, making a barren circle under its low-spreading boughs."

In this garden and in the neighborhood of this house Marian Evans passed many a long, happy day of her childhood and youth. Her constant companion was her brother Isaac, whose portrait is given us in "The Mill on the Floss," in the character of Tom Tulliver. The children attended a dame's school together, and then they were separated, the brother going to a boys' school, the sister to a school at Attleborough, a suburb of Nuneaton. At this time she is described as "an awkward girl, reserved and serious far beyond her years, but observant, and addicted to the habit of sitting in corners and watching her elders." From here she was sent to a larger school at Nuneaton, where she took keen delight in the works of Scott and Charles Lamb, though she showed no particular brightness in the ordinary school subjects. From twelve to fifteen she attended a school in the ancient town of Coventry, and in December, 1836, on the death of her mother, she took charge of the home farm, combining her household duties, which she conscientiously performed, with the study of Italian and German. She was also a close and diligent student of history.

Five years after the death of his wife, Robert Evans gave up his farm to his son, and settled with his daughter at Foleshill, on the outskirts of Coventry. While living here, Marian took lessons in Greek and Latin, besides teaching herself a good deal of Hebrew. At the house of a friend in the district she met many men of mark in the literary world, and at this time her religious convictions were severely shaken. We will inquire no further into this, but content ourselves with remembering that she afterward said, "The great thing to teach is reverence—reverence for the hard-won inheritance of the ages."

George Eliot began her literary career by translating a well-known German book, Strauss's "Life of Jesus," into English, and this work helped to make her exact and scholarly. Her father died when she was thirty, leaving her a small income, and she undertook, in the company of some friends, a tour in France, Italy, and Switzerland.

For some time she was engaged as assistant editor of the "Westminster Review," and it was not till 1856 that she began the work that made her famous. Her first book was entitled "Scenes of Clerical Life," and consisted of three short stories or sketches, which were full of promise. These stories are really records of her own life and experience at Nuneaton, and the various personages and localities can be readily identified with people and places which she had known in her childhood and youth. Most readers believed, as the authoress desired them to believe, that George Eliot was a man, and even the publisher of this book did not know the truth for some time.

"Adam Bede" appeared in 1859, and leaped at once into favor. Once again the writer drew upon her own experience. There are numerous points of resemblance between her father and the hero of the tale, the simple, manly village carpenter. In Dinah Morris, the woman preacher, we have a portrait of an aunt of George Eliot's who belonged to the Methodist community. Mrs. Poyser is supposed to be a portrait of Marian Evans's mother, and the places mentioned in the story are those with which the writer had been familiar all her life. "Adam Bede" has become one of the famous books of English literature; and, as one writer says, "its power is due to the intensity with which it represents actual life."

The year 1860 saw the appearance of "The Mill on the Floss," the story of Maggie Tulliver,

the miller's daughter, and her brother Tom. In this tale the novelist gives us a picture of her own childhood, and her companionship with her brother Isaac. But as readers we must guard against the mistake of supposing that everything in the book is a record of an actual occurrence.

After the publication of this work, George Eliot undertook a journey to Florence, the outcome of which was her great historical novel entitled "Romola," published in 1863. "Romola" deals with life in Florence in the latter half of the fifteenth century, and one of its most prominent characters is Savonarola, the great preacher. This man acquired much political influence in the ancient city, and was at one time its real ruler. But his enemies finally caused his overthrow, and Savonarola was attacked in his priory of San Marco, and, after being tortured, was burned to death.

The writing of this story entailed much hard work, at a time when the author was in very poor health. "Our morning hours," she writes of her visit to Florence, "were spent in looking at streets, buildings, and pictures, in hunting up old books at shops or stalls, or in reading. Alas! I could have done much more if I had been well, but that regret applies to most years of my life."

While "Romola" was in process of composition, George Eliot published a short story entitled "Silas Marner, the Weaver of Raveloe," which deals with English home life of the cottage and the country house, in the presentation of which she won her greatest success. But for this tale she did not draw to a large extent upon her own experience.

"Felix Holt, the Radical," appeared in 1866, and then the novelist began the book which many have regarded as her greatest work. This was "Middlemarch; a Study of Provincial Life," which contains another portrait of the author's father, under the character of Caleb Garth. "Middlemarch," writes a biographer, "gives George Eliot the chiefest claim to stand by the side of Shakespeare. Both drew their matter from the same sources, the villages and the country houses which we know so well." This book appeared in 1872.

Four years later came "Daniel Deronda," a story of a young man who, having grown up and been educated in the belief that he is an Englishman, discovers in early manhood that he is by birth a Jew. Then he devotes himself to endeavors for the advancement of his race and for the realization of the Israelitish hope, the return of the chosen people to Jerusalem. The story is powerful and well told, but George Eliot is at her best when she sets to work "to paint the lives of those she saw about her, to describe their joys and sorrows, their successes and failures."

George Eliot died in London, December 22, 1880, having in the beginning of the year been married to John Walter Cross. She was buried in Highgate Cemetery. "Despite the miserable weather," says a writer describing the scene, "the churchyard was crowded with men and women, an orderly and respectful throng, deeply stirred with sympathy. Among the mourners the most notable form was that of Isaac Evans, tall and slightly bent, his features recalling with a striking veracity the lineaments of the dead. The service in the crowded chapel was impressive, and nowhere more so than when the preacher quoted the words of her well-known hymn, which reminded us that her spirit had joined 'the choir invisible whose music is the gladness of the world.'"

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

The ancient city of Edinburgh has given us two of the greatest writers of English fiction, born there within eighty years of each other. In the first half of the last century the "Waverley Novels" took the reading world by storm; in the latter half Robert Louis Balfour Stevenson wrote works that take very high rank in English literature.

Robert Louis Stevenson, as he is commonly called, was born on November 13, 1850. His father, Thomas Stevenson, was the famous lighthouse engineer the monuments of whose skill are to be found on the coast of Scotland. The boy was delicate from his birth, and afterward recalled with delight a journey through Fife, which, for the sake of his health, he took in company with his father. Weak in body, he was possessed of a strong and courageous spirit, and the frailty of his health did not impair his strength of mind or lessen his love of adventure. Of his boyhood he writes: "Give me a highwayman, and I was full to the brim; a Jacobite would do, but a highwayman was my favorite dish."

Stevenson was educated at private schools, and afterward at the University of Edinburgh. His father originally intended to make him an engineer, but though young Stevenson had a great respect for engineering, he had no love for it, and he was reserved for other and perhaps more lasting work. "All through my boyhood and youth," he writes, "I was known and pointed out for the pattern of an idler, and yet I was always busy on my own private end, which was to learn to write. I kept always two books in my pocket, one to read and one to write in. As I walked my

mind was busy fitting what I saw with appropriate words."

Thus he early began the long and somewhat tedious apprenticeship which at last made him a master of his craft. His father insisted upon a definite profession being adopted, and after some study of law Stevenson was called to the Scottish bar, and admitted as a barrister.

He was very fond of traveling, and before long we find him studying art in Paris. The life in the student quarter of the great city is described in "The Wrecker," which he afterward wrote in company with his stepson, Lloyd Osbourne. His "Inland Voyage" describes a journey along the canals of northern France; and he also exercised his power of description in his "Edinburgh: Picturesque Notes." Then came his account of "Travels with a Donkey in the Cévennes." In 1882 appeared his "New Arabian Nights," in which he shows his wonderful power of describing scenery and sketching character.

The next year saw the publication of "Treasure Island," one of the best and most thrilling books of adventure that have ever appeared, a book that is placed by some on a level with "Robinson Crusoe." The story is an account of an expedition undertaken by certain gentlemen in search of treasure hidden in an island whose situation is known to them. They engage a crew to man the vessel which they have secured for the voyage. After reaching the island and finding the treasure, a mutiny takes place, the ringleader being John Silver, a "gentleman of fortune," as he styles himself, who had previously been a companion of notorious pirates, and who cleverly concealed his real motive for offering his services on the "Hispaniola." The plots, counterplots, and fighting on the island, and the way in which the hero wins through danger after danger and finally comes safely home, keep up the interest of this wonderful tale to the end.

After the appearance of a book of poems, entitled "A Child's Garden of Verses," Stevenson published "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," a short story which attracted a good deal of attention. Then in 1886 came "Kidnapped," another narrative of thrilling adventure in Stevenson's best manner. David Balfour, the hero of the tale, is kept out of his inheritance by his uncle Ebenezer. Through the agency of the latter David is kidnapped by Hoseason, the captain of a sailing vessel. On the high seas the ship runs down a boat containing a Jacobite fugitive, Alan Breck Stewart, who becomes David's friend and ally. After many adventures, including a desperate fight on board the vessel, shipwreck on the coast, and a period of privation and wandering among the heather, the wanderers come to the Shaws, David's ancestral home, accompanied by a lawyer bent upon seeing the hero righted. This is accomplished, and David reluctantly bids farewell to Alan, to whose quickness and ingenuity he owes much of his success in gaining his rights.

Seven years after the publication of this tale, appeared a sequel, "David Balfour," dealing with the after career of David, and containing Stevenson's only distinct portrayal of a female character, his usual characters being men, and men of war by preference—pirates, adventurers, soldiers, sailors, highway robbers, and lawbreakers generally.

"The Black Arrow" of 1888 is a story of the Wars of the Roses. A number of outlaws are banded together for the purpose of avenging themselves upon certain men who have wronged them, especially upon Sir Daniel Brackley, the guardian of Dick Shelton, the hero of the tale. After discovering that his father had been done to death by Sir Daniel and his servants, Dick throws in his lot with the outlaws, who always revenge themselves by means of black arrows. The reader then meets with the rival factions of York and Lancaster, and sees Richard fight at Shoreby on the side of his namesake the Duke of Gloucester, who waded through blood to the throne which he occupied as Richard III. We see some of the sad results of that unhappy quarrel about which Shakespeare is so eloquent, find the hero knighted on the field of battle, and rewarded by the hand of a maiden who had as little reason as Shelton to love Sir Daniel Brackley.

In 1889 Stevenson gave us another Jacobite story, "The Master of Ballantrae." This is a tale of the bitter hatred and feud of two brothers belonging to a Scottish noble family. One of these took part in the rebellion of 1745, to the history of which many English novelists have turned for accounts of adventure and deeds of daring. The story brings the reader to America, which Stevenson had visited, and here both brothers end their unhappy lives.

Various other works came from the pen of this writer, some of which were unfinished at his death. The last years of Stevenson's life were spent in Samoa, an island in the Pacific, where he settled on account of the climate being favorable for his health. Here he gave himself up to literary work, and took a keen and sympathetic interest in the doings of the natives, who requited him with a deep and reverential love. "I love Samoa and her people," he writes. "I love the land, and have chosen it to be my home while I live, and my grave after I am dead; and I love

the people, and have chosen them to be my people, to live and die with." At Vailima, Samoa, Stevenson died December 3, 1894. He was buried, in accordance with his wish, on the top of Mount Vaea.

The natives were deeply grieved, and showed their appreciation of their friend's kindness by bringing gifts of fine mats in which to wrap the body. In many cases these mats or wrappings represent the whole of a Samoan's fortune, and the manufacture of one of them occupies a native woman for a year.

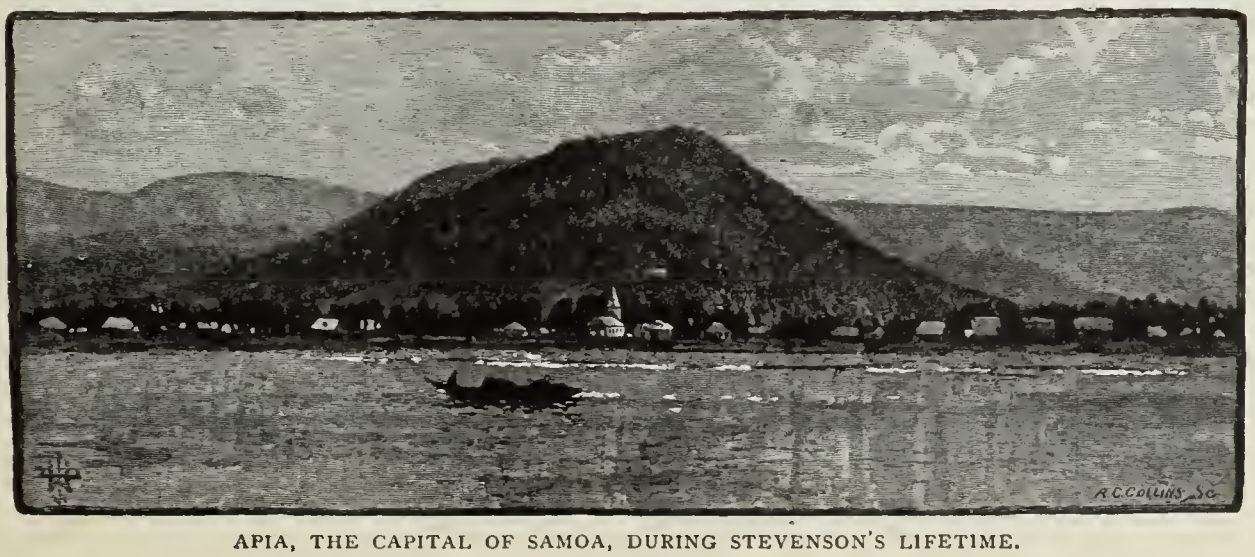
While the great writer lay dead, the natives came in sorrowing crowds to take their last look at him. The words of one of them were written down by Stevenson's stepson. "I am," he said, "only a poor black man and ignorant. Others are rich, and can give Tusitala [Teller of tales] the parting presents of rich things. I am poor, and can give nothing this last day that Tusitala receives his friends. Yet I am not afraid to come and take the last look on my friend's face. . . . We were in prison and he cared for us. The day was no longer than his kindness. You here are great folk and full of love. Yet who is there here so great as Tusitala? Who is there more loving compassionate? What is your love to his love? O Tusitala, this is the last time I see your face till we meet with God together."

The work of cutting a road to the summit of the mountain on which they made his grave was stupendous. But it was at length accomplished by his devoted native friends, and there on the mountain-peak they laid him in the earth. The solitary grave is on "a narrow ledge no wider than a room and flat as a table, the mountain descending precipitously on both sides, the vast ocean in front, and the wide beaches on which the surf is breaking everlastingly, mountains on either side adrift with mist." Surely no poet or teller of tales ever had a more romantic resting-place.

Stevenson, as a man, was distinguished by a bravery of spirit that scorned complaining and peevishness, though he knew well both pain and weakness. He died young and at the height of his power, just as he would have desired to die had the choice been given him. In one of his essays he writes: "Does not life go down with a better grace foaming in full body over a precipice than miserably struggling to an end in sandy deltas? When the Greeks made their fine saying that those whom the gods love die young, I cannot help believing that they had this sort of death also in their eye. For surely, at whatever age it overtake the man, this is to die young. Death has not been suffered to take so much as an illusion from his heart. In the hot-fit of life, a-tiptoe on the highest point of being, he passes at a bound to the other side. The noise of the mallet and chisel is scarcely quenched, the trumpets are hardly done blowing, when, trailing with him clouds of glory, this happy-starred, full-blooded spirit shoots into the spiritual land." And in one of his poems he chants his own requiem and writes his own epitaph:

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.



APIA, THE CAPITAL OF SAMOA, DURING STEVENSON'S LIFETIME.

POEMS FOR CHILDREN OF ALL AGES

PART VIII

ON NEW YEAR'S DAY IN THE MORNING

By Helen Gray Cone

Rose-Red, upon the threshold swaying,
With eager looks and cheeks aglow,
Half blames her elders for delaying
To breathe the air of morn and snow.

Though fireside nooks be close and cozy,
Though table-talk be kind and gay,
Outdoors the rising smoke is rosy,
The sky swept clean for New Year's Day.

The pigeons wheel around the steeple,
Against the azure, pure and cold:
How can it be that grown-up people
Don't care about the morning's gold?

Run on, Rose-Red, the keen light facing
With eyes of welcome, brave and clear;
With winds and wingéd shadows racing
To meet and greet the young New Year!

And tell him, Sweet, that we refused to;
For we were only partly glad:
We liked the Old Year we were used to,
But sent him *you*—the best we had!

SWEET ROBIN

Come hither, sweet Robin,
And be not afraid,
I would not hurt even a feather;
Come hither, sweet Robin,
And pick up some bread,
To feed you this very cold weather.

I don't mean to frighten you,
Poor little thing,
And pussy-cat is not behind me;
So hop about pretty,
And drop down your wing,
And pick up some crumbs,
And don't mind me.

THE DREAM OF A BOY WHO LIVED AT NINE-ELMS

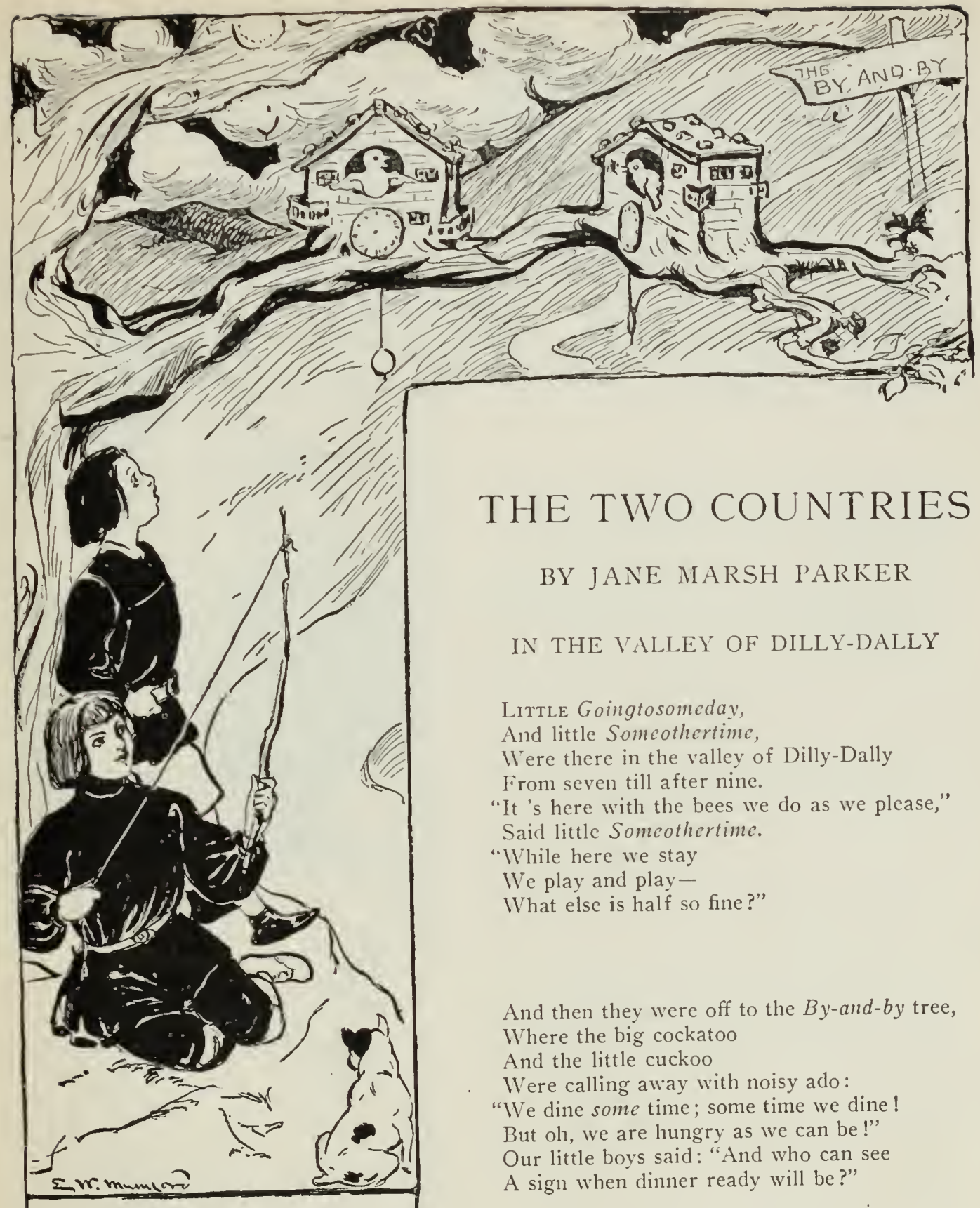
By William Brighty Rands

Nine grenadiers, with bayonets in their guns;
Nine bakers' baskets, with hot cross-buns;
Nine brown elephants, standing in a row;
Nine new velocipedes, good ones to go;
Nine knickerbocker suits, with buttons all complete;
Nine pairs of skates with straps for the feet;
Nine clever conjurers eating hot coals;
Nine sturdy mountaineers leaping on their poles;
Nine little drummer-boys beating on their drums;
Nine fat aldermen sitting on their thumbs;
Nine new knockers to our front door;
Nine new neighbors that I never saw before;
Nine times running I dreamt it all plain;
With bread and cheese for supper I could dream it all again!

THE DREAM OF A GIRL WHO LIVED AT SEVEN-OAKS

By William Brighty Rands

Seven sweet singing-birds up in a tree;
Seven swift sailing ships white upon the sea;
Seven bright weathercocks shining in the sun;
Seven slim race-horses ready for a run;
Seven gold butterflies, flitting overhead;
Seven red roses blowing in a garden-bed;
Seven white lilies, with honey-bees inside them;
Seven round rainbows with clouds to divide them;
Seven pretty little girls with sugar on their lips;
Seven witty little boys whom everybody tips;
Seven nice fathers, to call little maids joys;
Seven nice mothers, to kiss the little boys;
Seven nights running I dreamt it all plain;
With bread and jam for supper I could dream it all again!



"Our clocks never strike;
They drawl but one chime:
'Some other day!
Some other time!'"

THE TWO COUNTRIES

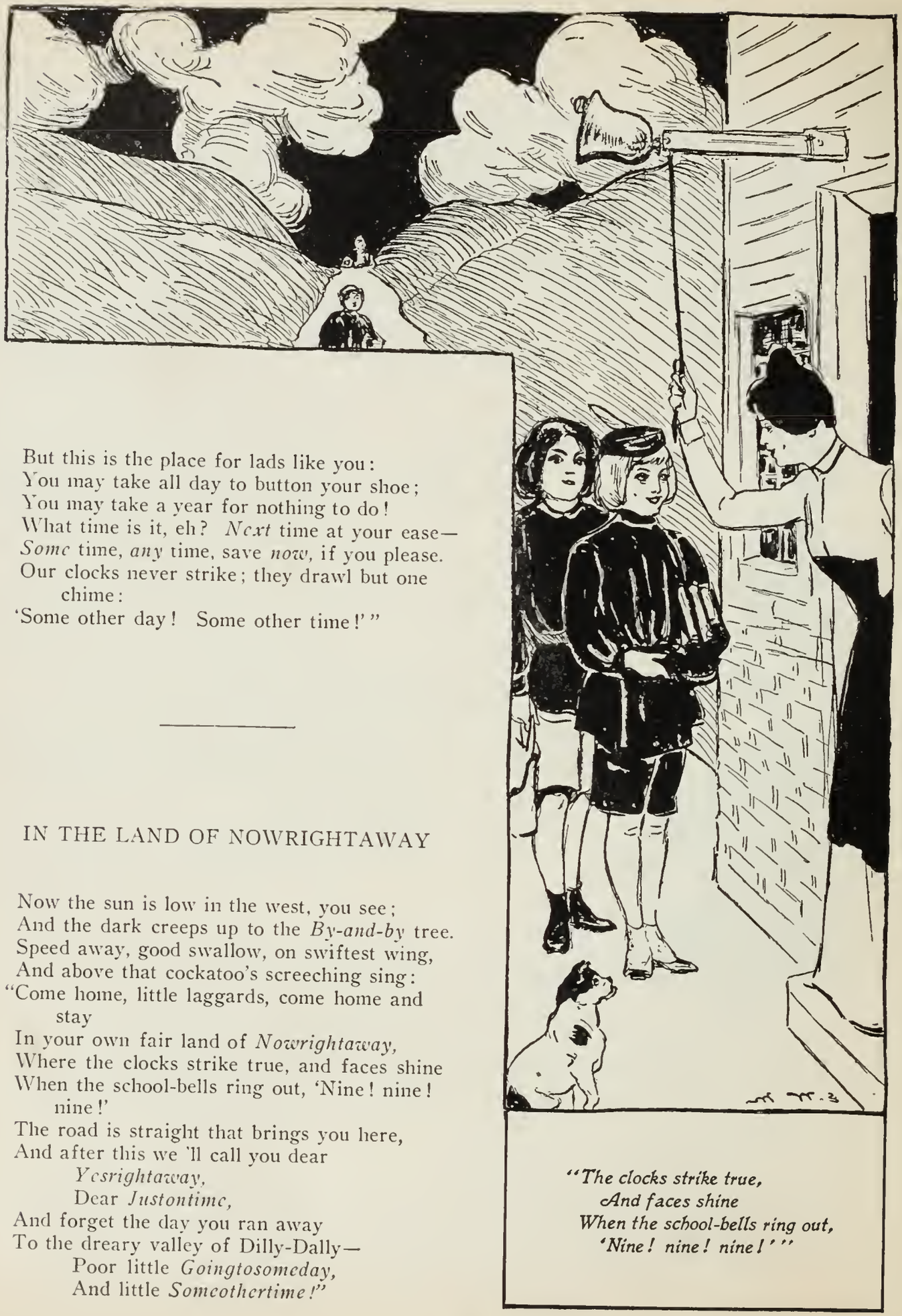
BY JANE MARSH PARKER

IN THE VALLEY OF DILLY-DALLY

Little *Goingtosomeday,*
And little *Someothertime,*
Were there in the valley of Dilly-Dally
From seven till after nine.
"It 's here with the bees we do as we please,"
Said little *Someothertime.*
"While here we stay
We play and play—
What else is half so fine?"

And then they were off to the *By-and-by* tree,
Where the big cockatoo
And the little cuckoo
Were calling away with noisy ado:
"We dine *some* time; some time we dine!
But oh, we are hungry as we can be!"
Our little boys said: "And who can see
A sign when dinner ready will be?"

Then the cockatoo winked at the little cuckoo:
"*Some* time, *some* time we 'll wait on you.
This, boys, is the land of *We'regoingto;*
It 's a long way off from *Nowrightaway,*
Where even the cooks are on time, they say.

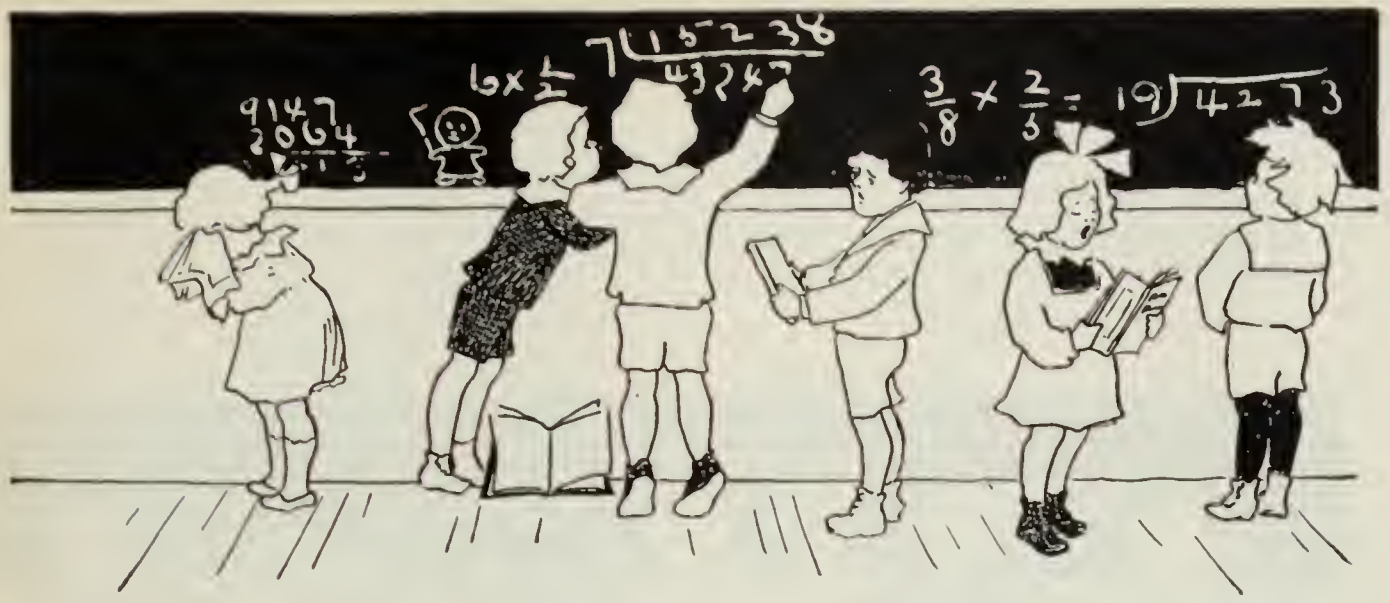


But this is the place for lads like you:
You may take all day to button your shoe;
You may take a year for nothing to do!
What time is it, eh? *Next* time at your ease—
Some time, *any* time, save *now*, if you please.
Our clocks never strike; they drawl but one
chime:
'Some other day! Some other time!'"

IN THE LAND OF NOWRIGHTAWAY

Now the sun is low in the west, you see;
And the dark creeps up to the *By-and-by* tree.
Speed away, good swallow, on swiftest wing,
And above that cockatoo's screeching sing:
"Come home, little laggards, come home and
stay
In your own fair land of *Nowrightaway*,
Where the clocks strike true, and faces shine
When the school-bells ring out, 'Nine! nine!
nine!'
The road is straight that brings you here,
And after this we 'll call you dear
Yesrightaway,
Dear *Justontime*,
And forget the day you ran away
To the dreary valley of Dilly-Dally—
Poor little *Goingtosomeday*,
And little *Someothertime!*"

"The clocks strike true,
And faces shine
When the school-bells ring out,
'Nine! nine! nine!'"



A NEW ARITHMETIC

BY GEORGE WILLIAM DALEY

"I 'm bound to be a genius," said little Johnny Green;
"I 'm going to write a book to be the best one ever seen.
I 'll call it Green's Arithmetic, and in it will be rules
To knock out the old-fogyness so rampant in our schools.

"Addition I 'll have all fixed up so that when four and eight
Are added in together you will find the answer straight.
At blackboard you won't need to stand and think with all your might,
For whatever number you put down it 's sure to come out right.

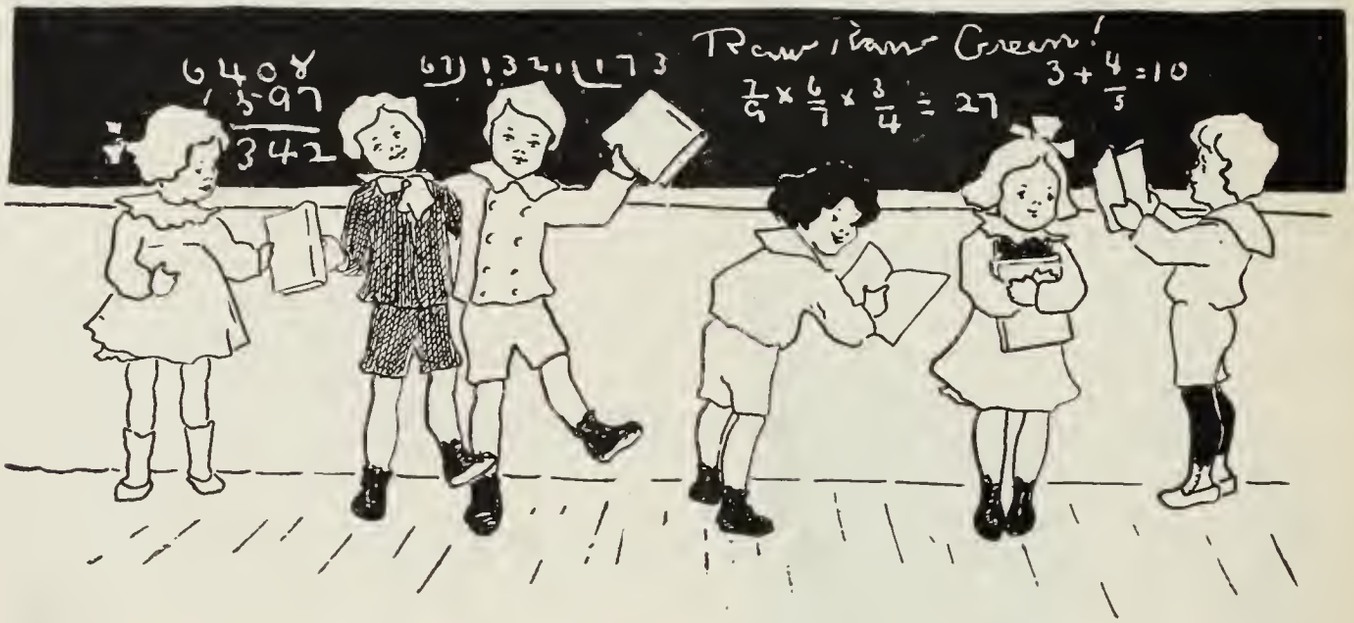
"The same way with the tables; I 'll have a new set made.
When teacher calls 'Quick, seven times nine,' you need n't be afraid.
Just raise your hand and speak right out and say it 's eighty-two;
You 'll have my book to back you up, so what can teacher do?

"Through fractions, cancellation, and the awful cent. per cent.,
I 'll have the answers as they chance to be convenient.
You need n't ruin your poor eyes a-studying at night,
For be your answer what it may it 's bound to be all right.

"Eight nines will make just forty-one, and two plus four make five.
Subtracting four from nine leaves three, as sure as you 're alive.
You 'll work out fractions by the yard, and do them just as quick
As lightning, when you 're helped along by Green's Arithmetic.

"But—the other night my mother was cutting
us a pie,—
There were Ben and Dick and Dorothy and
Cousin Fred and I;
Said mother, as she poised the knife: 'Tell me
the answer, son;
By your new scheme, how many times will five
go into one?'

"My system says you need not think, and so I
answered, 'Four.'
And when she quartered that old pie perhaps
they did n't roar.
I did n't get the smallest bite; and that 's the
reason why
In 'truly things' I won't have Green's Arith-
metic apply."



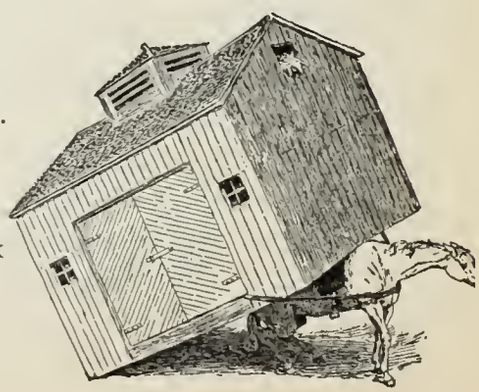
The SNAIL and the RACE-HORSE

RHYME AND PICTURES
BY F. C. GORDON



Do not revile the patient snail
Because he crawls so very slowly.
As a race-horse he would fail
Without doubt, this creature lowly.

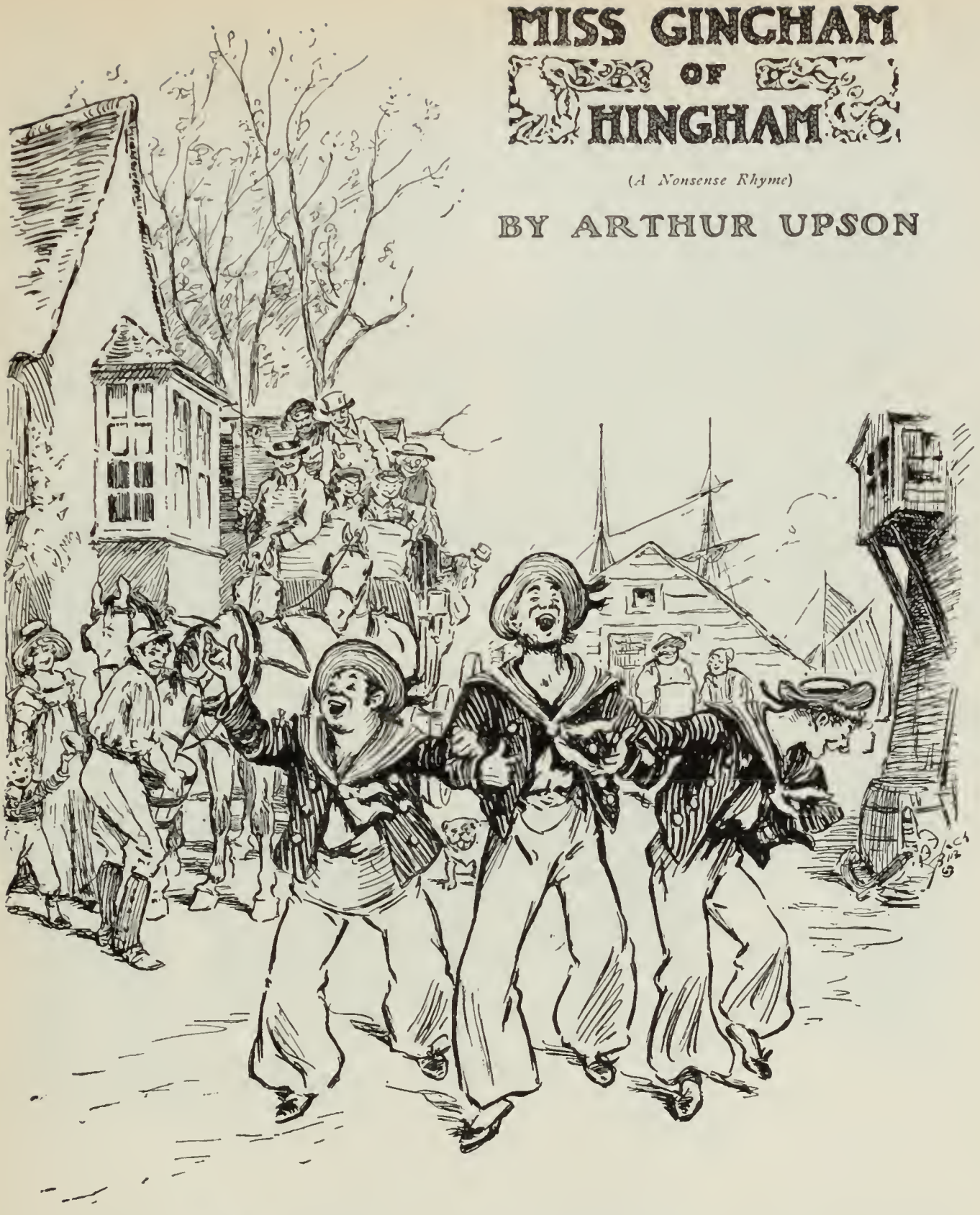
But think of this, and answer true:
Would the race-horse on the track
Than the snail much better do
With his stable on his back?



MISS GINGHAM OF HINGHAM

(A Nonsense Rhyme)

BY ARTHUR UPSON



THERE sailed into harbor at Hingham
Three sailors one hot summer's day;
They were Brewster and Bartlett and Bingham,
And fair shone the houses of Hingham,
And kind were the breezes to bring 'em
To such a snug port in the Bay.

Right jolly those sailors at Hingham,
And worthy stout seamen were they,
And they sang up the streets of old Hingham,



Did Bartlett and Brewster and Bingham,
Till they reached the abode of Miss Gingham,
Who kept a small inn by the way.

"What cheer, Mistress Gingham of Hingham!"
Loud shouted those mariners gay;
"Be there any ice-cream here in Hingham?"
Quoth Brewster and Bartlett and Bingham;
"If you 've any cold ices, pray bring 'em;
There 's gold in our pockets to pay!"

Now Miss Gingham was noted in Hingham
For skill in concocting *frappés;*
Not a housewife at Weymouth or Hingham



But envied the way she could fling 'em;
And Bartlett and Brewster and Bingham
Regarded her skill with dismay.

With fond eyes they followed Miss Gingham,
And the ices that garnished her tray,
While more and yet more did she bring 'em,
Till, reluctantly, out of old Hingham
Went Brewster and Bartlett and Bingham
Pursuing their nautical way.



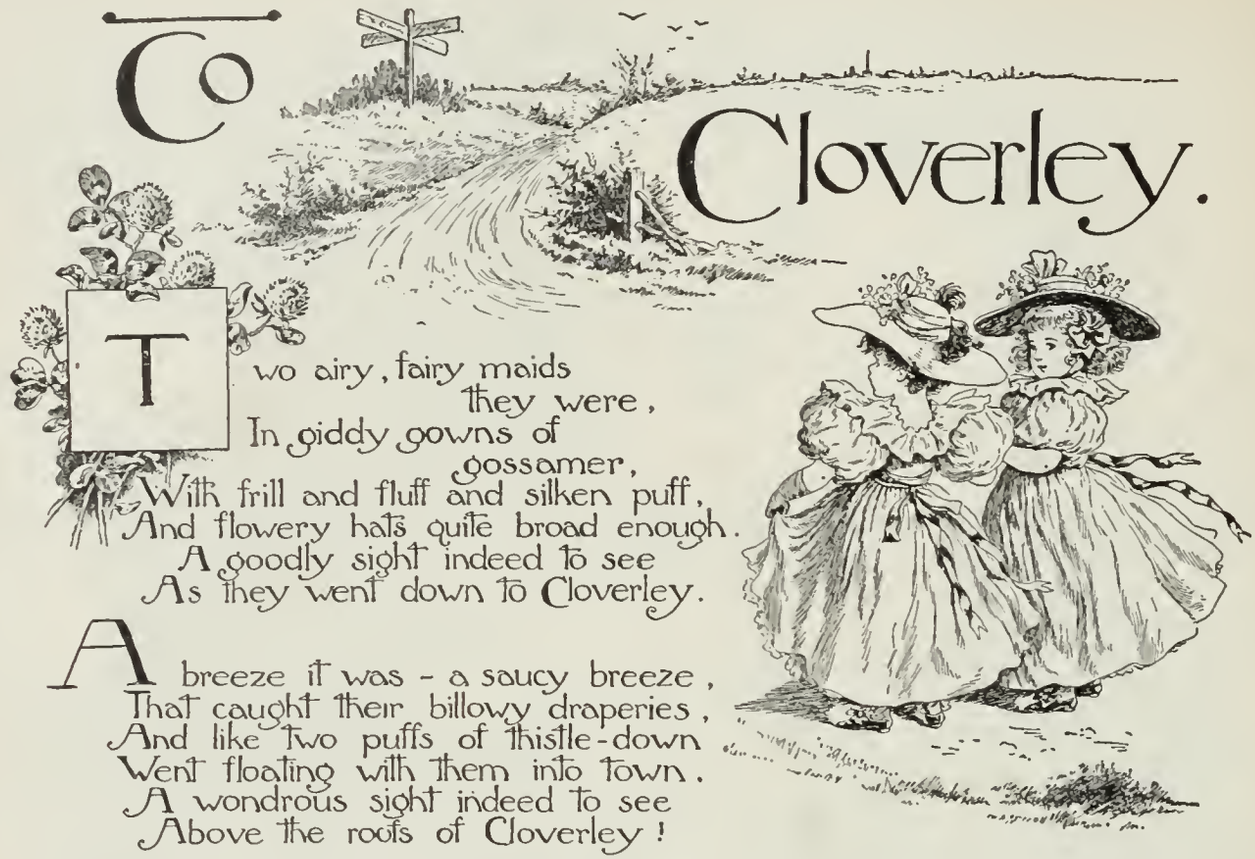


A Summer Snow Storm

BY E. S. T.

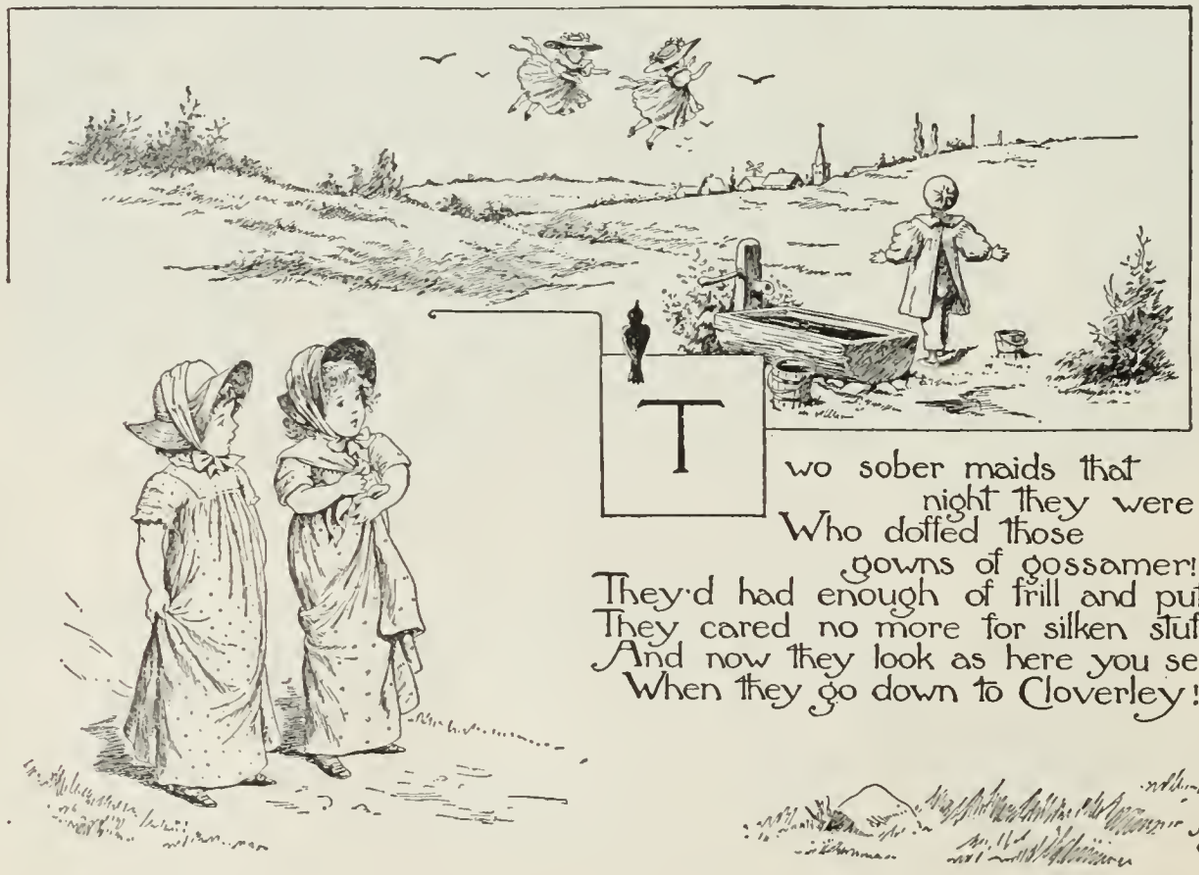
It 's snowing hard as it can snow—
 The ground is almost white,
And all our pretty orchard grass
 Is hidden out of sight.
The wind is blowing from the south,
 And coming good and strong,
You 'd never think a southern wind
 Would bring the snow along!
The sun is shining warm and bright—
 The flowers bloom in throngs—
The birds are flying to and fro,
 And singing happy songs.
And if upon their feathers soft
 The snowy flakes should fall,
They shake them off and sing some more,
 And never mind at all!
The flowers, too, don't care a bit,
 It only makes them grow—
Because, you see, this summer storm
 Is *apple-blossom snow!*

To Cloverley.



Two airy, fairy maids they were,
In giddy gowns of gossamer,
With frill and fluff and silken puff,
And flowery hats quite broad enough.
A goodly sight indeed to see
As they went down to Cloverley.

A breeze it was - a saucy breeze,
That caught their billowy draperies,
And like two puffs of thistle-down
Went floating with them into town.
A wondrous sight indeed to see
Above the roofs of Cloverley!



Two sober maids that night they were
Who doffed those gowns of gossamer!
They'd had enough of frill and puff,
They cared no more for silken stuff,
And now they look as here you see
When they go down to Cloverley!

A YEAR'S WINDFALLS

By Christina Rossetti

On the wind of January
 Down flits the snow,
Traveling from the frozen North
 As cold as it can blow.
Poor robin redbreast,
 Look where he comes;
Let him in to feel your fire,
 And toss him of your crumbs.

On the wind in February
 Snowflakes float still,
Half inclined to turn to rain,
 Nipping, dripping, chill.
Then the thaws swell the streams,
 And swollen rivers swell the sea:
If the winter ever ends
 How pleasant it will be.

In the wind of windy March
 The catkins drop down,
Curly, caterpillar-like,
 Curious green and brown.
With concourse of nest-building birds
 And leaf-buds by the way,
We begin to think of flowers
 And life and nuts some day.

With the gusts of April
 Rich fruit-tree blossoms fall,
On the hedged-in orchard-green,
 From the southern wall.
Apple-trees and pear-trees
 Shed petals white or pink,
Plum-trees and peach-trees;
 While sharp showers sink and sink.

Little brings the May-breeze
 Beside pure scent of flowers,
While all things wax and nothing wanes
 In lengthening daylight hours.
Across the hyacinth-beds
 The wind lags warm and sweet,
Across the hawthorn-tops,
 Across the blades of wheat.

In the wind of sunny June
 Thrives the red-rose crop,
Every day fresh blossoms blow
 While the first leaves drop;
White rose and yellow rose
 And moss-rose choice to find,
And the cottage cabbage-rose
 Not one whit behind.

On the blast of scorched July
 Drives the pelting hail,
From thunderous lightning-clouds, that blot
 Blue heaven grown lurid-pale.
Weedy waves are tossed ashore,
 Sea-things strange to sight
Gasp upon the barren shore
 And fade away in light.

In the parching August wind
 Cornfields bow the head,
Sheltered in round valley-depths,
 On low hills outspread.
Early leaves drop loitering down
 Weightless on the breeze,
First fruits of the year's decay
 From the withering trees.

In brisk wind of September
 The heavy-headed fruits
Shake upon their bending boughs
 And drop from the shoots;
Some glow golden in the sun,
 Some show green and streaked,
Some set forth a purple bloom,
 Some blush rosy-cheeked.

In strong blast of October
 At the equinox,
Stirred up in his hollow bed
 Broad ocean rocks;
Plunge the ships on his bosom,
 Leaps and plunges the foam,
It 's oh! for mothers' sons at sea,
 That they were safe at home.

In slack wind of November
 The fog forms and shifts;
All the world comes out again
 When the fog lifts.
Loosened from their sapless twigs
 Leaves drop with every gust;
Drifting, rustling, out of sight
 In the damp or dust.

Last of all, December,
 The year's sands nearly run,
Speeds on the shortest day,
 Curtails the sun;
With its bleak raw wind
 Lays the last leaves low,
Brings back the nightly frosts,
 Brings back the snow.

JACKY

When Jacky 's a very good boy,
 He shall have cakes and a custard;
But when he does nothing but cry,
 He shall have nothing but mustard.

TRY AGAIN

By Eliza Cook

King Bruce of Scotland flung himself down
In a lonely mood to think;
'T is true he was monarch, and wore a crown,
But his heart was beginning to sink.

For he had been trying to do a great deed,
To make his people glad;
He had tried and tried, but could n't succeed;
And so he became quite sad.

He flung himself down in low despair,
As grieved as man could be;
And after a while as he pondered there,
"I 'll give it all up," said he.

Now just at the moment, a spider dropped,
With its silken, filmy clue;
And the King, in the midst of his thinking, stopped
To see what the spider would do.

'T was a long way up to the ceiling-dome,
And it hung by a rope so fine;
That how it would get to its cobweb home,
King Bruce could not divine.

It soon began to cling and crawl
Straight up with strong endeavor;
But down it came with a slippery sprawl,
As near to the ground as ever.

Up, up it ran, not a second to stay,
To utter the least complaint;
Till it fell still slower, and there it lay,
A little dizzy and faint.

Its head grew steady—again it went,
And traveled a half-yard higher;
'T was a delicate thread it had to tread,
And a road where its feet would tire.

Again it fell and swung below,
But again it quickly mounted;
Till up and down, now fast, now slow,
Nine brave attempts were counted.

"Sure," cried the King, "that foolish thing
Will strive no more to climb;
When it toils so hard to reach and cling,
And tumbles every time."

But up the insect went once more,
Ah me! 't is an anxious minute;
He 's only a foot from his cobweb door,
Oh, say, will he lose or win it?

Steadily, steadily, inch by inch,
Higher and higher he got;
And a bold little run at the very last pinch
Put him into his native cot.

"Bravo, bravo!" the King cried out,
"All honor to those who try;
The spider up there defied despair;
He conquered, and why should n't I?"

And Bruce of Scotland braced his mind,
And gossips tell the tale,
That he tried once more as he tried before,
And that time did not fail.

Pay goodly heed, all ye who read,
And beware of saying "I can't";
'T is a cowardly word, and apt to lead
To Idleness, Folly, and Want.

Whenever you find your heart despair
Of doing some goodly thing;
Con over this strain, try bravely again,
And remember the Spider and King!

THE BOY AND THE SHEEP

By Ann Taylor

"Lazy sheep, pray tell me why
In the pleasant field you lie,
Eating grass and daisies white,
From the morning till the night:
Everything can something do;
But what kind of use are you?"

"Nay, my little master, nay,
Do not serve me so, I pray!
Don't you see the wool that grows
On my back to make your clothes?
Cold, ah, very cold you 'd be,
If you had not wool from me.

"True, it seems a pleasant thing
Nipping daisies in the spring;
But what chilly nights I pass
On the cold and dewy grass,
Or pick my scanty dinner where
All the ground is brown and bare!

"Then the farmer comes at last,
When the merry spring is past,
Cuts my woolly fleece away,
For your coat in wintry day.
Little master, this is why
In the pleasant fields I lie."

THE INTRODUCTION TO "THE BAD CHILD'S BOOK OF BEASTS"

By Hilaire Belloc

I call you bad, my little child,
 Upon the title-page,
Because a manner rude and wild
 Is common at your age.

The Moral of this priceless work
 (If rightly understood)
Will make you—from a little Turk—
 Unnaturally good.

Do not as evil children do,
 Who on the slightest grounds
Will imitate the Kangaroo,
 With wild unmeaning bounds.

Do not, as children badly bred,
 Who eat like little Hogs,
And when they have to go to bed
 Will whine like Puppy Dogs:

Who take their manners from the Ape,
 Their habits from the Bear,
Indulge the loud unseemly jape,
 And never brush their hair.

But so control your actions that
 Your friends may all repeat,
"This child is dainty as the Cat,
 And as the Owl discreet."

BIRDS IN SUMMER

By Mary Howitt

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Flitting about in each leafy tree;
In the leafy trees so broad and tall,
Like a green and beautiful palace hall,
With its airy chambers, light and boon,
That open to sun, and stars, and moon;
That open unto the bright blue sky,
And the frolicsome winds as they wander by!

They have left their nests in the forest bough;
Those homes of delight they need not now;
And the young and old they wander out,
And traverse the green world round about;
And hark at the top of this leafy hall,
How, one to another, they lovingly call!
"Come up, come up!" they seem to say,
"Where the topmost twigs in the breezes play!
"Come up, come up, for the world is fair,
Where the merry leaves dance in the summer air!"
And the birds below give back the cry,
"We come, we come to the branches high!"
How pleasant the life of the birds must be,
Living above in a leafy tree!
And away through the air what joy to go,
And to look on the green, bright earth below!

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Skimming about on the breezy sea,
Cresting the billows like silvery foam,
Then wheeling away to its cliff-built home!
What joy it must be to sail, upborne
By a strong free wing, through the rosy morn,
To meet the young sun, face to face,
And pierce, like a shaft, the boundless space!

To pass through the bowers of the silver cloud;
To sing in the thunder halls aloud;
To spread out the wings for a wild, free flight
With the upper cloud-winds,—oh, what delight!
Oh, what would I give, like a bird, to go,
Right on through the arch of the sunlit bow,
And see how the water-drops are kissed
Into green and yellow and amethyst.

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Wherever it listeth, there to flee;
To go, when a joyful fancy calls,
Dashing down 'mong the waterfalls;
Then wheeling about, with its mate at play,
Above and below, and among the spray,
Hither and thither, with screams as wild
As the laughing mirth of a rosy child!

What joy it must be, like a living breeze,
To flutter about 'mid the flowering trees;
Lightly to soar and to see beneath,
The wastes of the blossoming purple heath,
And the yellow furze, like fields of gold,
That gladden some fairy region old!
On mountain-tops, on the billowy sea,
On the leafy stems of the forest-tree,
How pleasant the life of a bird must be!

ST. SWITHIN'S DAY

(*July 15*)

St. Swithin's Day, if thou dost rain,
For forty days it will remain;
St. Swithin's Day, if thou be fair,
For forty days 't will rain nae mair.

SOME STORIES OF CHARLES DICKENS

THE STORIES OF DICKENS

Charles Dickens wrote a great many short stories in addition to his long novels; but we will speak about some of the long stories now, passing over the shorter tales even without so much as mentioning their names. Nor can we do more than mention his first book of all here. That is entitled "Sketches by Boz," and is a collection of lightly written articles, meant at first to amuse and entertain newspaper readers, but so full of humor, kindly feelings, sympathy and real character, that they deserved the happier fate which made them into the first published book of one of our greatest authors. "Boz" was the name under which Dickens wrote these early sketches.

Nor can we very well tell the whole story of the "Pickwick Papers" here. That was the work which made the name of Dickens famous and first brought him in the way of fortune. It is a long, rambling story, loosely but delightfully told, and any short summary of it would be of no value. Samuel Pickwick is the chief character by name —there are ninety-eight characters in the book— though it was not he who made the story so popular. He is the chairman and founder of a club named after him, which is supposed to exist "for the purpose of investigating the source of the Hampstead Ponds," but is really just a comic excuse for Pickwick and his cronies to go about together and have the most amusing adventures you could imagine a jolly, good-hearted old gentleman getting into. When the "Pickwick Papers" began appearing in monthly parts, the first few issues were not very successful, but as soon as Samuel Weller, commonly called Sam, was introduced, readers everywhere were delighted, and that comical serving-man to Mr. Pickwick became at once the most popular character in the stories of that time, as, indeed, he is to this day. We simply can't help liking Sam Weller, though both he and his father Tony are far from being model citizens. Before Sam came into the service of Mr. Pickwick, he was employed at the White Hart Inn in the High Street, Borough, on the south side of London Bridge; and we first see him busy cleaning boots, when a chambermaid calls to him:

"Number twenty-two wants his boots."

"Ask number twenty-two whether he 'll have 'em now or wait till he gets 'em," was the reply.

"Come, don't be a fool, Sam!" said the girl coaxingly. "The gentleman wants his boots directly."

"Well, you are a nice young 'ooman for a musical party, you are," said the boot-cleaner. "Look at these here boots—eleven pair o' boots; and one shoe as b'longs to number six, with the wooden leg. The eleven boots is to be called at half-past eight, and the shoe at nine. Who 's number twenty-two that 's to put all the others out? No, no; reg'lar rotation, as Jack Ketch said w'en he tied the men up. Sorry to keep you a-waitin', sir, but I 'll attend to you directly."

We can tell at once from this that Sam is going to give us much amusement, and he does. Indeed, Sam never speaks without raising a smile, and more often a hearty laugh. His stories are always comical, if they are not always strictly true, as, for instance, his explanation of what the twopenny rope was.

"The twopenny rope, sir," replied Mr. Weller, "is just a cheap lodgin'-house, where the beds is twopence a night."

"What do they call a bed a rope for?" said Mr. Pickwick.

SAM DESCRIBES A STRANGE SORT OF BED TO MR. PICKWICK

"Bless your innocence, sir, that a'nt it!" replied Sam. "When the lady and gen'l'm'n as keeps the hotel first begun business, they used to make the beds on the floor; but this would n't do at no price, 'cos instead o' taking a moderate two-penn'orth o' sleep, the lodgers used to lie there half the day. So now they has two ropes, 'bout six foot apart, and three from the floor, which goes right down the room; and the beds are made of slips of coarse sacking, stretched across 'em."



THE TWO WELLERS.

"Well?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Well," said Mr. Weller, "the adwantage o' the plan 's hobvious. At six o'clock every mornin' they lets go the ropes at one end, and down falls all the lodgers. Consequence is, that being thoroughly waked, they get up wery quietly, and walk away!"

SAM WELLER'S FAMOUS APPEARANCE IN THE WITNESS-BOX

We could fill a large part of this volume with stories of Sam Weller alone. He is really the life and soul of the "Pickwick Papers," and those fault-finding people who will tell you he is only a low, vulgar cockney are not to be considered as sound critics. He is a cockney; he is certainly not a gentleman, and he is by no means refined; but he is unfailingly sharp in his remarks, and often extremely witty; and he is certainly a good and useful servant to Mr. Pickwick. It is quite clear that Dickens loved his Weller, and realized that he had found in him the very best way of expressing the native wit of the lower-class Londoner, who at that time was in the habit of confusing the pronunciation of the letters "v" and "w." Thus, Sammy's father called his son "Veller." Sam was a witness in a very funny breach of promise case brought against Mr. Pickwick, and we shall take a peep at him in the witness-box.

"Call Samuel Weller."

It was quite unnecessary to call Samuel Weller; for Samuel Weller stepped briskly into the box the instant his name was pronounced; and placing his hat on the floor, and his arms on the rail, took a bird's-eye view of the bar, and a comprehensive survey of the bench, with a remarkably cheerful and lively aspect.

"What 's your name, sir?" inquired the judge.

"Sam Weller, my lord," replied that gentleman.

"Do you spell it with a 'V' or a 'W'?" inquired the judge.

"That depends upon the taste and fancy of the speller, my lord," replied Sam. "I never had occasion to spell it more than once or twice in my life, but I spells it with a 'V.'"

Here a voice in the gallery exclaimed aloud: "Quite right, too, Samivel, quite right. Put it down a we, my lord, put it down a we."

WHY SAM WAS QUITE UNABLE TO SEE HIS FATHER IN COURT

"Who is that who dares to address the Court?" said the little judge, looking up. "Usher."

"Yes, my lord."

"Bring that person here instantly."

"Yes, my lord."

But as the usher did n't find the person, he did n't bring him; and, after a great commotion, all the people, who had got up to look for the culprit, sat down again. The little judge turned to the witness as soon as his indignation would allow him to speak, and said:

"Do you know who that was, sir?"

"I raythe suspect it was my father, my lord," replied Sam.

"Do you see him here now?" said the judge.

"No, I don't, my lord," replied Sam, staring right up into the lantern in the roof of the court.

"If you could have pointed him out, I would have committed him instantly," said the judge.

Sam bowed his acknowledgments and turned, with unimpaired cheerfulness of countenance, toward Serjeant Buzfuz. Above all, Sam Weller is notable for what have been called "Wellerisms" ever since he first appeared in print. We can only explain a Wellerism by giving one example. Being asked to sing, he replied: "Raly, gentlemen, I 'm not wery much in the habit o' singin' without the instrument; but anythin' for a quiet life, as the man said w'en he took the sitivation at the lighthouse."

That is a Wellerism, and if it is a somewhat mechanical sort of wit that always uses the same device, "as the man said," and so forth, it is undoubtedly amusing as we find it in the sayings of Mr. Pickwick's famous servant. Into the endless mishaps that attended the career of Mr. Pickwick in his outings with his friends we cannot enter here. But, you may be sure, it is usually Sam Weller that comes to his rescue, as he did once when Mr. Pickwick fell asleep in a barrow.

SOME OF THE CURIOUS FOLK WE MEET IN "PICKWICK"

It was after a picnic lunch, Mr. Pickwick's friends had left the old gentleman alone, and an irate landlord, on whose grounds they had trespassed, caused the barrow and its contents to be wheeled to the village pound, where the beadle kept Mr. Pickwick prisoner, and the urchins tormented him until the faithful Sam appeared, and "damaged" the said beadle in relieving his master. Of the Fat Boy, of Bob Sawyer, the rowdy medical student, of the Rev. Mr. Stiggins, of Serjeant Buzfuz, the browbeating barrister, of Dodson and Fogg, the quaint lawyers, of Jingle, the actor, of Snodgrass, Tupman, and Winkle, fellow-members of the Pickwick Club, of Mr. Wardle, the old country gentleman who entertained Mr.

Pickwick and his friends at his house, of Mrs. Bardell, and ever so many other odd and interesting characters, we could say much; but as it is impossible to give anything like a description of the whole story, we can only pass from it by saying that it is a real old-fashioned English book, dealing, where it is true to life, with manners and customs that have now passed away; full of comic exaggeration, and a source of hearty laughter. It will, indeed, be not altogether to our credit if we cannot be amused by the adventures of Mr. Pickwick.

The "Pickwick Papers" began appearing in 1836, and the author started his next great book, "Oliver Twist," while the other was still unfinished, doing a part of the one and a part of the other time about. Nor had he completed "Oliver Twist" when he began work on "Nicholas Nickleby."

TWO LONG STORIES THAT GREW OUT OF A SHORTER ONE

Then, in 1840, he began as a long serial "Master Humphrey's Clock," which was to contain a number of different stories, but after a time developed into "The Old Curiosity Shop" and "Barnaby Rudge." That is to say that "Master Humphrey" was, in a way, the parent of these two far longer and much finer stories, about which we shall read further.

"Martin Chuzzlewit" was published in 1844. "A Christmas Carol" and "The Chimes" came at about the same time from Dickens's magic pen. "Dombey and Son," published in 1849, and "David Copperfield," begun in monthly parts in the same year, you will wish to read.

In 1852 "Bleak House" began as a serial story. It was a story of that day, and most of the life described in it, even the very places, have now passed away. With what is the main object of that story we need not greatly concern ourselves. In fact, it is neither easy to explain nor to understand. The old Court of Chancery existed to dispose of the fortunes of people who died and left their wealth to relatives not yet twenty-one, and to put right doubtful wills and bequests.

A WARM-HEARTED BOOK THAT HAS A VERY COLD NAME

What happened very often was that the wily lawyers of Chancery swallowed up all the money and took years to settle the cases, with the result that, at the end, the people who had been left the fortunes had grown old and never had the privilege of receiving them. It was an evil system, but is now greatly improved, and perhaps the way Dickens attacked it in this book helped to get it improved.

Although the story has a cold name, "Bleak House" is really one of its author's fine, warm-hearted books, full of quaint and interesting people. It begins by telling us of the case of Jarndyce and Jarndyce, which had been before the Court of Chancery for so many years that most of the money at stake in the first instance was now in the pockets of the lawyers.

It is a woman—Esther Summerson—who is supposed to write the story, though sometimes her part stops and the author takes the story in hand himself. Esther tells us that when the woman with whom she lived died rather suddenly, almost her last words spoke of Jarndyce and Jarndyce; so that she began to wonder what this strange case had to do with her. For Esther did n't know her parents and was quite alone in the world. By a mysterious friend she was sent to a school and well cared for, her own gentle and loving nature being, perhaps, the real reason of that; and when she was a young woman the same unknown friend arranged for her to become companion to a young lady, Ada Clare, who was concerned in the Jarndyce case. Ada's cousin, Richard Carstone, was also concerned in the case, and all three met in London on their way to Bleak House in the country. When they all met for the first time, none of them had ever seen their mysterious friend, except for Richard having once had a glimpse of him, he thought.

Their friend turned out to be Mr. John Jarndyce, the master of Bleak House, one of the kindest-hearted old bachelors that ever lived. Esther was at once made mistress of Bleak House, to her intense surprise, and she had to watch over Ada and Richard, for Mr. Jarndyce put the greatest trust in her.

THE GOOD JARNDYCE AND THE SELFISH SKIMPOLE

Bleak House was a really fine mansion, and only one of its inmates had a selfish heart. That was Harold Skimpole, a charming old gentleman, whom Mr. Jarndyce had befriended, and who seemed the very picture of every goodness, but was at heart a selfish, lazy old fellow; a sponger, in short. Their life at Bleak House was happy and full of interest at first; Richard was clearly falling in love with Ada, and Esther loved Ada sincerely. But many troubles were in store for all. Richard was not always wise in what he did; the Jarndyce case dragged on and kept all in ter-

rible suspense, for it involved the fortunes of both Richard and Ada.

We cannot follow the story, however, except to say that in the end, when poor Richard had married Ada and the case was at last concluded, their fortunes had vanished, and, Richard being stricken with consumption, the turf had been laid upon his grave ere his little son was born. Esther also discovered the secret of her parentage; but best of all was her marriage with Dr. Allan Woodcourt, the great-hearted surgeon who strove so nobly to save Richard's life. Their new home they also named Bleak House, and though John Jarndyce lived on at the old house of that name and watched over Ada, the two Bleak Houses were in constant communication.

THE LESSON DICKENS TEACHES IN "HARD TIMES"

"Hard Times," which began to appear in 1854, was the next novel by Dickens. It is also a "story with a purpose." Although John Ruskin, the famous art critic, thought it in some respects the greatest work of Dickens, that is not the general opinion.

There is a Thomas Gradgrind, who is a great believer in statistics; he thinks that you can tell exactly the happiness and misery of a place by finding out the number of its births and deaths, how much wages the people earn, what the rents of the houses are, and all that sort of thing. But he is a good-hearted man, for all his faith in these dry, deluding figures. He persuades his daughter Louisa to marry Josiah Bounderby, banker and cotton-master, who is much older than she is, and by no means a lovable person. But her brother Tom is in Bounderby's office, and she wants to please her father and to help Tom.

Louisa's marriage is not a happy one; she leaves Josiah Bounderby and goes home to her father who finds it is not wise to trust to mere statistics. After Bounderby's death, Louisa never marries again, but becomes to all children a loving friend, and strives to know her fellow creatures and beautify their lives. She does this as no fantastic vow, but simply as a duty to be done.

POVERTY AND RICHES AS SHOWN IN "LITTLE DORRIT"

In "Little Dorrit," which Dickens wrote a year after "Hard Times," we have a contrast between poverty and riches. The first part of the story is all about the unpleasant associations of the debtors' prison, in which some members of the Dorrit family had to pass some years of their life. With the exception of Amy, who is known as Little Dorrit, and Frederick, her father's brother, who has to play the clarinet for a living, all the Dorrits are a pitiable lot in the days of their debt and poverty, and it is only natural that when they come into money they should prove to be as contemptible in their pride as they were pitiable in their poverty. Little Dorrit, however, is unchanged through all her trials, and is ever sweet and affectionate. She marries a worthy young man named Arthur Clennam, and leaves us with a future of assured happiness in store, none deserving that better than Amy.

ROMANCE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION, "A TALE OF TWO CITIES"

Next from the busy pen of the great novelist came his fine romance of the French Revolution, called "A Tale of Two Cities." The two cities are London and Paris, and the state of life in them during the awful years of the Revolution is very vividly described. The story is quite unlike all the other novels by the same author, for they rely for interest upon the characters described in them, rather than upon the thrilling events which take place.

It is the opposite with "A Tale of Two Cities." The real hero of the story is Sydney Carton, a true gentleman at heart, who has, unfortunately, taken to foolish ways of life, and ruined all his chances of worldly success. Dr. Manette, a French gentleman who has been imprisoned in the Bastille of Paris for eighteen years, is at length liberated and restored to his daughter Lucie, who marries one called Charles Darnay, son of the Marquis St. Evrémonde, and a refugee in London.

For Lucie, Sydney Carton has a strong and self-sacrificing love, and her marriage, of course, makes everything hopeless to him. But Darnay, at great risk, goes to Paris to try to help a friend in distress; Lucie and Dr. Manette go there also, and Sydney Carton as well. In the awful days of the Terror, when many innocent people were beheaded every day without a proper trial, and on the mere word of any informer, Darnay is arrested. But, by managing to take his place in the prison, Sydney Carton saves the life of Lucie's husband, and allows himself to be executed instead.

It is really a great story of self-sacrifice, and the last words of Sydney Carton before he is

executed are: "It is a far, far better thing I do than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest I go to than I have ever known."

THE STORY OF PIP IN "GREAT EXPECTATIONS"

In 1860 "Great Expectations" began to come out in monthly instalments. This is one of the novels in which the hero is made to tell his own story, and a most interesting story it is. He is known as Pip, the nephew of a village blacksmith, who brings him up. He is a poor lad, who dreams of one day being a "gentleman," a dream that seems most unlikely ever to come true. When he is about seven he meets an escaped convict in the village churchyard, and is frightened by the man, whose name is Magwitch, into bringing him a file to remove his fetters and some food to eat. The convict escapes to New South Wales.

Pip, meanwhile, becomes the playmate of little Estella, the adopted child of Miss Havisham, who is the daughter of a rich brewer. Miss Havisham has been disappointed in love, and has a hatred of men, so that she is teaching the beautiful Estella to break men's hearts when she grows into a fascinating woman, and Pip is to be her first victim.

Later on, Pip is bound apprentice to his uncle; but when he has served only half his time, he is told that some mysterious benefactor has provided for his education, and that he may now regard himself as a young gentleman with "great expectations." It looks as if the dream were to come true, after all. His friend was none other than Magwitch, now a rich farmer, and when Pip was twenty-three the ex-convict came back secretly to England to see him and give him a fortune. But Magwitch was recognized and arrested, being condemned to death at Newgate, and his whole fortune confiscated, so that Pip was penniless after all, and had to become a clerk. Still, he had another "great expectation"—to marry Estella, his former playmate, who was really the child of Magwitch, and who was to inherit Miss Havisham's riches. However, she married a man who used her very badly, squandered her fortune, and left her in most unhappy circumstances when he died. Pip was now a partner in his firm and he still loved Estella. They met in the old place where both, unknown to each other, had gone to take leave of it. And, of course, Pip married Estella. They had loved each other long and in Pip's words: "I took her hand in mine and in all the broad expanse of tranquil light I saw no shadow of another parting from her."

"OUR MUTUAL FRIEND," THE LAST GREAT NOVEL OF DICKENS

The last great novel which Dickens finished before his death was "Our Mutual Friend," one of his heartiest and most delightful stories. John Harmon is the "mutual friend," meaning that he is the friend of the Boffins as well as the Wilfers, but the word "mutual" is wrongly used, as "common friend" would be correct in such a case. The son of a hard-hearted old contractor, who turns him out of doors for protesting against the way his sister had been treated, John goes abroad by the help of Boffin, who worked for old Harmon, and is supposed after a good many years to be dead. But he returns to England to find that his father has died, leaving his fortune of £100,000 to him, on condition that he marries Bella Wilfer, and, if he does not, that the money shall go to the Boffins. John greatly dislikes the idea of having to marry one he has never seen, and decides to conceal his real name for a time, calling himself John Rokesmith, under which name he takes service with Mr. Boffin, who recognizes him, but does not let John know his secret is guessed.

Boffin contrives, however, for Bella and John to meet, and John falls in love with her sure enough. Then, in order to test Bella's love, Boffin pretends to be angry with John for aspiring to marry her, and becomes unfriendly to him, so that if she does marry him she will think she is marrying a poor man, and losing the fortune provided by old Harmon's will should John Harmon turn up and be willing to marry her. But Bella loves John for his own sake, and does not hesitate to marry him and to live with him on his small earnings. After their first child is born, however, good Mr. Boffin puts all right, and John has the joy of taking his wife to a beautiful house, where, now possessing his own fortune, John Harmon and his wife live in happiness and luxury with their dear old friends Mr. and Mrs. Boffin.

Of course this is a very bare outline of the story, and we must all read the book for ourselves. It contains a number of characters who are as well known as though they had really lived—better known, in fact, as they live forever in the pages of Dickens and in the memory of his readers. Nearly all of his books are rich in this way, and there are few of them that do not give us some figure of a man or woman we shall never forget.

But young folk will be most interested, perhaps, in Jenny Wren, the dolls' dressmaker, who is certainly one of the best characters in the whole story.

POEMS FOR CHILDREN OF ALL AGES

PART IX

A FOURTH OF JULY RECORD

By Lilian D. Rice

1 was a wide-awake little boy
Who rose with the break of day.

2 were the minutes he took to dress;
Then he was off and away.

3 were his leaps when he cleared the stairs,
Although they were steep and high.

4 was the number which caused his haste,
Because it was Fourth of July!

5 were his pennies which went to buy
A package of crackers red;

6 were the matches which touched them off
And then—he was back in bed.

7 were the visits the doctor made,
Before he was whole once more.

8 were the dolorous days he spent
In sorrow and pain; but then,

9 are the seconds he 'll stop to think
Before he does it again.

THE BABES IN THE WOOD

(*Old Ballad*)

Now ponder well, you parents deare,
These wordes, which I shall write;
A doleful story you shall heare,
In time brought forth to light.
A gentleman of good account
In Norfolke dwelt of late,
Who did in honour far surmount
Most men of his estate.

Sore sicke he was, and like to dye,
No helpe his life could save;
His wife by him as sicke did lye,
And both possest one grave..
No love between these two was lost,
Each was to other kinde;
In love they liv'd, in love they dyed,
And left two babes behinde:

The one a fine and pretty boy,
Not passing three yeares olde;
The other a girl more young than he,
And fram'd in beautyes molde.
The father left his little son,
As plainly does appeare,
When he to perfect age should come,
Three hundred poundes a yeare.

And to his little daughter Jane
Five hundred poundes in gold,
To be paid downe on marriage-day,
Which might not be controll'd;
But if the children chance to dye,
Ere they to age should come,
Their uncle should possess their wealth;
For so the wille did run.

"Now, brother," said the dying man,
"Look to my children deare;
Be good unto my boy and girl,
No friendes else have they here:
To God and you I recommend
My children deare this daye;
But little while be sure we have
Within this world to staye.

"You must be father and mother both,
And uncle all in one;
God knowes what will become of them,
When I am dead and gone."
With that bespake their mother deare,
"O brother kinde," quoth shee,
"You are the man must bring our babes
To wealth or miserie:

"And if you keep them carefully
Then God will you reward;
But if you otherwise should deal,
God will your deedes regard."
With lippes as cold as any stone,
They kist their children small:
"God bless you both, my children deare";
With that the teares did fall.

These speeches then their brother spake
To this sicke couple there:
"The keeping of your little ones,
Sweet sister, do not feare;
God never prosper me nor mine,
Nor aught else that I have,
If I do wrong your children deare,
When you are layd in grave."

The parents being dead and gone,
The children home he takes,
And bringes them straite into his house,
Where much of them he makes.
He had not kept these pretty babes
A twelvemonth and a daye,
But, for their wealth, he did devise
To make them both awaye.

He bargain'd with two ruffians strong,
Which were of furious mood,
That they should take these children young,
And slaye them in a wood.
He told his wife an artful tale,
He would the children send
To be brought up in faire Londòn,
With one that was his friend.

Away then went these pretty babes,
Rejoycing at that tide,
Rejoycing with a merrye minde,
They should on cockhorse ride.
They prate and prattle pleasantly,
As they rode on the waye,
To those that should their butchers be,
And work their lives decaye:

So that the pretty speeche they had
Made Murder's heart relent;
And they that undertooke the deed,
Full sore did now repent.
Yet one of them more hard of heart,
Did vowe to do his charge,
Because the wretch that hired him,
Had paid him very large.

The other won't agree thereto,
So here they fall to strife;
With one another they did fight,
About the children's life:

And he that was of mildest mood,
Did slaye the other there,
Within an unfrequented wood;
The babes did quake for feare!

He took the children by the hand,
Teares standing in their eye,
And bad them straitwaye follow him,
And look they did not crye:
And two miles long he ledd them on,
While they for food complaine:
"Staye here," quoth he, "I 'll bring you bread,
When I come backe againe."

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
Went wandering up and downe,
But never more could see the man
Approaching from the town:
Their prettye lippes with blackberries
Were all besmear'd and dyed,
And when they saw the darksome night,
They sat them downe and cryed.

Thus wandered these poor innocents,
Till deathe did end their grief,
In one another's armes they dyed,
As wanting due relief:
No burial this pretty pair
Of any man receives,
Till Robin Redbreast piously
Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrathe of God
Upon their uncle fell;
Yea, fearfull fiends did haunt his house,
His conscience felt an hell:
His barnes were fir'd, his goodes consum'd,
His landes were barren made,
His cattle dyed within the field,
And nothing with him stayd.

And in a voyage to Portugal
Two of his sonnes did dye;
And to conclude, himselfe was brought
To want and miserye:
He pawn'd and mortgag'd all his land
Ere seven yeares came about,
And now at length this wicked act
Did by this meanes come out:

The fellowe, that did take in hand
These children for to kill,
Was for a robbery judg'd to dye,
Such was God's blessed will:
Who did confess the very truth
As here hath been display'd:
Their uncle having dyed in gaol,
Where he for debt was layd.

You that executors be made,
And overseers eke
Of children that be fatherless,
And infants mild and meek;
Take you example by this thing,
And yield to each his right,
Lest God with such like miserye
Your wicked minds requite.

A WEATHER RULE

If the evening 's red and the morning gray,
It is the sign of a bonnie day;
If the evening 's gray and the morning 's red,
The lamb and the ewe will go wet to bed.

THE PROPHETS OF THE HIVE

If bees stay at home,
Rain will soon come;
If they fly away,
Fine will be the day.

MEG MERRILIES

By John Keats

Old Meg she was a gypsy,
And lived upon the moors;
Her bed it was the brown heath-turf,
And her house was out of doors.
Her apples were swart blackberries,
Her currants pods o' broom;
Her wine was dew of the wild white rose,
Her book a churchyard tomb.

Her brothers were the craggy hills,
Her sisters larchen-trees;
Alone with her great family
She lived as she did please.
No breakfast had she many a morn,
No dinner many a noon,
And 'stead of supper she would stare
Full hard against the moon.

But every morn of woodbine fresh
She made her garlanding,
And every night the dark glen yew
She wore; and she would sing,
And with her fingers old and brown
She plaited mats of rushes,
And gave them to the cottagers
She met among the bushes.

Old Meg was brave as Margaret Queen,
And tall as Amazon;
An old red blanket cloak she wore,
A ship-hat had she on;
God rest her aged bones somewhere!
She died full long agone!

ROMANCE

By Gabriel Setoun

I saw a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea;
Her masts were of the shining gold,
Her deck of ivory;
And sails of silk, as soft as milk,
And silvern shrouds had she.

And round about her sailing,
The sea was sparkling white,
The waves all clapped their hands and sang
To see so fair a sight.
They kissed her twice, they kissed her thrice,
And murmured with delight.

Then came the gallant captain,
And stood upon the deck;
In velvet coat, and ruffles white,
Without a spot or speck;
And diamond rings, and triple strings
Of pearls around his neck.

And four-and-twenty sailors
Were round him bowing low;
On every jacket three times three
Gold buttons in a row;
And cutlasses down to their knees;
They made a goodly show.

And then the ship went sailing,
A-sailing o'er the sea;
She dived beyond the setting sun,
But never back came she,
For she found the lands of the golden sands,
Where the pearls and diamonds be.



THE MOON-MIST QUEEN AND "LITTLE BOY."

A DREAM JOURNEY

BY BLANCHE V. FISHER

THE Moon-mist Queen came down one night
From the Land of a Silvery Star,
To ask "Little Boy" if he 'd care to go
On a flyaway trip afar.

He sat cuddled up on his small white bed,
Staring with wondering eyes
At the beautiful lady who asked him to go
On a journey up in the skies.

She lent him a pair of gossamer wings
Of shimmering silver and white;
Then holding his hand, away they sailed
Out into the starlit night.

The big round world grew small and dim,
Their harbor was still afar;
When Little Boy turned to look again,
He found his earth but a star.

She gave him a drink from the Milky Way,
In a dipper of silver and blue
Chained to the sky with links of stars,
Kept cool in morning dew.

A queer old woman who sat on a broom
Swiftly passed them by.
"To sweep cobwebs," the Mist-Queen said,
"Out of the evening sky."

They were going to visit the Man-in-the-moon,
When they sank in a cold, damp cloud.
The beautiful lady disappeared,
And Little Boy cried aloud.

With wet wings limp, he began to fall
Into dark and bottomless space;
A saucy comet swished its tail,
And dared Little Boy to race.

He steadily fell on—down, down, down;
The wind blew through his hair;
His teeth were a-chatter with fright and cold,
And he gasped for a breath of air.



"HE BEGAN TO FALL."

She gently soothed his frightened cries,
And kissed his poor bumped head,
Wiped Little Boy's sleepy tears away,
And tucked him again into bed.

He quite forgot what came between
The bump—and his awful roar,
When Mother, softly coming in,
Lifted him from the floor.

She sat awhile and held his hand,
Then left a low light dim,
And in the morning when he awoke—
The sun laughed down at him!



"THEN HOLDING HIS HAND, AWAY THEY SAILED OUT INTO THE STARLIT NIGHT."



How the King chose his Wife

BY ADÈLE BARNEY WILSON

Some ages ago—a dozen, perhaps—
In a far-away land that is not on our maps,
There lived a young king whose riches and greatness
Were only surpassed by his youthful sedateness:
He read and he studied when his work was all done;
His wisdom and justice amazed every one;
And money he spent with such careful intent
That the national debt was reduced to a cent.
But in the whole kingdom complaining was rife,
Because the young king had ne'er taken a wife.

"It 's all very well while he lives," the folk said,
"But who will rule o'er us when once he is dead?
Perhaps his proud cousin from over the ocean
Will make us his subjects—we don't like the notion.
We want him to give us a son for his heir,
To whom our allegiance forever we 'll swear."
And one day they vowed they would go in a crowd
To make known their grievance that hung like a cloud.
And so they drew up a petition to carry
To the popular king, to persuade him to marry.

The petition was penned by a learned committee,
And signed by his subjects in country and city;
And when to receive it the king had consented,
The ponderous scroll was duly presented.
He read it all once, then read it once more:
The force of its logic he could not ignore.
"Good people," he said, "to please you I 'll wed,
And soon to the altar the bride shall be led;
A wife and a queen I 've no cause for refusing,
But I 'll have my own way in the method of choosing."

With satisfied smiles the people withdrew,
But how he 'd select her they *did* wish they knew.
Like fair Cinderella, because of her beauty?
Or the poor Sleeping Maid, whom to wake was a duty?
'T was thus that they chattered as homeward they clattered,
Until the whole crowd different ways had been scattered;
While the king took his journal and found a blank page,
To fill it with comment instructive and sage.

"I ask not for beauty," the words that he penned;
"For when youth has departed, that comes to an end.
I care not a straw for manners majestic;
Far better to be just plain and domestic.

And since I know well that my own faults are many,
How can I expect *her* not to have any?
But (let who will say that my standard is comical)
On this I insist: THAT SHE BE ECONOMICAL.

"No wasteful, extravagant hand will I choose,
My good people's taxes to squander and lose;
My queen must be willing to guard the state coffer;
To such a one only the crown will I offer."
He snapped the pearl clasp of his own private book,
So that no prying eyes in its pages could look.

Next morning the king took his usual ride,
His favorite courtiers close at his side;
Each high-stepping steed with proud arching neck
A-quiver with life and impatient of check;
The laughter and singing, the bugle-calls ringing,
The flowers that before them the children were flinging,
United in making so gay a procession,
Of its beauty words give but a feeble impression.

The cavalcade passed from the old city gates
To the beautiful roads of the country estates,
Then on to the farms, where the vines and the flowers
Transformed humble dwellings to fair floral bowers,
And stopped at a door where a plump, blooming lass
Peered through the small panes of diamond-shaped glass.
With heart wildly beating, she curtsied her greeting.
"He 's seeking a wife!" her brain kept repeating.
And the king, who had never looked grander or graver,
Said kindly: "Dear maiden, pray grant me a favor.

"Of course," he continued, "you know how to bake,
And often make biscuits and cookies and cake?"
She answered with pride which she could not disguise.
"And patties," he queried, "and tartlets and pies?"
"Your Majesty, yes; even now I am making
Some pies that are very near ready for baking."
So then he explained that his call appertained
To a wish for the bits of the dough that remained,
As his horse, he averred, had a curious passion
For eating these scraps in a ravenous fashion.

"I 'll give him a treat, then," she cried, running toward
The table, where lay the great white molding-board,
And scraping a cupful, she carried it out.
"The quantity pleases," she thought, "without doubt.
Though, alas!" and her face grew suddenly doleful,
"Had I known it in time I 'd have saved a whole bowlful."
But as the gay throng swept laughing along,
She returned to her work with a jubilant song,
And spent the whole day dreaming dreams most romantic,
And building air-castles whose size was gigantic.

From that morning on, the king stopped every day
At some humble cottage along the highway,
And begged for his horse the scraps of rich dough
Which all the fair cooks seemed so glad to bestow;
But, spite of his courtiers' nudges and winks,
Preserved his own counsel, close-mouthed as a sphinx;
While each damsel tried, as a matter of pride,
To see who the largest amount could provide.
And his horse, which seemed to approve the whole matter,
Kept on every day growing fatter and fatter.

Some weeks had thus passed when the cavalcade stood
In front of a house at the edge of a wood,
From whose shadows came tripping a shy little maid,
Abashed by the splendor before her displayed.
She heard with surprise the king's usual question,
And gasped with dismay at the very suggestion.
"The scrapings of dough? I 'm sorry it 's so,
But I never have even a crumb left, you know:
My mother has taught me it 's wicked to waste
The least little fragment of pie-crust or paste.

"I measure with care the smallest ingredient,
To make the amount which she thinks is expedient.



And begged for his horse
the bits of rich dough

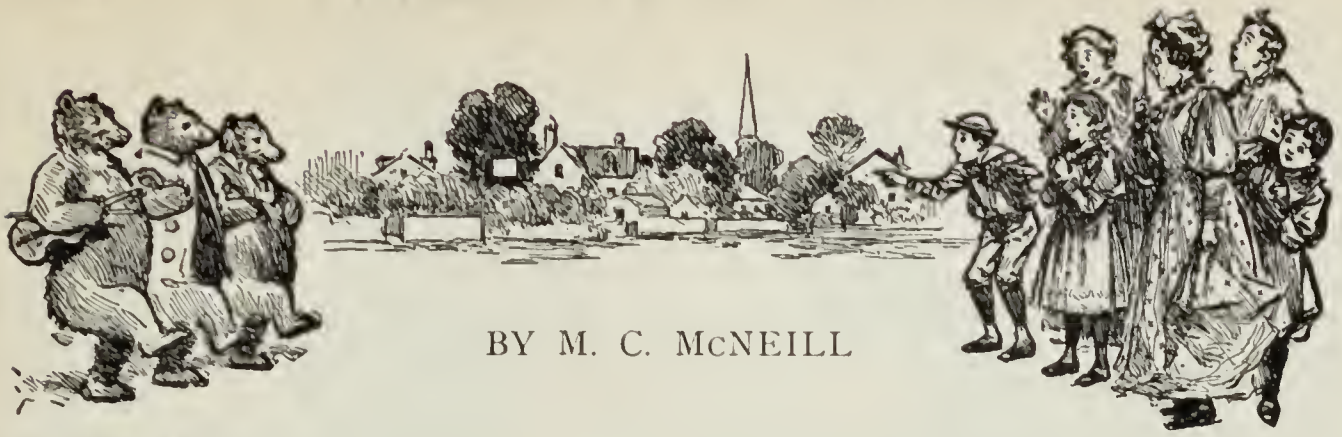
And into the dough she says that I must
Most carefully work every scrap of the crust;
And if all has been planned exactly and true,
My molding-board 's clean when I am quite through.
Yes; there in the oven are my pies in a row,
And here is my board without one scrap of dough."

"Economical maid!" the king cried in rapture,
"You 're exactly the one I 've been trying to capture.
Where others are reckless, you take pains to measure;
The bits they would squander you frugally treasure;
Their prodigal habits have filled me with scorn,
But such thrift as *yours* a throne should adorn.
So, unless you object, I command and direct
The people to hail you the king's bride elect.
You shall rule by my side over all this broad land";
And he bent low to kiss her tiny brown hand.

She trembled and blushed, quite unable to speak,
And her long lashes lay in a fringe on her cheek;
While proudly he led her out of the door,
Rejoiced that his search was happily o'er;
And cheer after cheer rent the soft morning air
From the loyal young courtiers who stood waiting there.
To the palace they wended, with triumph attended,
And a great gala-week with a wedding was ended.
And the king ne'er regretted throughout their long life
The method he followed for choosing a wife.



THREE LITTLE BEARS



BY M. C. McNEILL

THREE little bears came into the town.
"How do you do?" said everybody.
Their faces were smiling, with never a frown.
"How sweet!" said everybody.
The three little bears made three little bows.
"How very polite!" said everybody.
They bowed as boys bow in dancing-school.
"What airs and what grace!" said everybody.



One little bear had a little red coat.
"How smart!" said everybody.
One had a tippet all made of soft down.
"How cozy and warm!" said everybody.
And one was a fiddler of great renown.
"What charming music!" said everybody.

The three little bears began then to dance.
"How cute!" said everybody.



"What do you want, you little
black bears
With manners so nice?" said
everybody.
"I don't like to be a fool, so I
want to go to school,"
Said the red-coated bear to
everybody.

Then Tommy Perkins, making
a bow,
Right in front of everybody,
Took down his book and his slate as well,
And began to explain to everybody
Just what the little black bears should do
To read and to cipher like everybody.

"Sit up quite straight, and mind your stops;
Say, 'A, B, C,' for everybody."
"A, B, C," said the three little bears,
All in one voice, to everybody.
"A, B, C! What fiddle-dee-dee!"
Was whispered aloud by everybody.

"I want to count," said one little bear.
"One! Two! Three! Four!" shouted every-
body.
"We 're not at all deaf!" said the three little
bears.
"Oh! I beg your pardon!" said everybody.

"We 'd like to learn manners," said the three
little bears;
"And we 'd like to learn from everybody,



But every one has n't fine manners," they said.
"Some have very bad manners," said everybody.

"What manners you have may be better than
ours,"
Said the three little bears to everybody;
"For we live in the wood—which no manners
requires."
"Then how did you learn?" said everybody.

"For when you came in you were quite as polite
As Tommy Perkins," said everybody.
"You bowed and you danced, while we all sat
entranced,
So sweet were the notes," said everybody.

"You wanted to learn to say, 'A, B, C,'
Like good little bears," said everybody.
"And when we exclaimed, 'Such fiddle-dee-dee!'
No notice you took," said everybody.
"And when we all shouted out, 'One! Two! Three! Four!'
Instead of roaring," said everybody,
"You gently reminded us all that in school
We must not be noisy," said everybody.

"If you won't teach us manners,
We 're going back home,"
Said the three little bears to everybody.

"For after the night falls it won't do to roam;
So we 'll say our farewells to everybody."

Then they stood up and bowed, and held out their paws,
And shook hands all round with everybody.

"We 'll dance all the way, for we know how to play,"
Said the three little bears to everybody.
"And with our best compliments we wish you good day."

"Good day and good luck!" said everybody.



THE SNOWMAN

BY W. W. ELLSWORTH

One day we built a snowman.
We made him out of snow;
You 'd ought to see how fine he was—
All white from top to toe!

We poured some water on him,
And froze him, legs and ears;
And when we went indoors to bed
I said he 'd last two years.

But in the night a warmer kind
Of wind began to blow,
And winter cried and ran away,
And with it ran the snow.

And in the morning when we went
To bid our friend good day,
There was n't any snowman there—
Everything 'd runned away!



AT DINNER

No matter where we children are
 We run in answer to the bell,
And dinner comes in piping hot;
 It makes us hungry just to smell.

Poor Father sharpens up his knife,
 And carves with all his might and main;
But long before he 's had a bite
 Our Willie's plate comes back again.

We eat our vegetables and meat,
 For Mother, who is always right,
Says those who wish to have dessert,
 Must show they have an appetite.

And when a Sunday comes around,
 So very, very good we seem,
You 'd think 'most any one could tell
 That for dessert we 'd have ice-cream.

A FEW MORE GREAT STORY-TELLERS

Men and women had been telling stories long before any of the writers we are now going to speak about were born. But it was not till the beginning of the eighteenth century that the art of telling a long story in the form of a novel began to be practised by English writers. "Robinson Crusoe," first published in 1719, was really the beginning of what we may call modern story-writing. As we know, that immortal story was written by Daniel Defoe; but when he was a youth of seventeen there was a rough preaching man in jail at Bedford, England, who was occupying his time in writing a story of a very different kind, which has made his name even more famous than that of the author of "Robinson Crusoe." This man was John Bunyan. There were many story-writers before John Bunyan who, like him, told their tales in the form of allegories; but we need not concern ourselves with them.

What sort of man was Bunyan, we may ask ourselves—the man who wrote the wonderful "Pilgrim's Progress"? When we turn to his great book we find it written with so much grace of language and beauty of thought that we might suppose its author to be a scholar of wide experience and culture did we not know that his father was only a poor tinker, or mender of pots and pans, and that he himself had followed the same trade.

He must therefore have been what is sometimes called "one of Nature's gentlemen," for of education and training in the gentle habits of life and thought he can have had none at all. Indeed, we know for certain that in his youth he was rough and thoughtless, wasting his time like most of the heedless village youths of his acquaintance. The descriptions of him, and his familiar portraits, show him to have been strong and lusty, and not exactly the style of man whose heart one would have expected to be tender with love for his fellow-men, his soul simple and steadfast for truth and righteousness.

Bunyan was born in the year 1628, and sixteen years later he left his pots and pans for a time to serve in the army, returning in about a year to his native town of Elstow, near Bedford, where, soon after he was twenty years of age, he married a poor girl about whom we know very little, except that she died in 1665 and left her sorrowing husband with four little children.

THE ROUGH PREACHER WHO WROTE "THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS"

Perhaps it is to this almost unknown wife of his that something of his fame is due, for if before his marriage he had led a very rough life, soon after it he began to sober himself and to think deeply about religion. His wife had brought him nothing in worldly goods, but among her few poor possessions were two religious books of the time, the reading of which turned his thoughts to better things, and may possibly have given him the idea of his own later writings.

Bunyan began to go to church regularly, and soon felt himself compelled to preach the Gospel that had now brought so much peace to his troubled mind. This was in the days of the Puritans and the Commonwealth; but no sooner had the unworthy King Charles II. come back to the throne than preachers who did not belong to the state church were subjected to the cruellest persecution, and in 1660 Bunyan was arrested and thrust into the county jail at Bedford for no other offence than the crime of preaching the simple truths of the Gospel.

For twelve years was he kept a prisoner. Yet his time was not wasted, for during those years he contrived to write many religious works, and particularly one, called "Grace Abounding," in which he tells us his inmost thoughts in a way that no other Englishman has ever revealed himself. To this long confinement in prison Bunyan perhaps owed his literary fame. It was in the quiet and solitude of his cell that he produced a work which, in its own class, remains unequaled.

HOW THE TINKER'S SON BUILT UP HIS FAME IN BEDFORD JAIL

When he was liberated, in 1672, he became a licensed preacher, and was chosen as the pastor of the church to which he had belonged. Three years later he had to suffer imprisonment in the town jail of Bedford, but for six months only, and it was now that he wrote the first part of "The Pilgrim's Progress."

No persecutions could destroy his faith in the true Christian religion, the preaching of which by tongue and pen had been his one thought from the time that he had given up his rough life. The fame of his great book in his own day was immense, and when he died, in 1688, during a visit to London, the tinker's son of Elstow had done more than all King Charles's bishops to turn the thoughts of the people to God. Though he has been dead for over two centuries, his voice still speaks to us in "The Pilgrim's Progress," which has been translated into more than eighty foreign languages.

JONATHAN SWIFT, WHO WROTE "GULLIVER'S TRAVELS"

Some writers endear themselves as well as their books to readers young and old; but other authors fail of such personal attraction. For instance, although all boys and girls love Daniel Defoe's famous story, it is doubtful whether they would have loved the man himself. He was so keen a fighter with his pen, and so devoted to his literary work, that he probably had very little time to make himself agreeable to his friends, and especially to the little ones.

However this may have been in the case of Defoe, we are certain that few boys and girls could have loved Jonathan Swift, the next great story-teller to be born on British soil after Daniel Defoe.

Swift was a great writer of satire. Now, to be satirical one has to be looking for the faults of others, and that is not the way that leads us to the love of our fellow-men. Swift spoke very bitterly of most people, and, on the whole, was not a very agreeable companion. But for all that he was a remarkable man, full of imagination, a great writer, and, in short, what we call "a genius."

Jonathan Swift was born in the city of Dublin, on November 30, 1667, his parents being of good family, but his father died before Jonathan was born, and his mother was left very poor.

He must have been a winning little boy, this fatherless Jonathan, for his nurse loved him so much that she took him away with her when she went to live at Whitehaven, and kept him for three years. So well had she looked after him and guided his infant mind that when he was again restored to his mother he was quite the cleverest little boy one could imagine. Before he was five years old, we are told, he was able to read any chapter in the Bible.

As Jonathan's mother had relatives of rank and wealth, he was not without help when he needed it, and the lad was sent to Dublin University at fourteen years of age and later to Oxford. There is nothing that one can say in favor of his university days. He seems to have been, on the whole, a very bad student.

When he was twenty-seven years of age he became a clergyman in Ireland, and except for some four years he continued to discharge the duties of a clergyman to the end of his life.

THE CLOUDED LIFE OF THE MAN WHO MADE THE WORLD LAUGH

It was in April, 1713, that Swift was appointed Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, and thirteen years later he wrote "Gulliver's Travels." More than twenty years before that he had written two famous books—"The Tale of a Tub" and "The Battle of the Books."

The romance of his life was connected with a lady called "Stella," whom he had known as a very young girl. Meeting her later when she had grown into a graceful young woman, he fell in love with her. He wrote many letters to her, and one of the books by which he ranks high as an author is his "Journal to Stella," in which his genuine love for the lady is most charmingly displayed.

Many other books he wrote besides those familiar to us—histories, political studies, poems. But while we cannot help admiring the great cleverness of the man, or enjoying to the full the playfulness of his genius in such a work as "Gulliver's Travels," we do not feel him to be so warm a human being as good John Bunyan. It is sad to think that his later years were clouded with the fear of madness; that, ten years after he had displayed so much mirth and playfulness in the story of Gulliver, he began to be so gloomy in his own mind that for the nine remaining years of his life he was often a stranger to happiness. Sometimes he was mentally alert and active, at other times he seemed in a state of torpor; while for a year or two his mind appeared quite to give way. He died in Dublin, October 19, 1745, and was buried in St. Patrick's Cathedral.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON, THE PRINTER, AND HIS FAMOUS STORIES

A QUAINT little figure was that of the next great story-teller in those early days to which we have here turned back. He, too, was the son of very humble parents, his father being only a common joiner in Derbyshire, where, in the year 1689, Samuel Richardson was born.

Richardson bears one of the greatest names in the history of English literature. His stories were chiefly written in the form of long-winded letters supposed to be addressed by one character to another. Nowadays our lives are much too varied and active to leave time for reading such very long and unexciting stories as he wrote, but our great-great-grandfathers had more leisure and fewer interesting books, so that they could find time to follow the slow and steady unfolding of his fearfully lengthy tales. Indeed, we may guess how interested they could be in his stories when we are told that in country villages people used to wait anxiously for the arrival of the next part of his novels to find out what was to happen to the characters, and when the heroine of his dreary story, "Pamela," was made to marry the rather unmanly hero, church bells were rung in some villages as though Pamela had been a real person!

This is all very strange to us now, for neither that story nor "Clarissa," which he took eight years to write, nor "Sir Charles Grandison," has attractions for many people of our time. These famous books are chiefly interesting as showing how the taste of one generation differs from that of another.

Samuel Richardson had very little education, and at the age of seventeen he was apprenticed to a London printer, who made him work so hard that he had no leisure for reading or study. But he was as industrious as he was honest, and he made up for the time of which his master robbed him by sitting up at night, when he ought to have been asleep, to read any books he could secure. The candles used for these midnight studies he bought himself, so that his master might not have to pay for the convenience of his apprentice.

An unambitious, steady, plodding, honest and industrious, and perhaps a very commonplace young man, was this Samuel, but after fifteen years he had some reward from the printer, as he married his master's daughter, having now become a printer on his own account in a court off Fleet Street, close by the old church of St. Bride. Here he continued for many years to carry on his business like any other printer of his time, living above his workshop, and thus spending most of his time amid the smell of printers' ink. We can well believe that he was a kind and considerate master, and it is said he used to hide a half-crown among the types at night so that the first man to arrive at the workshop in the morning might have it as a reward!

Richardson was not far short of fifty years old when he determined to make himself famous by writing a novel, and "Pamela" was the result of the little printer's resolution. He certainly succeeded in making himself famous, and, being perhaps somewhat vain of his literary powers—which at the early age of thirteen he had first exercised by writing love-letters for some ignorant servant-girls—the remainder of his days were spent with much satisfaction in writing for the sentimental ladies of his time, to whom the languishing and tearful heroines of his novels seem to have been strangely attractive.

The little printer of Salisbury Square, though so few read his writings to-day, certainly gave a great impetus to the art of fiction in England, and the careful and elaborate way in which he traced the natures of imaginary people was also imitated by writers on the Continent, and chiefly in France, where to this day the works of Richardson are in high repute. He died on July 4, 1761, and by his own request was buried in the church of St. Bride, near to which so much of his life had been passed.

HOW HENRY FIELDING WAS FORCED TO WRITE STORIES FOR A LIVING

WHEN an author invents some unusual way of telling a story, it frequently happens that another author will turn it into ridicule by writing what is called a parody of it. So it happened with Richardson's "Pamela," which an abler and far more gifted man than he, two years after its appearance, took as the idea of a very different sort of story, called "Joseph Andrews."

The writer of this was a born story-teller, a man of great force of character, the son of distinguished parents, and well educated. His name was Henry Fielding, and he was born in Somersetshire on April 22, 1707.

Being fond of the pleasures of life, and disinclined to work or to study too closely, Fielding left the University of Leyden, in Holland, and went to London when he was twenty. But he soon found that his father was not able to allow him so much money as he had expected, and he had to exercise his abilities by writing for the stage.

After a while he married a beautiful lady who



FAMOUS ENGLISH AUTHORS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

had a small fortune; but this he soon contrived to spend, and at thirty-three he became a barrister, though it was chiefly by writing plays that he made his living. His wife died in 1743, and he then married a servant, who made him a very good wife to the end of his days. In that year he published a very brilliant satire called "Mr. Jonathan Wild the Great." Poor man, he was not long to enjoy the success of the great books he wrote, nor the advantage of the comfortable salary he received from a legal appointment given to him in 1749, the year in which appeared his most celebrated novel, "The History of Tom Jones," one of the great masterpieces of English fiction. His third and last novel was "Amelia," which appeared in 1751. All his stories are written with a fine vigorous feeling of life, and overflow with humor, a quality in which Richardson was utterly deficient.

In 1754, while on a visit to Lisbon, where he had gone broken in health, Fielding died, and there in the cemetery of the British Factory—for in those days there were many such trading-posts under the English flag in foreign countries—one of England's greatest story-tellers and earliest novelists was laid to rest.

STERNE AND SMOLLETT AND THE BOOKS THEY WROTE

Laurence Sterne, like Jonathan Swift, whom he resembled to some extent in character, was born in Ireland, though his ancestors were English people of good position in church and state. He was born on December 24, 1713, and educated at Halifax Grammar School and Cambridge University, becoming a clergyman in the year 1738. For a good many years his life was, no doubt, that of the ordinary country vicar, except that, being at once satirical and bitingly sarcastic in his speech, thin in appearance and consumptive in health, he was probably by no means so pleasant a companion as a country vicar ought to be.

When he was forty-six years of age he published at York the first two volumes of his great and amusing book, "The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy." Very soon the wit and humor with which the characters in this great work were drawn had made the name of Sterne famous, and for years new volumes of the work continued to appear, until it was completed in the year 1767, just about two months before its author breathed his last.

On the whole, Sterne was not a pleasant kind of man to contemplate, and although his books are full of high spirits and laughter, it is not always the healthiest laughter, nor are his sentiments such as do credit to a preacher of the Gospel, who during his later years may be said to have written under the shadow of death. His other famous book is called "A Sentimental Journey through France and Italy." It is very witty.

Tobias George Smollett was a Scotsman, born near the "Bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond" in March, 1721. He was educated at Glasgow College, his people being of good estate. He was being trained for the medical profession, but when he was eighteen he had written a tragedy, and went to London with this in his pocket. He did not, however, find anybody who would buy it from him. So he went to sea as assistant to a naval surgeon, and later tried to live by doctoring in London, but he was still writing away, and, marrying a wealthy lady when he was twenty-six, he was for a time able to exercise his pen more for pleasure than for profit.

Later in life he had to become a professional author and journalist, writing histories, books of travel, translating foreign stories, and editing papers; but, above all, producing three novels very similar in character to those of Henry Fielding, and nearly always mentioned in company with them as the best examples of English novels written before the time of Sir Walter Scott. They are full of interesting and lifelike characters, and his sailors especially are the breeziest, saltest sons of the sea to be found in English story-books. The names of his three famous books are "Roderick Random," "Peregrine Pickle," and "Humphry Clinker," the first being written in 1748, and the last, which is also the best, in 1771, in the September of which year Smollett died at Leghorn, in Italy, where he was buried in the English cemetery.

HOW GOLDSMITH WANDERED THROUGH EUROPE WITH HIS FLUTE

Oliver Goldsmith, like two of the other writers we have heard about, was also born in Ireland, but he came of Irish ancestors. He was born November 10, 1728, and he was in his twenty-first year when he managed, without any great credit to himself, to take the degree of bachelor of arts at Dublin University.

In Oliver it is to be feared we have by no means a type of character that can be greatly admired, for he was always doing the wrong thing, and disappointing all his best friends. Fortunately, perhaps, his effort to become a clergyman was unsuccessful, and his determination to come to America took him no farther than Cork; while

£50 that he got to enable him to study law in London he lost by gambling at Dublin. When he was twenty-four he went to Edinburgh to study medicine, and although everybody liked him, he did nothing of note at the college.

Next he went to the famous University of Leyden, where Fielding had been before him, and there again he lost what little money he had by gambling. In those days it was the custom of English gentlemen to make a tour of the chief towns of the Continent, and this Goldsmith attempted to do on foot and penniless, playing on his flute by the wayside and in the villages to earn a few pence. Surely the "grand tour" had never been so meanly performed.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD" IN POVERTY

In 1756 Goldsmith struggled back to London, the owner of a few pence, a ragged suit of clothes, and a dirty wig. He tried unsuccessfully to make a living as a physician, was at one time a reader of proofs for Samuel Richardson, and also acted as usher in a Peckham school. Then he became what is known as a hack-writer, or a poor scribbler at low pay for any sort of publication that would employ him. In short, he seemed to be one of life's failures; but a book which he wrote about the education of his time attracted some notice, and when he was thirty-one years of age he began to be employed by Smollett on a paper which that busy writer was editing; while other editors gave him opportunities of doing better work.

Goldsmith was now a busy author, and if he had had as much common sense as he had genius he might have lived in luxury; but it was not to be, though he had many warm friends. For he was himself a lovable and gentle creature, despite his ugly face, pitted with smallpox, his short and ungainly figure, and his stupidities of speech. His great friend, the famous Dr. Samuel Johnson, said of him that "No man was more foolish when he had not a pen in his hand, or more wise when he had"; while Garrick, the great actor of the day, made a mock epitaph on him:

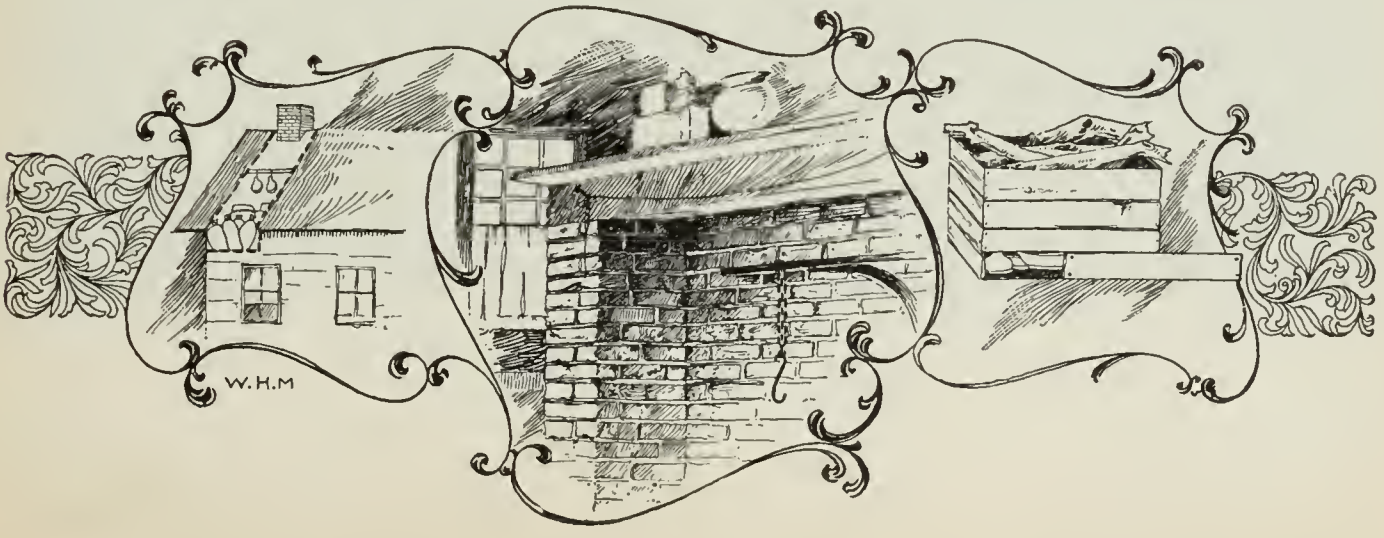
> Here lies Nolly Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll,
> Who wrote like an angel, and talk'd like poor Poll.

No other author whose unhappy lot it was to write so much to the order of publishers has written so well in so many different ways. His famous comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer," is a perfect stage play; "The Deserted Village" gives him no mean place as a poet; and "The Vicar of Wakefield," his only work of fiction, is one of the most beautiful stories in our language.

HOW GOLDSMITH WAS SAVED FROM AN ANGRY LANDLADY

Yet so stupid was the writer of this lovely story that it is said his friend, Dr. Samuel Johnson, on one occasion found poor Goldsmith arrested by his landlady for debt, and in his desk lay the manuscript of this immortal story, which the kindly doctor took out and sold to a bookseller for £60, and so enabled the impractical author to pay off his debts to his landlady—and to begin incurring new ones; for when he died in his lodgings at Brick Court, in the Temple, London, on April 4, 1744, he was £2000 in debt.

His story is indeed a sad one, as his life might have been one of complete happiness, for he was gifted beyond most men of his time. But we shall find as we read the stories of great men of genius, whose writings are among our greatest treasures, that they have not always been able to order their own lives wisely and well.





THE LITTLE MAID OF SPAIN.

FROM A PAINTING, BY AN UNKNOWN ARTIST, IN THE POSSESSION OF ALEXANDER W. DRAKE.

POEMS FOR CHILDREN OF ALL AGES

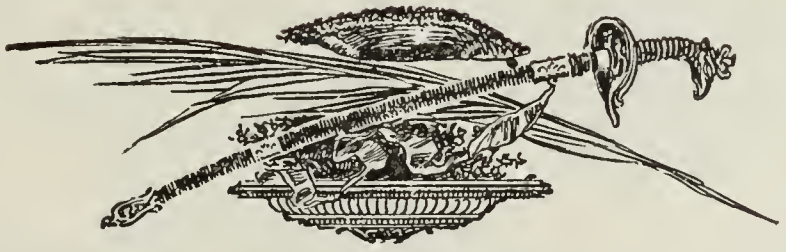
PART X

THE LITTLE MAID OF SPAIN

BY HELEN GRAY CONE

Tiny, stately maid of Spain,
With your formal fan and train!
Strange the spell the painter cast,
Strong to make you live and last!
Some one, Sweet, who bore your name,
Changed and grew, as people do;
Had adventures gay or tragic;
Died, one day—yet here are you,
By the wand-like brush's magic
Held among us, just the same!
On your brow the same soft curls,
On your wrist the changeless pearls,
In the gems the moveless gleams,
In your eyes the selfsame dreams;
What a fairy-tale it seems!

Oh, that he who saw you thus—
Seized and sent you down to us,
On his canvas limned with skill
Tender curves of throat and cheek—
Might have added one thing still,
Made the grave lips ope and speak!
For I fain had heard it told
What the world was like around you,
That old world of cloth of gold
Where the cunning painter found you.
Tell me how your time was spent:
Had you any playmates then;
Or were all who came and went
Ceremonious dames and men?
Had you some tall hound to pet—
Some caged bird, with eyes of jet?
As you moved, a soul apart,
Through that world of plume and glove,
Could your precious little heart
Fix on anything to love?
—Sober, silent you remain,
Tiny, stately maid of Spain!





"WHEN TILLIE BRINGS HER TEA-SET OUT."



THE TEA-SET BLUE

BY ROSE MILLS POWERS

When Tillie brings her tea-set out—
 Her lovely set of blue—
And lays the dishes all about
 The table, two by two,
 The little doll-house people all
 Begin to wonder who will call.

For 't is a signal, beyond doubt,
 That visitors are due,
When Tillie brings her tea-set out—
 Her treasured set of blue.
 So all the dollies watch and wait,
 And sit up very nice and straight.

And Pierrot forgets to tease
 In hopes to be a guest;
The little Jap from overseas
 Tries hard to look his best;
 While Mam'selle French Doll, all the while,
 Wears—ah, the most angelic smile!

For all the nursery people know
 As well as well can be
That dollies must be good who go
 With Tillie out to tea.
 And would not that seem fair to you,
 If you possessed a tea-set blue?



EVERY-DAY VERSES

BY ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

PICTURES BY EMILIE BENSON KNIPE

A LITTLE GENTLEMAN

I

When Mother drops things on the floor,
My father asks me: "Who
Should always pick them up for her?"
And so I always do.

II

He says I have n't far to reach
And that a gentleman
Must do things for his Mother
And be helpful as he can.

III

But Mother bends down just the same,—
She has to, don't you see?
For after she 's said "Thank you, dear,"
She stoops and kisses me.

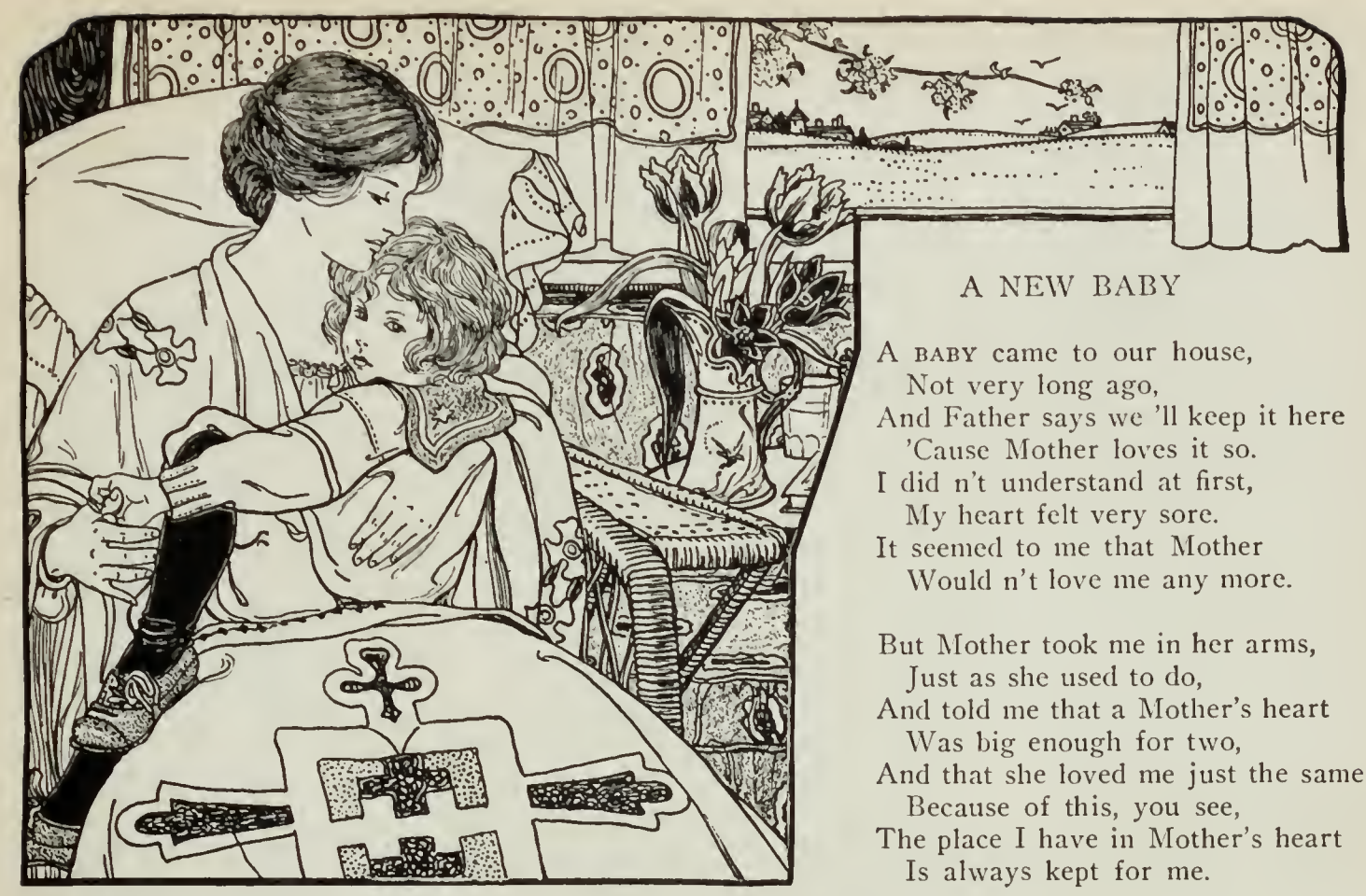
HELPING

When cook is baking you can help,
If Mother says you may;
But p'rhaps the best help you can give
Is just to stay away.

TIME FOR EVERYTHING

There 's a time to run and a time to walk;
There 's a time for silence, a time for talk;
There 's a time for work and a time for play;
There 's a time for sleep at the close of day.
There 's a time for everything you do,
For children and for grown-ups, too.
A time to stand up and a time to sit,—
But see that the time and actions fit.





A NEW BABY

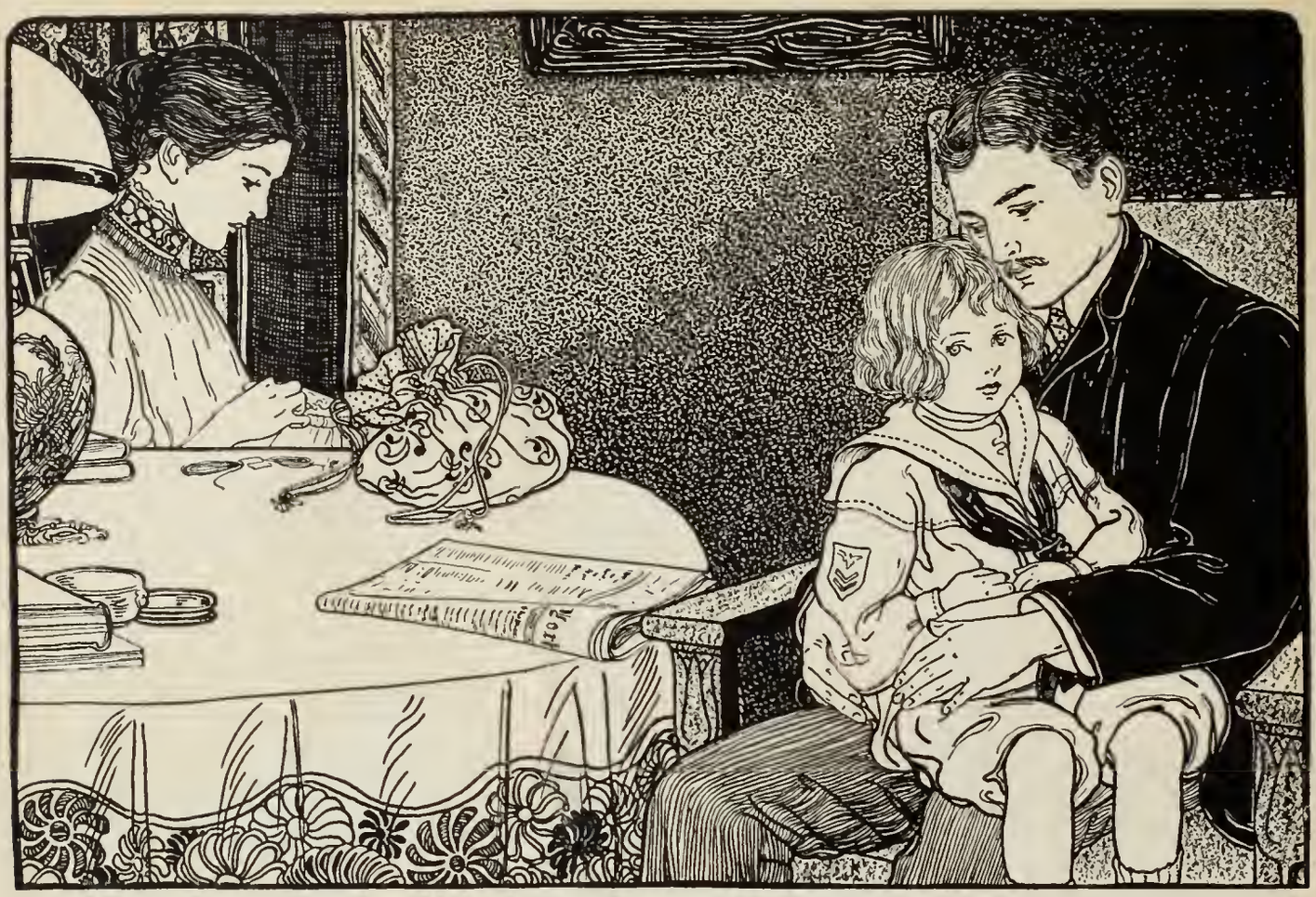
A BABY came to our house,
 Not very long ago,
And Father says we 'll keep it here
 'Cause Mother loves it so.
I did n't understand at first,
 My heart felt very sore.
It seemed to me that Mother
 Would n't love me any more.

But Mother took me in her arms,
 Just as she used to do,
And told me that a Mother's heart
 Was big enough for two,
And that she loved me just the same.
 Because of this, you see,
The place I have in Mother's heart
 Is always kept for me.

SUMMER

THE sun and the sky
And the birds and I,
 And the great, tall whisp'ring trees,
Are all as happy as happy can be,
 Out in the Summer breeze.

There is time to play
All the live-long day,
 For our holidays are here;
I 'm free as the birds and happy as they—
 School 's over for the year!



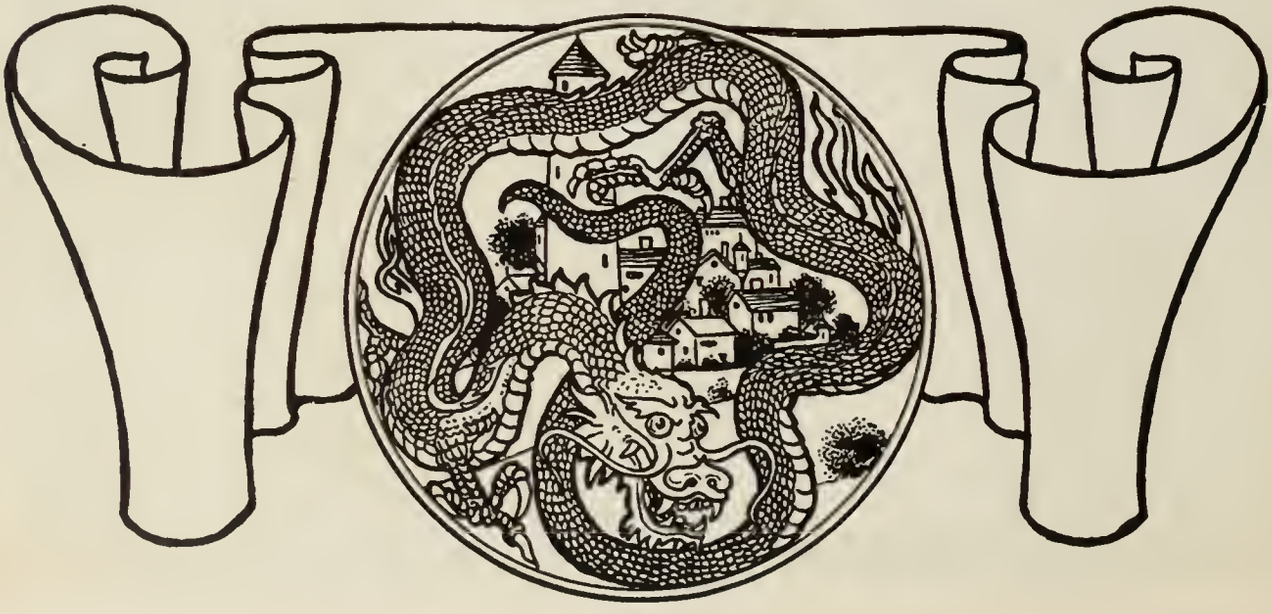
AFTER TEA

VERY often in the evening,
Shortly after tea,
Father, when he 's read the paper,
Takes me on his knee.

There I fix myself "quite comfy,"
In his arms so strong,
While he makes up lovely stories
As he goes along.

Mother near us with her sewing,
Rocking to and fro,
Smiles and listens to the stories,
Likes them too, I know.

And I 'm sure that she is thinking,
What perhaps you 've guessed,
That the stories Father tells us
Are the very best.





CHILDREN FOR EVERY DAY IN THE WEEK—VI FRIDAY:
Friday's child is loving and giving.



By permission of C. Klackner. Copyright, 1892.

"UNDER THE WEATHER."

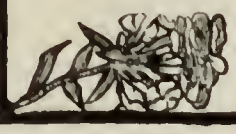
FROM THE PAINTING BY J. G. BROWN.

PICTURES OF CHILDREN AND CHILD LIFE BY FAMOUS ARTISTS—IX.



THE PENSIONER IN GRAY

BY MARIAN LONGFELLOW





Thou little pensioner in gray,
Who, dauntless, now dost bar my way,
With tiny paws upon thy breast
And eyes that challenge and arrest.

Prithee what wouldst thou have of me,
Thou denizen of forest free?
Who all day long in sun or shade
Thy home in wildwood ways hast made—

Yet in the city's busy mart,
'Neath college spires of lore and art,
Here on the path dost sit and wait
Under the elm trees at the gate.

Had I a dole to give thee, dear,
Who art so wild, yet without fear,
Gladly would I that proffer make
For thy sheer courage; thy bright sake!

But, little pensioner, my hands
Are empty spite of thy demands.
I can but offer thee a verse
That shall thy pretty ways rehearse.

Then, little pensioner in gray,
Meet me, I pray, another day,
And I will strive thy grace to find
Where Cambridge streets 'neath elm trees wind.





EXAMPLES

BY RUDOLF F. BUNNER



I

Now see that lazy boy who sits
 Where the red embers gleam,
How dull must glow his sodden wits,—
 He has no lofty dream.
Good gracious! Why,—it 's Jimmy Watts
 Discovering of steam!

II

But here 's a lazy *man,* no doubt,
 Beneath that apple-tree,
Sitting so still. He gives a shout!
 Why! Why! Who *can* it be?
My eye—it 's Newton, finding out
 The Law of Gravity!





MORAL

Now you may say that this would seem
 A fair excuse for boys
To take their ease, and loll and dream,
 Far from the school-room's noise.
Yet wasted hours Watts *might* have spent
 Beneath old Newton's bough,—
And Newton o'er a kettle have bent
 From crack o' doom till now,
And neither would have wiser grown.
 Then you and I, you see,
Might travel yet by stage alone
 (And oft upset we 'd be),
Nor know (save from some bruisèd bone)
 The Law of Gravity!





THE FORSAKEN MERMAN

By Matthew Arnold

Come, dear children, let us away;
Down and away below!
Now my brothers call from the bay,
Now the great winds shoreward blow,
Now the salt tides seaward flow,
Now the wild white horses play,
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.
Children dear, let us away!
This way, this way!

Call her once before you go—
Call once yet!
In a voice that she will know:
"Margaret! Margaret!"
Children's voices should be dear
(Call once more) to a mother's ear;
Children's voices, wild with pain—
Surely she will come again!
Call her once, and come away;
This way, this way!
"Mother dear, we cannot stay!
The wild white horses foam and fret."
Margaret! Margaret!

Come, dear children, come away down;
Call no more!
One last look at the white-wall'd town,
And the little gray church on the windy shore;
Then come down!
She will not come though you call all day;
Come away, come away!

Children dear, was it yesterday
We heard the sweet bells over the bay?
In the caverns where we lay,
Through the surf and through the swell,
The far-off sound of a silver bell?
Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,
Where the winds are all asleep;
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam,
Where the salt weed sways in the stream,
Where the sea-beasts, ranged all round,
Feed in the ooze of their pasture-ground;
Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,
Dry their mail and bask in the brine;
Where great whales come sailing by,
Sail and sail, with unshut eye,
Round the world forever and aye?
When did music come this way?
Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, was it yesterday
(Call yet once) that she went away?
Once she sate with you and me,
On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,
And the youngest sate on her knee.
She combed its bright hair, and she tended it well,
When down swung the sound of a far-off bell.
She sigh'd, she look'd up through the clear green sea;
She said: "I must go, for my kinsfolk pray
In the little gray church on the shore to-day.
'T will be Easter-time in the world—ah me!
And I lose my poor soul, Merman! here with thee."
I said: "Go up, dear heart, through the waves;
Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-caves!"
She smiled, she went up through the surf in the bay.
Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, were we long alone?
The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan;
"Long prayers," I said, "in the world they say;
Come!" I said; and we rose through the surf in the bay.
We went up the beach, by the sandy down
Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-wall'd town;
Through the narrow paved streets, where all was still,
To the little gray church on the windy hill.
From the church came a murmur of folk at their prayers,
But we stood without in the cold blowing airs.
We climb'd on the graves, on the stones worn with rains,
And we gazed up the aisle through the small leaded panes.
She sate by the pillar; we saw her clear:
"Margaret, hist! come quick, we are here!
Dear heart," I said, "we are long alone;
The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan."
But, ah, she gave me never a look,
For her eyes were seal'd to the holy book!
Loud prays the priest; shut stands the door.
Come away, children, call no more!
Come away, come down, call no more!

Down, down, down!
Down to the depths of the sea!
She sits at her wheel in the humming town,
Singing most joyfully.
Hark what she sings: "O joy, O joy,
For the humming street, and the child with its toy!
For the priest, and the bell, and the holy well;
For the wheel where I spun,
And the blessed light of the sun!"

And so she sings her fill,
Singing most joyfully,
Till the spindle drops from her hand,
And the whizzing wheel stands still.
She steals to the window, and looks at the sand,
And over the sand at the sea;
And her eyes are set in a stare;
And anon there breaks a sigh,
And anon there drops a tear,
From a sorrow-clouded eye,
And a heart sorrow-laden,
A long, long sigh;
For the cold strange eyes of a little Mermaiden
And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away, children;
Come, children, come down!
The hoarse wind blows coldly;
Lights shine in the town.
She will start from her slumber
When gusts shake the door;
She will hear the winds howling,
Will hear the waves roar.
We shall see, while above us
The waves roar and whirl,
A ceiling of amber,
A pavement of pearl.
Singing: "Here came a mortal,
But faithless was she!
And alone dwell forever
The kings of the sea."

But, children, at midnight,
When soft the winds blow,
When clear falls the moonlight,
When spring-tides are low;
When sweet airs come seaward
From heaths starr'd with broom,
And high rocks throw mildly
On the blanch'd sands a gloom;
Up the still, glistening beaches,
Up the creeks we will hie,
Over banks of bright seaweed
The ebb-tide leaves dry.
We will gaze, from the sand-hills,
At the white, sleeping town;
At the church on the hillside—
And then come back down;
Singing: "There dwells a loved one,
But cruel is she!
She left lonely forever
The kings of the sea."

GOOD TIDINGS

A SUNSHINY shower
Won't last half an hour.

PICTURE BOOKS IN WINTER

By Robert Louis Stevenson

SUMMER fading, winter comes—
Frosty mornings, tingling thumbs,
Window robins, winter rooks,
And the picture story-books.

Water now is turned to stone
Nurse and I can walk upon;
Still we find the flowing brooks
In the picture story-books.

All the pretty things put by,
Wait upon the children's eye,
Sheep and shepherds, trees and crooks,
In the picture story-books.

We may see how all things are,
Seas and cities, near and far,
And the flying fairies' looks,
In the picture story-books.

How am I to sing your praise,
Happy chimney-corner days,
Sitting safe in nursery nooks,
Reading picture story-books?

COCK ROBIN AND JENNY WREN

IT was a merry time
When Jenny Wren was young,
So neatly as she danced,
And so sweetly as she sung,
Robin Redbreast lost his heart:
He was a gallant bird;
He doft his hat to Jenny,
And thus to her he said:

"My dearest Jenny Wren,
If you will but be mine,
You shall dine on cherry pie,
And drink nice currant wine.
I 'll dress you like a Goldfinch,
Or like a Peacock gay;
So if you 'll have me, Jenny,
Let us appoint the day."

Jenny blushed behind her fan,
And thus declared her mind:
"Then let it be to-morrow, Bob,
I take your offer kind—
Cherry pie is very good!
So is currant wine!
But I will wear my brown gown.
And never dress too fine."

Robin rose up early
At the break of day;
He flew to Jenny Wren's house,
To sing a roundelay.
He met the Cock and Hen,
And bid the Cock declare,
This was his wedding-day
With Jenny Wren, the fair.

The Cock then blew his horn,
To let the neighbors know
This was Robin's wedding-day,
And they might see the show.
And first came Parson Rook,
With his spectacles and band,
And one of "Mother Hubbard's" books
He held within his hand.

Then followed him the Lark,
For he could sweetly sing,
And he was to be clerk
At Cock Robin's wedding.
He sung of Robin's love
For little Jenny Wren;
And when he came unto the end,
Then he began again.

Then came the bride and bridegroom;
Quite plainly was she dressed,
And blushed so much her cheeks were
As red as Robin's breast.
But Robin cheered her up;
"My pretty Jen," said he,
"We 're going to be married
And happy we shall be."

The Goldfinch came on next,
To give away the bride;
The Linnet, being bridesmaid,
Walked by Jenny's side;
And, as she was a-walking,
She said, "Upon my word,
I think that your Cock Robin
Is a very pretty bird."

The Bulfinch walked by Robin,
And thus to him did say:
"Pray mark, friend Robin Redbreast,
That Goldfinch, dressed so gay;
What though her gay apparel
Becomes her very well,
Yet Jenny's modest dress and look
Must bear away the bell."

The Blackbird and the Thrush,
And charming Nightingale,
Whose sweet jug sweetly echoes
Through every grove and dale;
The Sparrow and Tom Tit,
And many more, were there:
All came to see the wedding
Of Jenny Wren, the fair.

"O then," says Parson Rook,
"Who gives this maid away?"
"I do," says the Goldfinch,
"And her fortune I will pay:
Here 's a bag of grain of many sorts,
And other things beside;
Now happy be the bridegroom,
And happy be the bride!"

"And will you have her, Robin,
To be your wedded wife?"
"Yes, I will," says Robin,
"And love her all my life."
"And will you have him, Jenny,
Your husband now to be?"
"Yes, I will," says Jenny,
"And love him heartily."

Then on her finger fair
Cock Robin put the ring;
"You 're married now," says Parson Rook,
While the Lark aloud did sing:
"Happy be the bridegroom,
And happy be the bride!
And may not man, nor bird, nor beast,
This happy pair divide."

The birds were asked to dine;
Not Jenny's friends alone,
But every pretty songster
That had Cock Robin known.
They had a cherry pie,
Beside some currant wine,
And every guest brought something,
That sumptuous they might dine.

Now they all sat or stood
To eat and to drink;
And every one said what
He happened to think;
They each took a bumper,
And drank to the pair:
Cock Robin, the bridegroom,
And Jenny Wren, the fair.

The dinner-things removed,
They all began to sing;
And soon they made the place
Near a mile round to ring.
The concert it was fine;
And every bird tried
Who best could sing for Robin
And Jenny Wren, the bride.

Then in came the Cuckoo,
And he made a great rout;
He caught hold of Jenny,
And pulled her about.
Cock Robin was angry,
And so was the Sparrow,
Who fetched in a hurry
His bow and his arrow.

His aim then he took,
But he took it not right;
His skill was not good,
Or he shot in a fright;
For the Cuckoo he missed,
But Cock Robin killed!—
And all the birds mourned
That his blood was so spilled.

SIGNS OF RAIN

By Edward Jenner

The hollow winds begin to blow,
The clouds look black, the glass is low,
The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
The spiders from their cobwebs peep:
Last night the sun went pale to bed,
The moon in halos hid her head;
The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,
For, see, a rainbow spans the sky:
The walls are damp, the ditches smell,
Closed is the pink-eyed pimpernel.
Hark how the chairs and tables crack!
Old Betty's joints are on the rack;
Loud quack the ducks, the peacocks cry,
The distant hills are seeming nigh.
How restless are the snorting swine;
The busy flies disturb the kine;
Low o'er the grass the swallow wings,
The cricket too, how sharp he sings;
Puss on the hearth, with velvet paws,
Sits wiping o'er her whiskered jaws.
Through the clear stream the fishes rise,
And nimbly catch the incautious flies.
The glow-worms, numerous and bright,
Illumed the dewy dell last night.
At dusk the squalid toad was seen,
Hopping and crawling o'er the green;
The whirling wind the dust obeys,
And in the rapid eddy plays;
The frog has changed his yellow vest,
And in a russet coat is dressed.
Though June, the air is cold and still,
The mellow blackbird's voice is shrill.
My dog, so altered in his taste,
Quits mutton-bones on grass to feast;
And see yon rooks, how odd their flight,
They imitate the gliding kite,
And seem precipitate to fall,
As if they felt the piercing ball.
'T will surely rain, I see with sorrow,
Our jaunt must be put off to-morrow.

Rain before seven,
Fine by eleven.



THE SENSITIVE CAT

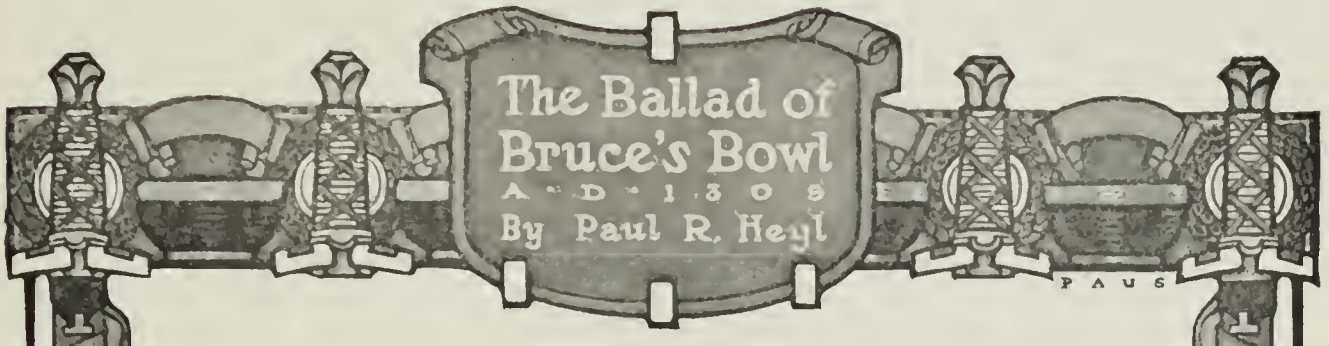
BY ALICE BROWN

There once was a sensitive cat
Who could n't abide the word "Scat."
"If you want me to go,"
She yowled, "say so, you know,
But don't be so rude as all that!"



POEMS FOR CHILDREN OF ALL AGES

PART XI



HAVE you heard of Robert Bruce, how he wandered in the forest,
While the English, far and near, sought him there, sought him here?
With the rattle of the drums the English army comes
Through the wilderness of Galloway. Alas for Scottish homes!
And well may the peasant people fear.

Robert Bruce and his band met the brave Sir Walter Selby,
And their visors down they drew, and the sparks of battle flew,
Near where Dame Sprotte, in her quiet little cot,
Was busy at the fire with her husband's breakfast hot.
And she was a loyal Scot and true.

Then she left the boiling brose, that was hot before the fire,
And she ran to the door and viewed the battle o'er.
Full of might was the fight; on the grass lay many a knight,
Till King Robert and Sir Walter were the last that stood upright.
And fiercer was their fight than before.

Now the Bruce's arm was strong, but the Southron pressed him sorely.
Two days in the wood he had not tasted food,
And his strength began to fail, and he staggered 'neath his mail
As the foeman pressed him closer, and the blows fell fast as hail,
Till he grappled with him there as he stood.



"KING ROBERT AND SIR WALTER WERE THE LAST THAT STOOD UPRIGHT."

Then out ran the dame from the doorway of the cottage,
And she seized Sir Walter there by a straying lock of hair
With a right good twist of her hale and hearty fist;
And the Englishman fell backward ere the cause of it he wist,
And he yielded him a prisoner in fair.

Then they laid aside their arms, and they entered in the cottage.
And the king began to say, "Despise it he who may,
He is surely in the wrong, for Sir Walter's arm is strong.
But were I not a-famished he would not have fought so long
'Gainst Robert the Bruce this day."

"I am honored," said the knight, "to have fought the Scottish leader."
"Nay, nay," said the dame. "He shall have his proper name.
King shall he be, and acknowledged so by thee,
Or I cast into thy face this boiling brose that thou dost see,
An' thou yet deny his claim."

"Nay, hold," said the Bruce, "for thy king is sorely hungered.
Waste not good cheer on our valiant foeman here.
Thou shalt not lack fee: here 's a golden coin for thee;
And this our gallant prisoner let him partake with me
On thy good oak table near."


And a lady of thy family
Shall present him butter brose
In Robert the Bruce's bowl



"THEN THEY LAID ASIDE THEIR ARMS, AND THEY ENTERED IN THE COTTAGE."

Then the dame filled a bowl, and she laid one spoon beside it.
"For my king," she said; "'t is an honor on my head.
But I feed no foe, and least of all, I trow,
He who fought my king so lustily a little while ago
Shall ever in my house be fed."

"Thou art loyal," said the king, "and thus do I reward it.
This land so fine, thou knowest it is mine.
Run around as large a space as thy flying foot may trace
While I eat thy savory breakfast, and thereafter, by my grace,
That land shall thence be thine."

Then she locked fast the spoons, and stood ready in the doorway
For the prize to try, with excitement in her eye.
Then the laugh did ring: "'T is a great and novel thing!
'T is the fleetness of a woman 'gainst the hunger of a king.
So speed thy foot and fly!"

She ran like a deer, but she halted at the turning,
Looked back on her track ere she took the other way,
And she cried, "Beware!" to the king and Selby there
(For they took alternate spoonfuls of the hot and homely fare),
"Fair play, my liege, fair play!"



"'T IS THE FLEETNESS OF A WOMAN 'GAINST THE HUNGER OF A KING."

She has rounded the mount, and now she nears the cottage.
She has no eye for the treasure that is by.
Gold and silver lie at hand on the fallen English band;
She would never strip the slain, but she soon can win her land.
So onward she still doth fly.

Sir Walter and the king still were seated at the table
When came the dame to the threshold of the door.
Said the king: "Among the many thou art sure as true as any.
Thou shalt hold this land forever, free of paying plack or penny,
Both now and evermore."

"Only this: when perchance there cometh king of Scotland
Any day this way, thus shall he take his toll:
He shall halt in the close where the battle first arose,
And a lady of thy family shall present him butter brose,
In Robert the Bruce's bowl."

Now here 's to Robert Bruce and the gallant band that follow:
May his ear never hear again the roll of English drum;
May they beat a retreat for the marching English feet;
May the proud and haughty Southron know the taste of a defeat,
And the Bruce to his own throne come!

Crinkum Crankums



A NONSENSE RHYME

BY ELLEN MANLY

WITH PICTURES BY REGINALD B. BIRCH

THE crankety queen of Crinkum Town
A singular dame was she,
For she wore her crown
Turned upside down,
Which made her a sight to see;
And never she cared what people said,
So long as it fitted her royal head!
Sing finery, minery, uppety down—
The crankety queen of Crinkum Town!





And once a week, on a Friday night,
As the clock was striking eight,
Her sleeves of white
She rolled up tight,
And she rose from her throne of state,
And over her robe of purple hue
She fastened an apron big and blue.
Sing eightery, latery, uppety down—
The crankety queen of Crinkum Town!



Then down to the kitchen quick she hied,
With all of her maidens fair,
And pie and cake
She would deftly make,
With a world of pains and care.
"Because," quoth she, "were it not for me,
The royal cupboard might empty be!"
Sing makery, bakery, uppety down—
The crankety queen of Crinkum Town!

The royal pie, she made it square,
And the royal pie-crust, thin;
With cherry and mince,
And squash and quince,
And cranberry, too, within.
"For if *one* thing 's good in a pie," quoth she,
"Of course a dozen much better will be!"
Sing trykery, pickery, uppety down—
The crankety queen of Crinkum Town!



"I can't waste butter and eggs!" quoth she,
"A queen should never do that!"
And the cakes, ah me! were sad to see—
So heavy, and queer, and flat!
"They must go without
If my skill they doubt,
The king, and the maidens fair!" she cried,
As she viewed her work with a queenly pride.
Sing cakery, bakery, uppety down—
The crankety queen of Crinkum Town!



When the feast-day came, and the royal fare
Did the royal table grace,
The good king sate
In his chair of state,
With the maidens all in place,
And with many a sigh they ate the pie,
And the cake, with a wry grimace!
Sing sadery, badery, uppety down—
The crankety queen of Crinkum Town!





But the queen, with her crown all upside down,
And pride in her royal eye,
 Took great delight
 In the charming sight
Of her beautiful cake and pie.
For she reckoned in all the country round
A queen so clever could not be found.
Sing cookery-bookery, uppety down—
The crankety queen of Crinkum Town!





Then his majesty shook his royal head,
And unto the maidens fair he said—
To the maidens fair quoth he—
"She has excellent taste in dress, no doubt,
And right side in, or inside out,
 Or upside down,
 She may wear her crown,—
But to-day I issue a stern decree:
In the kitchen no queen may henceforth be,
But the *cook* makes pie and cake for *me!*"
Sing suppety, cuppety, uppety down—
The crankety queen of Crinkum Town!



THE MAY QUEEN

By Alfred, Lord Tennyson

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad New Year—
Of all the glad New Year, mother, the maddest, merriest day;
For I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be Queen o' the May. . . .

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,
If you do not call me loud when the day begins to break:
But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and garlands gay,
For I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be Queen o' the May. . . .

The night-winds come and go, mother, upon the meadow-grass,
And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as they pass;
There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the livelong day,
And I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be Queen o' the May. . . .

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad New Year:
To-morrow 'll be of all the year the maddest, merriest day;
For I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be Queen o' the May.

THE BOY DECIDES

I 'd like to be a p'liceman
And flash my bull's-eye out—
If there were not so many thieves
And naughty men about.

I 'd like to be a butcher
And use a knife and steel—
If only bullocks did n't bleed
And piggies would n't squeal.

And sailors go so far from home,
And soldiers often die,
And Mr. Blake, the blacksmith,
Got a big spark in his eye;
And so I think that, after all,
I 'll be a railway guard,
And run beside the train, and jump,
And blow my whistle hard.

MARIA'S PURSE

By Elizabeth Turner

Maria had an Aunt at Leeds,
For whom she made a Purse of beads;
'T was neatly done, by all allow'd,
And praise soon made her vain and proud.

Her mother, willing to repress
This strong conceit of cleverness,
Said, "I will show you, if you please,
A Honeycomb, the work of Bees!

"Yes, look within their hive, and then
Examine well your purse again;
Compare your merits, and you will
Admit the Insects' greater skill!"

A SLEEPING CHILD

By Arthur Hugh Clough

Lips, lips, open!
Up comes a little bird that lives inside,
Up comes a little bird, and peeps, and out he flies.

All the day he sits inside, and sometimes he sings;
Up he comes and out he goes at night to spread his wings.

Little bird, little bird, whither will you go?
Round about the world while nobody can know.

Little bird, little bird, whither do you flee?
Far away round the world while nobody can see.

Little bird, little bird, how long will you roam?
All round the world and around again home.

Round the round world, and back through the air,
When the morning comes, the little bird is there.

Back comes the little bird, and looks, and in he flies;
Up wakes the little boy, and opens both his eyes.

Sleep, sleep, little boy, little bird 's away,
Little bird will come again by the peep of day.

Sleep, sleep, little boy, little bird must go
Round about the world, while nobody can know.

Sleep, sleep sound, little bird goes round,
Round and round he goes—sleep, sleep sound!

PEEPS INTO TWO IMMORTAL BOOKS

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS

BY JONATHAN SWIFT

A few years after "Robinson Crusoe" was published, one of the greatest satirical stories in our language appeared. This was "Travels into Several Remote Nations of the World," the author of which called himself "Lemuel Gulliver." The first part appeared in 1726. It was written just like a book of real travel, but its purpose was to satirize the England of that time, to laugh at its follies. The story is extraordinary, and people liked it because it was so unusual. It has been a favorite with young folk for many generations, as the adventures it describes are so quaintly impossible that they are interesting quite apart from their inner meaning. The author, the Rev. Jonathan Swift, was Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin. In our description we shall use the original words as often as possible, to show the style of the writing. Lilliput is meant for England, and the war with Blefuscu about the eggs is meant to ridicule the stupid reasons nations had for making war, even so near our own time as the reign of George I.

GULLIVER IN LILLIPUT

Lemuel Gulliver tells us that his father had a small estate in Nottinghamshire, and that he was the third of five sons. He was bound apprentice to an eminent surgeon in London, and his father now and then sending him small sums of money, he laid them out in learning navigation, as he believed that some day he would travel, and this knowledge would be useful to him. He did become surgeon successively in two ships, and made several voyages to the East and West Indies. His hours of leisure on these voyages were spent in reading the best authors, and, when he was ashore, in observing the manners of the people, as well as learning their language.

Gulliver afterward accepted an offer from Captain Prichard, master of the "Antelope," who was making a voyage to the South Sea, and set sail from Bristol, May 4, 1699. They were driven by a storm to the northwest of Van Diemen's Land, where they were tossed on a rock. Six of the crew, of whom Gulliver was one, launched a lifeboat and got into it, but in about half an hour it was upset. What became of his companions he did not know, but he swam as fortune directed him; and when he was almost gone he found himself within his depth, and so reached the shore. We may let Gulliver tell his own story as nearly as possible in the original words whenever we can; and so we shall hear how he fared after he succeeded in getting safe, though exhausted, to the land.

HOW GULLIVER BECAME A CAPTIVE OF THE LITTLE PEOPLE

"I lay down on the grass and slept. When I awaked I was unable to stir. My arms and legs were fastened to the ground; my hair was tied down in the same manner. I felt several ligatures and bindings across my body. I could only look upward. The sun began to grow hot, and the light offended my eyes. I heard a confused noise about me. In a little while I felt something alive moving on my left leg, and, advancing gently forward over my breast, it came almost up to my chin. Bending my eyes downward as much as I could, I perceived it to be a human creature not six inches high, with a bow and arrow in his hands, and a quiver at his back.

"In the meantime, I felt at least forty more of the same kind following the first. I roared so loudly that they all ran back in a fright; and some of them (I was afterward told) were hurt with the falls they got by leaping from my sides upon the ground. However, they soon returned. I lay all this while in great uneasiness. At length, struggling to get loose, I broke the strings, and wrenched out the pegs that fastened my left arm to the ground. There was a great shout. In an instant I felt about a hundred arrows discharged on my left hand, which pricked me like so many needles. Besides, they shot another flight into the air, as we do bombs in Europe, some of which fell on my face, which I immediately covered with my left hand. I then thought it the most prudent method to lie still.

"When the people observed that I was quiet, they discharged no more arrows; but by the noise I heard I knew their numbers had increased; and about four yards from me, over against my right ear, I heard a knocking for above an hour. Turning my head as well as the pegs and strings would permit me, I saw a stage erected, about a foot and a half from the ground, capable of holding four of the inhabitants, with two or three ladders to mount it, whence one of them, who seemed to be a person of quality, made me a long speech, whereof I understood not one syllable.

HOW THE LILLIPUTIANS FED THE MAN-MOUNTAIN

"But, before he began, he cried out three times, whereupon about fifty of the inhabitants cut the strings that fastened the left side of my head, which gave me the liberty of turning it to the right, and of observing the person and gesture of him that was to speak. He appeared to be of middle age, and taller than any of the other three who attended him. He acted every part as an orator, and I could observe many periods of threatenings, and others of promises, pity, and kindness.

"I answered in a few words, but in the most submissive manner, lifting up my left hand, and both my eyes to the sun, as calling him for a witness; and, being almost famished with hunger, I put my finger frequently on my mouth to signify that I wanted food. The Hurgo (for so they call a great lord, as I afterward learned) understood me very well. He descended from the stage, and commanded that several ladders should be applied to my sides, on which above an hundred of the inhabitants mounted and walked toward my mouth, laden with baskets full of meat, which had been provided and sent thither by the emperor's orders, upon the first intelligence he received of me.

"I observed there was the flesh of several animals, but could not distinguish them by the taste. There were shoulders, legs, and loins, shaped like those of mutton, and very well dressed, but smaller than the wings of a lark.

"I ate them by two or three at a mouthful, and took three loaves at a time, about the bigness of musket-bullets. They supplied me as fast as they could, showing a thousand marks of wonder and astonishment at my bulk and appetite. I then made another sign that I wanted drink.

"They found by my eating that a small quantity would not suffice me; and, being a most ingenious people, they slung up with great dexterity one of their largest hogsheads, then rolled it toward my hand, and beat out the top. I drank it off at a draught, which I might well do, for it did not hold half a pint (though 108 Lilliputian gallons), and tasted like a small wine of Burgundy, but much more delicious. They brought me a second hogshead, which I drank in the same manner, and made signs for more, but they had none to give me."

After this, Gulliver tells us that he went to sleep, and slept for about eight hours, the Lilliputians having dabbed his face and hands with an ointment which removed all smart of their arrows.

HUNDREDS OF HORSES DRAW GULLIVER TO THE CAPITAL

By the emperor's orders the physicians had mingled a sleeping-potion in the wine given to Gulliver, who supplies an entertaining description of the way in which he was conveyed to the Lilliputian capital on an engine contrived by a small army of engineers and carpenters, and drawn by fifteen hundred of the emperor's largest horses. There was outside the capital an ancient temple, the largest in the kingdom. The great gate was about four feet high and two feet wide, and through this he managed to creep. To the portal of this temple he was for a time chained by his left leg.

Some hundred thousand of the inhabitants came out to view him, and his guards numbered ten thousand. He continued to lie on the ground of the temple for about a fortnight, when the emperor caused a bed to be made for him, six hundred beds of the common measure being used for this purpose. An Imperial proclamation was issued, obliging all the villages nine hundred yards round the city to provide the prisoner with

food and drink, payment for which was to be made from the Imperial treasury. The allowance stipulated for was sufficient for the support of one thousand seven hundred and twenty-eight Lilliputians.

An establishment of six hundred domestics was also arranged for him. Further, three hundred tailors were appointed to make him a suit of clothes after the fashion of the country. The land appeared, he says, like a continued garden, and the enclosed fields, which were generally engaged numbered three thousand foot and a thousand horse.

At last, upon certain conditions, Gulliver was given his liberty, and was allowed to see the capital. The people had notice by proclamation of his design to visit the town, which was surrounded by a wall two feet and a half high, and at least eleven inches broad, and flanked with strong towers ten feet apart.

"I stepped over the great western gate," he tells us, "and passed very gently, and sideling, through



"BENDING MY EYES DOWNWARD, I PERCEIVED A HUMAN CREATURE NOT SIX INCHES HIGH."

forty feet square, resembled so many beds of flowers.

Proclamations were issued directing all who had beheld the Man-Mountain, as he was called in the language of the country, to return home and not presume again to come within fifty yards of his house without license from the court, "whereby the Secretaries of State got considerable fees."

GULLIVER AT THE ROYAL PALACE OF LILLIPUT

One day the emperor desired Gulliver to stand up like the Colossus, with his legs apart, and marched his troops under him. The troops so

the two principal streets, only in my short waistcoat, for fear of damaging the roofs and eaves with the skirts of my coat. The garret windows and tops of houses were so crowded with spectators that I thought in all my travels I had not seen a more populous place. The two great streets are five feet wide. The lanes and alleys, which I could not enter, are from twelve to eighteen inches. The town is capable of holding five hundred thousand souls. The houses are from three to five stories, the shops and markets well provided. The emperor's palace is in the center of the city. It is enclosed by a wall two feet high, and twenty feet distant from the buildings.

"The outward court is a square of forty feet, and includes two other courts; in the inmost are the royal apartments. The buildings of the outer

were at least five feet high, and it was impossible for me to stride over them without infinite damage to the pile, though the walls were strongly built of hewn stone, and four inches thick.

"The people having received notice a second time, I went again through the city to the palace, with my two stools in my hands. When I came to the side of the outer court I stood upon one stool, and took the other in my hand. This I lifted over the roof, and gently set it down on the space between the first and second court,



DRAWN BY FIFTEEN HUNDRED OF THE EMPEROR'S LARGEST HORSES, GULLIVER WAS CONVEYED TO THE CAPITAL OF LILLIPUT.

"At the same time the emperor had a great desire that I should see the magnificence of his palace; but this I was not able to do until three days after, which I spent in cutting down with my knife some of the largest trees in the royal park about a hundred yards distant from the city. Of these trees I made two stools, each about three feet high, and strong enough to bear my weight.

which was eight feet wide. I then stepped over the buildings very conveniently from one stool to the other, and drew up the first after me with a hooked stick.



GULLIVER DRINKING WITH THE KING AND QUEEN OF LILLIPUT.

THE EMPRESS OF LILLIPUT IS VERY GRACIOUS TO GULLIVER

"By this contrivance I got into the inmost court, and, lying down upon my side, I applied my face to the windows of the middle stories, which were left open on purpose, and discovered the most splendid apartments that can be imagined. There I saw the empress and the young princes in their several lodgings, with their chief attendants about them. Her Imperial Majesty was pleased to smile very graciously upon me, and gave me out of the window her hand to kiss."

But a little while after Gulliver found that there were two struggling parties in the empire of Lilliput, under the names of Tramecksan and Slamecksan, from the high and low heels on their shoes, by which they distinguished themselves. In addition, there was a threat of invasion from the island of Blefuscu, the other great empire of the universe. The long-standing trouble between these two mighty empires arose out of the following incident.

The grandfather of the emperor of Lilliput, when a boy, as he was going to eat an egg, broke it at the larger end, according to the ancient practice, and cut one of his fingers. Whereupon the emperor, his father, published an edict commanding all his subjects, upon great penalties, to break the smaller end of their eggs. This led to rebellion and civil discord, which were fomented and encouraged by the emperor of Blefuscu, at whose court the Big-endian exiles found much favor.

Gulliver, having expressed his readiness to defend the person and state of the emperor of Lilliput against all invaders, captured the fleet of Blefuscu by the simple plan of swimming out to meet it and fastening cords to each boat, wherewith, after cutting their cables, he, "with great ease drew fifty of the enemy's largest men of war" into the royal port of Lilliput. They attacked him with their arrows all the while, of course, but he did not mind that, as he wore a pair of spectacles to protect his eyes.

But because Gulliver protested against the emperor's revengeful design for reducing the whole of the rival empire into a province and destroying the Big-endian exiles, he fell into disfavor.

Being informed of a design to accuse him of high treason, he made his escape to Blefuscu, whence, by a lucky accident, he secured the means of reaching his own country again, and returned to England on April 13, 1702, after an absence of nearly three years.

GULLIVER IN THE LAND OF BROBDINGNAG

Like Robinson Crusoe, Gulliver had a passion for travel. On the 20th of June following his return from Lilliput, he again sailed, this time for Surat, in the "Adventure." About a year later this vessel was driven in an eastward direction, past the Molucca Islands. The ship being in need of water, the captain sent a party ashore in the longboat, Gulliver being of the number. When they came to land, Gulliver wandered about a mile away from the sea.

Returning to the creek, he saw the men already in the boat, and rowing for life to the ship. He was about to holloa after them, when he observed a huge creature walking after them in the sea. But the men, having the start, escaped. "This," he says, "I was afterward told, for I durst not stay to see the issue of that adventure, but ran as fast as I could the way I first went, and then climbed up a steep hill, which gave me some prospect of the country."

He found it fully cultivated; but what first surprised him was the length of the grass, which in those grounds that seemed to be kept for hay was about twenty feet high. He came upon a high road, so he imagined, though it served to the inhabitants only as a footpath through a field of barley! Here he walked for some time, but could see little on either side, it being now near harvest, and the corn rising at least forty feet.

"I was an hour," he goes on to say, "walking to the end of this field, which was fenced up with a hedge at least one hundred and twenty feet high, and the trees so lofty that I could make no computation of their altitude.

"I was endeavoring to find some gap in the hedge, when I discovered one of the inhabitants in the next field advancing toward the stile, of the same size with him whom I saw in the sea pursuing our boat. He appeared as tall as an ordinary spire-steeple, and took about ten yards at every stride. I was struck with the utmost fear and astonishment, and ran to hide myself in the corn, looking back into the next field. I heard him call in a voice many degrees louder than a speaking-trumpet; but the noise was so high in the air that at first I certainly thought it was thunder. Whereupon seven monsters like himself came toward him with reaping-hooks in their hands, each hook about the largeness of six scythes. These people were not so well clad as the first, whose servants or laborers they seemed to be; for, upon some words he spoke, they went to reap the corn in the field where I lay."



GULLIVER EXHIBITED TO THE PEOPLE OF BROBDINGNAG.

While Gulliver was lamenting his folly and wilfulness in attempting a second voyage against the advice of all his friends and relations, and had hidden in a ridge for fear, one of the reapers approached so near as to make him apprehend that with the next step he would be squashed to death under foot or cut in two with the reaping-hook. He screamed as loudly as he could.

THE TREMENDOUS GIANT WHO FOUND GULLIVER AMONG THE CORN

"Whereupon," says he, "the huge creature trod short, and, looking round about him for some time, at last espied me as I lay on the ground. He considered awhile with the caution of one who endeavors to lay hold on a small, dangerous animal in such a manner that it shall not be able either to scratch or bite him. At length he ventured to take me up behind by the middle between his forefinger and thumb, and brought me within three yards of his eyes, that he might behold my shape more perfectly.

"I guessed his meaning, and my good fortune gave me so much presence of mind that I resolved not to struggle in the least, as he held me in the air about sixty feet from the ground, for fear I should slip through his fingers. All I ventured was to raise my eyes toward the sun, and place my hands together in a supplicating posture, and to speak some words in an humble, melancholy tone, suitable to the condition I then was in. For I apprehended every moment that he would dash me against the ground. But my good star would have it that he appeared pleased with my voice and gestures, and began to look upon me as a curiosity, much wondering to hear me pronounce articulate words, although he could not understand them.

GULLIVER IS SHOWN AS A CURIOSITY IN BROBDINGNAG

"In the meantime I was not able to forbear groaning and shedding tears, and turning my head toward my sides, letting him know, as well as I could, how cruelly I was hurt by the pressure of his thumb and finger. He seemed to apprehend my meaning, for, lifting up the lappet of his coat, he put me gently into it, and immediately ran along with me to his master, who was a substantial farmer, and the same person I had first seen in the field."

Gulliver was well received in the farmer's family, and made a pet of by the farmer's daughter. Then the farmer was advised to exhibit him for money. Finally, he was sold to the queen of the land, and had much discourse with the king, when he had mastered the language of the country. A sort of box was made for him by an ingenious carpenter, and this was kept in the palace. All this time the farmer's daughter had charge of him.

After going through many adventures, he was in his box one day when it was caught up by a great bird, and carried out to sea, where it fell in the water. The box was seen by the captain of a ship. Thus it was that Gulliver was released and returned to England in June, 1706.

But here we see the consequences of having grown familiar with people and things totally different from our own countrymen and their ways, for on his way home the littleness of the houses, the trees, the cattle, and the people made him begin to think himself in Lilliput!



THREE GREAT SCHOLARS OF BROBDINGNAG EXAMINING GULLIVER.

HOW GULLIVER FELT WHEN HE GOT HOME AGAIN

"I was afraid of trampling on every traveler I met," he confesses, "and often called aloud to have them stand out of the way, so that I had like to have gotten one or two broken heads for my impertinence. When I came to my own house, one of the servants opening the door, I bent down to go in—like a goose under a gate—for

fear of striking my head. My wife ran out to embrace me, but I stooped lower than her knees, thinking she could otherwise never reach my mouth. In short, I behaved myself so unaccountably that they all concluded that I had lost my wits. In a little time, I and my family and friends came to a right understanding; but my wife protested that I should never go to sea any more, although my evil destiny so ordered that she had not power to hinder me."

Gulliver in his later travels went to Laputa, a flying island inhabited by philosophers and astronomers, and to the country of the Houyhnhnms, in which horses were the representatives of civilization, and men, under the name of Yahoos, were degraded beings of the lowest type.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

BY JOHN BUNYAN

No book, except the Bible itself, has had greater influence for good on the minds of men than "The Pilgrim's Progress." Written in simple, straightforward English, by a plain, straightforward man, who, from being a poor tinker, became a powerful preacher of God's message to mankind, this immortal story is likely to be read as long as literature endures. The story is told as an allegory, illustrating the trials that beset a Christian on his way through life, but it is better than most allegories, because the characters are so human that we are instantly interested in each for his own sake, as well as anxious to know what happened to them all. The first part of Bunyan's immortal story is here retold largely in his own words.

CHRISTIAN'S BURDEN FALLS FROM HIS SHOULDERS

As I walked through the wilderness of this world I lighted on a certain place where was a Den, and I laid me down in that place to sleep, and as I slept I dreamed a dream.

I dreamed, and behold I saw a man clothed with rags, standing in a certain place, with his face from his own house, a book in his hand, and a great burden upon his back. I looked, and saw him open the book and read therein; and as he read he wept and trembled, and at length brake out with a lamentable cry, saying: "What shall I do?"

In this plight he went home and told his wife that he was informed that their city would be burned with fire from heaven, in which fearful overthrow himself, his wife, and his sweet babes would miserably come to ruin, except some way of escape could be found. His relations tried, without avail, to rid him of his fears.

Now, I saw upon a time when Christian—for this was the man's name—was walking in the fields that he was reading in his book; and as he read he burst out as before, crying: "What shall I do to be saved?" I looked then and saw a man named Evangelist coming to him, who asked: "Wherefore dost thou cry?"



CHRISTIAN SETTING FORTH ON HIS JOURNEY.

When he had answered, Evangelist said: "If this be thy condition, why standest thou still?"

"Because I know not whither to go," he answered.

Then Evangelist gave him a parchment roll,

and thereon was written: "Flee from the wrath to come." The man read it, and, looking upon Evangelist carefully, said: "Whither must I fly?"

Then said Evangelist, pointing with his finger over a very wide field: "Do you see yonder wicket-gate?" The man said: "No." Then said the other: "Do you see yonder shining light?" He said: "I think I do." Then said Evangelist: "Keep that light in your eye and go up directly thereto, so shalt thou see the gate, at which, when thou knockest, it shall be told thee what thou shalt do."

So I saw in my dream that the man began to run. Now, he had not run far from his own door, but his wife and children and neighbors, perceiving it, cried out to him to return. But the man ran toward the middle of the plain.

Two of his neighbors, Obstinate and Pliable, resolved to fetch him back by force. When they came up with him, he told them that if they died in the City of Destruction, where he and they were born, they would sink lower than the grave.

They talked together, and Christian asked them to read in his book. Obstinate cried: "Away with your book! Will you go back with us or no?"

"No, not I," said Christian, "because I have laid my hand to the plow."

Obstinate then went back, but Pliable offered to go with Christian, and even urged him to mend his pace, when he heard further what the things were and how to be enjoyed whither they were going. But Christian had a burden on his back, and Pliable was unencumbered.

Now, I saw in my dream that, just as they had ended this talk, they drew very near to a very miry slough, and, being heedless, they did both fall suddenly into the bog. The name of the slough was Despond. And Christian, because of the burden that was on his back, began to sink in the mire. Then said Pliable: "Ah, neighbor Christian, where are you now?"

"Truly," said Christian, "I do not know."

At this Pliable began to be offended, and angrily said to his fellow: "Is this the happiness of which you have told me all this while? May I get out again with my life, you shall possess your brave country alone for me." And with that he gave a desperate struggle and got out of the mire on that side of the slough which was next to his own house, and Christian saw him no more.

Christian, left to tumble in the Slough of Despond alone, endeavored to struggle to that side that was next to the wicket-gate; which he did, but could not get out, because of the burden that was upon his back. But I beheld in my dream that a man came to him whose name was Hope, and set him upon sound ground.

Now, as Christian was walking solitarily by himself, he was met by Mr. Worldly Wiseman, who advised him that he could get rid of his burden much more easily by applying to one Legality, whose house was on a high hill he pointed out. So Christian turned out of his way to go to Mr. Legality's house for help, but when he got hard by the hill it seemed so high, and that side of it which was next the wayside did hang so much over, that Christian was afraid to venture farther. His burden seemed heavier, and flashes of fire came out of the hill that made Christian afraid that he would be burned.

In this way he was found by Evangelist, and once more set on the right path; and so in process of time he got up to the wicket-gate. The gate was opened to him by Goodwill, who, after hearing his story, asked him to look before him at a narrow way.

"That," said Goodwill, "is the way thou must go."

"But," said Christian, "are there no turnings or windings by which a stranger may lose his way?" "Yes," said the other, "there are many ways butt down on this, and they are crooked and wide. But thus thou mayest know the right from the wrong, the right only being straight and narrow."

Then Christian went on till he came to the house of the Interpreter. After he had knocked, as he had been told to do by Goodwill, and the door had been opened, I saw in my dream that the Interpreter took him by the hand, and, leading him within, showed him a picture of the man whom the Lord of the place whither he was going had authorized to be his guide, and other excellent things such as would be a help to him in his journey. When the Interpreter had given him his blessing, Christian went on his way, pondering on the things that had been shown to him.

Now, I saw that the highway up which he had to go was fenced on either side with a wall, called Salvation. Up this way, therefore, did burdened Christian run, but not without great difficulty, because of the load on his back. He ran till he came at a place somewhat ascending, and upon that place stood a cross, and a little below, in the bottom, a sepulcher. So I saw in my dream, just as Christian came up with the cross, his burden loosed from off his shoulders, and fell from off his back, and began to tumble, and so continued to do till it came to the mouth of the sepulcher, when it fell in, and I saw it no more.

Then was Christian glad and lightsome, and stood awhile to look and wonder, till the springs

that were in his head sent the water down his cheeks. As he stood looking and weeping for gladness, behold three Shining Ones came to him and saluted him with: "Peace be to thee." The first said to him: "Thy sins be forgiven thee"; the second stripped him of his rags, and clothed him with change of raiment; the third also set a mark on his forehead, and gave him a roll with a seal upon it, bidding him look on it as he ran, and that he should give it in at the Celestial Gate. So they went their way, and Christian gave three leaps for joy and went on singing.

CHRISTIAN'S FIGHT WITH APOLLYON

While resting on the hill called Difficulty, Christian fell into a deep sleep. And as he slept his roll dropped from his hand. At the summit of the hill he met two men, named Timorous and Mistrust. They said they were returning, because the farther they went the more dangers they met with.

This caused Christian to feel in his bosom for his roll, that he might read therein and be comforted. But, finding it not, he went down the hill again to the arbor, where he had slept. Who can tell how joyful this man was when he had gotten his roll again, which was to be his pass into the Celestial City? How nimbly did he now go up the hill! But before he got up, the sun went down upon him, and he thought of the lions in the way, of which Timorous and Mistrust had told him. But while he was blaming himself for sleeping, he lifted up his eyes and saw before him a stately palace, the name of which was Beautiful. So he made haste that, if possible, he might get lodging there.

Before he had gone far he entered a very narrow passage, about a furlong off the porter's lodge, and espied two lions in the way. The lions were chained, but he saw not the chains, and was afraid. But the porter, whose name was Watchful, called out to him to keep in the midst of the path, if his faith was strong enough. This Christian did, and so entered the Palace Beauti-



CHRISTIAN OVERCOMING THE FIEND APOLLYON.

ful, which was built for the relief and security of pilgrims.

There came forth to meet him a beautiful damsel called Discretion, who, on learning his story, called out Piety, Prudence, and Charity. Thus was Christian welcomed into the house.

Here he had much profitable discourse, such as he had had at the Interpreter's house. After supper, Christian was given a large upper chamber, whose window opened toward the sunrising, and here he slept till the break of day.

Before he left this place, the rarities of which were shown to him, he was taken up on to the roof, whence he beheld at a great distance a most pleasant mountainous country. The mountains were the Delectable Mountains, and the country was Emmanuel's Land, from which he was told he could see the gate of the Celestial City.

Christian was now anxious to be setting forward, but before letting him go his hosts took him into the armory, where they harnessed him from head to foot, except upon his back, with what was proof against attack, lest perhaps he should meet with assaults on the way. At the gate he learned from the porter that one Faithful, a fellow-townsman, had passed that way.

Then he began to go forward, but Discretion, Piety, Charity, and Prudence accompanied him to the foot of the hill, which led to the Valley of Humiliation. Christian went down very warily, for the hill was dangerous, yet he had a slip or two. When all were at the foot of the hill, his good companions gave Christian a loaf of bread, a bottle of wine, and a cluster of raisins; and then he went on his way. But poor Christian had gone only a little way in the valley before he espied a foul fiend, hideous to behold, coming to meet him.

The name of the fiend was Apollyon. Christian was at first afraid, and began to cast in his mind whether to go back or stand his ground. But as he had no armor on his back, he thought that to turn might give the enemy the greater advantage to pierce him with his darts. So he went on, and Apollyon, when he refused to go back, straddled quite over the way, and hurled a flaming dart at Christian's breast. Thus began a sore combat that lasted for over half a day.

When Christian had been wounded in head, hand, and foot, and was almost spent, Apollyon came to close quarters, and, wrestling with him, gave him a dreadful fall, so that his sword flew out of his hand. Then said Apollyon: "I am sure of thee now." And with that he almost pressed him to death. But while Apollyon was fetching of his last blow, Christian nimbly stretched out his hand and, regaining his sword, gave the fiend such a thrust that he spread his dragon's wings, and sped him away. Then there came to Christian a hand with some of the leaves of the Tree of Life, which Christian took, and applied to the wounds which he had received, and was healed immediately. He also sat down, and, after being refreshed, resumed his journey.

Christian carried his drawn sword in his hand this time, but he met with no other affront in this valley.

THE FATE OF FAITHFUL, AND CHRISTIAN'S ESCAPE

Now, at the end of the Valley of Humiliation was another, called the Valley of the Shadow of Death. And Christian must needs go through it, because the way to the Celestial City lay through the midst of it. The pathway was extremely narrow. On the right hand was a very deep ditch. On the left hand was a very dangerous quag. Besides, the darkness was so great that Christian could hardly tell where, or on what, in going forward he should next set his foot.

About the midst of this valley, and near the wayside, was the mouth of the Underworld. Ever and anon flame and smoke would come forth with hideous noises. Christian heard doleful voices, and fiends came toward him. Near the burning pit one of the fiends came up softly to him, and whisperingly suggested many bad thoughts to him, which he verily believed had proceeded from his own mind.

When Christian had traveled in this disconsolate condition some considerable time, he thought he heard the voice of a man, as going before him, saying: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me." Then he was glad, because he gathered that some who feared God were in this valley as well as himself. Then the day broke, and Christian said: "He hath turned the shadow of death into the morning."

This was another mercy to Christian, for, from the place where he now stood to the end of the valley, the way was all along set full of snares, nets, and pitfalls. In this light, therefore, he came to the end of the valley.

Now, as Christian went on his way he came to a little ascent, which was cast up on purpose that pilgrims might see before them. Up there Christian, looking forward, saw before him Faithful, his fellow-townsman, of whom he had heard from the porter at the Palace Beautiful. Then said Christian aloud: "Ho, ho, soho! stay, and I will be thy companion!"

Then I saw in my dream that they went very lovingly on together, and had sweet discourse of all the things that had befallen them in their pilgrimage, and of what had happened in the City of Destruction after Christian had left.

When they were got out of the wilderness, they presently saw a town before them, and the name of that town is Vanity. And at the town there is a fair kept, called Vanity Fair; it is kept all the year long. Almost five thousand years ago there were pilgrims walking to the Celestial City, and Beelzebub, Apollyon, and Legion, with their companions in evil, perceiving that the pilgrims' way to that city lay through this town of Vanity, contrived here to set up a fair, wherein should be sold all sorts of vanity, and that it should last all the year long.



CHRISTIAN AND FAITHFUL IN VANITY FAIR.

As Christian and Faithful entered into Vanity Fair, the people wondered at their apparel and at their speech. The town itself was in a hubbub about them. That which did not a little amuse the merchandisers was that these pilgrims set very light by all their wares. They cared not so much as to look upon them, and when asked what they would buy answered gravely: "We buy the truth."

The behavior of Christian and Faithful so little suited the people of Vanity Fair that the pilgrims were taken and examined, and those that examined them did not believe them to be any other than mad, or else such as came to put all things into a confusion in the Fair. Therefore they took them and beat them, and besmeared them with dirt, and then put them into a cage, that they might be a spectacle to all.

Then some of the men in the Fair, that were more observing than the rest, seeing the patience of Christian and Faithful, began to check and blame the baser sort for their treatment of the pilgrims. Thus, after words had passed on both sides, the disputants fell to blows.

Then were these two poor men brought before their examiners again, charged with causing the hubbub, beaten, loaded with irons, led in chains up and down the Fair as an example and terror to others, and with threats remanded again to the cage.

A convenient time being appointed, they were next brought before Lord Hategood for trial. They were charged with injuring the trade of the town, and with causing commotions by winning a party to their most dangerous opinions. Evidence against Faithful was given by Mr. Envy, Mr. Superstition, and Mr. Pickthank, and, the jury finding him guilty, he was sentenced to the most cruel death that could be invented. They therefore brought him out, scourged him, buffeted him, stoned him, pricked him with their swords, and finally burned him to ashes at the stake. But a chariot and horses waited for him, and took him up through the clouds to the celestial gate.

As for Christian, he was taken back to prison, where he remained for a space, but He that overrules all things so brought it about that Christian escaped them and went his way.

HOW THE PILGRIMS ESCAPED FROM GIANT DESPAIR

Now, I saw in my dream that Christian went not forth from Vanity Fair alone, for there was one whose name was Hopeful—being made so by the beholding of Christian and Faithful in their words and behavior in their sufferings at the Fair—who joined himself unto him and, entering into a brotherly covenant, told him that he would be his companion.

Having passed over the little plain called Ease, and refused the invitation of one Demas that they should leave the narrow way to look at the

silver-mine on the hill called Lucre, they came to a stile leading into Bypath Meadow.

The road that they had come by was very rough, and Christian, looking over the stile, saw that a path led along by the way on the other side of the fence.

"Here is the easiest going," said Christian. "Come, good Hopeful, and let us go over!"

"But how if this path should lead us out of the way?" said Hopeful.

Christian remarking that it went along by the wayside, Hopeful was persuaded, and the two went over the stile, and found the path very easy for their feet. Presently the night came on, and it grew very dark; then it began to rain and thunder and lighten in a very dreadful manner. They saw they had lost their way, and Christian began to blame himself for bringing his companion out of the way.

But Hopeful comforted him and forgave him, and presently they were at rivalry as to who should go first, and so meet any danger that might lie in wait for them on the way back to the stile. By this time the waters were greatly risen, and the way was perilous. At last, lighting under a little shelter, after having been nearly drowned nine or ten times, they decided to rest there till daybreak. But, being weary, they fell asleep.



GIANT DESPAIR SHOWS CHRISTIAN AND HOPEFUL THE BONES OF HIS VICTIMS.

Now, near where they lay was a castle called Doubting Castle, the owner whereof was Giant Despair; and it was in his grounds that they were sleeping. And he, getting up early, saw them, bade them awake, and, driving them before him, put them into a dark and stinking dungeon of his castle, where they lay from Wednesday morning till Saturday night.

On the Thursday, acting on the counsel of his wife Diffidence, Giant Despair got a crab-tree cudgel, wherewith he beat them fearfully. On the next morning, again on the advice of his wife, he came to them and advised them to make away with themselves. And when they prayed him to let them go, he rushed upon them, and had doubtless made an end of them himself, but that he fell into one of his fits—for he sometimes, in sunshiny weather, fell into fits—and lost for a time the use of his hand.

Toward evening the Giant went down into the dungeon again, and, finding that they were still alive, fell into a rage and threatened them so dreadfully that Christian's courage began to fail. But Hopeful comforted him by reminding him of the victory he had had over Apollyon, and how he had come through the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

On Saturday morning, the Giant, having had further counsel with his wife, had the prisoners into the castle yard, and, after showing them the bones and skulls of those he had already despatched, told them he would tear them into pieces within ten days. With that he beat them all the way back to the dungeon.

That night the Giant and his wife began to renew their talk about their prisoners; and the Giant wondered that he could neither by his blows nor his counsel bring them to an end. His wife replied that she feared they lived in hope that some one would come and release them, or that they had pick-locks about them. The Giant at this resolved to search them in the morning. But about midnight on the Saturday, Christian and Hopeful began to pray, and a little before day Christian exclaimed:

"What a fool am I thus to lie in a stinking dungeon, when I might as well walk at liberty! I have a key in my bosom, called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle."

And he pulled it out. It opened the dungeon door, the outward door, and the iron gate.

The gate as it opened made such a creaking that it waked Giant Despair, who, hastily rising to pursue his prisoners, felt his limbs fail; for his fits took him again, so that he could by no means go after them. Then they went on, and came to the King's highway, and so were safe, because they were out of the Giant's jurisdiction.

HOW CHRISTIAN AND HOPEFUL REACHED THE CELESTIAL CITY

Christian and Hopeful afterward came to the Delectable Mountains. Here they were welcomed by the shepherds. The shepherds, whose names were Knowledge, Experience, Watchful, and Sincere, had them to their tents and gave them good counsel as to their way, and showed them through their perspective glass the gates of the Celestial City.

So they went on, and behold a man, black of flesh but covered with a very light robe, came to them, and, learning that they were bound to the Celestial City, bade them follow him, for it was thither, he said, that he was going.

Now, the name of this man was Flatterer, and by and by, before they were aware, he led them both within the compass of a net. Then in their distress they remembered the shepherds had warned them of the man.

At last they espied a Shining One coming toward them, with a whip of small cord in his hand. When the Shining One was told that they were poor pilgrims going to Zion, he rent the net, put them in the way again, and, having chastized them, bade them go on, and remember the other warnings of the shepherds.

They went on till they came into a certain country, whose air tended to make one drowsy if he came a stranger into it. Hopeful was for falling asleep, but Christian remembered that this must be the Enchanted Ground, of which they had been warned. And so, to prevent themselves from falling into a sleep from which there was no awakening, they fell to good discourse.

In time they were got over the Enchanted Ground, and entered into the country of Beulah, whose air was very sweet and pleasant. The way lying directly through this country, they solaced themselves there for a season. Here they heard continually the singing of birds, and saw every day the flowers appear in the earth, and heard the voice of the turtle-dove in the land. In this country the sun shineth night and day; wherefore this was beyond the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and also out of the reach of Giant Despair, neither from this place could they so much as see Doubting Castle. Here they were within sight of the city they sought.

It was builded of pearls and precious stones, also the street thereof was paved with gold; so that by reason of the natural glory of the city, and the reflection of the sunbeams upon it, Christian with desire fell sick. Hopeful also had a fit or two of the same disease.

But being a little strengthened, they went on, and as they went they were met by two men in raiment that shone like gold, also their faces shone as the light. These men asked the pilgrims whence they came; and they told them. Then said the men: "You have but two difficulties more to meet with, and then you are in the city." Christian then, and his companion, asked the men to go along with them; and they said they would. So they went on together until they came within sight of the gate. But betwixt them and the gate was a river, and there was no bridge to go over.

The men that were with them, in answer to their questions, told them that they must go through the river, which they would find deeper or shallower as they believed in the King of the place. They then entered the water, and Christian began to sink, crying out to his good friend Hopeful: "I sink in deep waters; the billows go over my head."

Then Hopeful bade him be of good cheer, and had much ado to keep his brother's head above water. But after a while they both took courage, and Christian presently found ground to stand upon, and so it followed that the rest of the river was but shallow. Thus they got over.

Now, upon the bank of the river, on the other side, they saw the two Shining Ones again, who there waited for them. Wherefore, being come out of the river, they saluted them, saying: "We are ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for those that shall be heirs of salvation."

Now, you must note that the city stood upon a mighty hill, but the pilgrims went up that hill with ease, because they had these two men to help them up by the arms. They had likewise left their mortal garments behind them in the river.

And I saw in my dream that Christian and Hopeful, after giving in their certificates, went in at the gate; and lo, as they entered, they were transfigured, and they had raiment put on that shone like gold. There were also those that met them with harps and crowns, and gave these to them. Then I heard in my dream that all the bells in the city rang again for joy, and that it was said to them: "Enter ye into the joy of your Lord."

So I awoke, and behold it was a dream.

STORIES THAT MAKE USE OF HISTORY



A GREAT SHOW

A. D. 105

BY ALFRED CHURCH

Hipponax of Colonus, in Rome, to his cousin and fellow-townsman Callias—Greeting:

I have been greatly at a loss, my dearest Callias, ever since I came to this city, to decide whether I should rather admire or loathe these Romans. It must be confessed that at this moment, when I recall to my mind the things of which I was yesterday a spectator, I incline rather to hatred than love. How brutal they are!—how cruel!—how they delight in unmeaning show and extravagance! With what a thirst for blood are they possessed, keener than that of the most savage wild beasts—keener, I say, for beasts are content when their hunger is appeased, but the appetite of these barbarians (for barbarians they are, notwithstanding all their wealth and luxury) can never be satisfied. Yet, when I see with what unwearying diligence, with what infinite labor, they prepare even their pleasures, I am beyond measure astonished. For yesterday's entertainment, they had ransacked the whole earth; nor could a spectator, however hostile, forget that though they are vulgar in taste and savage in temper, they have conquered the world. But let me relate to you in order the things which I saw.

Trajan the Emperor—who, by the way, both in his virtues and vices, is a Roman of the Romans—having added seven new provinces to the empire, resolved to exhibit to the people such a show as never before had been seen in Rome; and it is confessed by all that he has attained his ambition. The day before yesterday, my host, whose office imposes upon him part of the care of these matters, took me to the public supper at which the gladiators who were to fight on the morrow took leave of their friends and kinsfolk. The tables were spread in the circus itself; and there were present, I should suppose, not less than two hundred guests (so many gladiators being about

to fight on the morrow), for whom most bountiful provision of the richest food and most gen-



A "SAMNITE."

erous wines had been made. They were of all nations; but chiefly, as I was told, from Gaul and Thrace. From Greece, it rejoices me to say, there were but very few, and most of these Arcadians who, now that the Romans have established peace over all the world, are compelled to hire out their swords, not for honorable warfare, but for these baser strifes.

Most of the guests were, I thought, intent only on indulging in as much pleasure as the time permitted, and ate and drank ravenously. Some of them loudly boasted of what they would do on the morrow, and were heard by their admirers, among whom were some of the noblest youths in Rome, with no less reverence than is a philosopher by his disciples. Others were more modest and more silent; and these, I noticed, were also more sparing of the wine-cup, which moderation would doubtless receive the reward of a clearer sight and steadier hand for the arena. There were not wanting sights which touched the heart. One such I observed in particular, because my host was concerned in it. I should say first, that some of these gladiators, though they themselves are slaves, yet have slaves of their own who receive by no means inconsiderable gifts when their masters are victorious; and not seldom, also, some share of the wages which the gladiators win through their prowess. As we were walking



A "NET-MAN."

among the tables, a certain Pleusicles, who was known to my host, plucked his gown and begged him to stay awhile. This Pleusicles was a gladiator of nearly ten years' standing, and would be



"AMONG THE SPECTATORS SAT MANY WOMEN, HABITED WITH MUCH VARIETY OF COLOR."

entitled to his discharge (usually conferred by the presentation of a wooden sword) if only he should safely pass through the dangers of the morrow. By his side stood a man of about sixty years, a Syrian, as I should judge, who was weeping without restraint.

"Most noble Pontius," said the Greek, "will you condescend to be the witness while I set this man free?"

At these words the Syrian broke forth into tears more vehemently than ever. "I will not suffer it," he cried; "'t is of very worst omen that a gladiator should do such a thing. As well might you order the pine wood, the oil, and the spices for your funeral."

"Be silent," said the other, with a certain kindly imperiousness. "Shall I not do as I will with mine own? If to-morrow should—"

At this the old man clapped his hand upon the speaker's mouth, crying, "*Good* words! *Good* words!"

"Well," said Pleusicles, "should anything happen to me to-morrow, how will you fare, being still a slave? Say, if I had not bought you three years since, when your old master of the cook-shop sold you as quite worn out, would not you have starved? 'T is not every one, my masters," he went on, turning to us, "that knows this Dromio. He is the most faithful and the bravest of men—and makes withal the most incomparable sausage-rolls! Nay, Dromio, you shall be free whether you will or no. If all goes well, you shall not leave me; if otherwise, there is a legacy of fifty thousand *sestertii* [about $2000] with which you can set up a cook-shop of your own."

Pleusicles had his way; and, I am glad to say, escaped on the morrow unhurt.

A little further on I saw a parting which also moved me not a little. A young freedwoman was clinging with her arms around the neck of a most stalwart champion. They were a singular pair; she, more than commonly fair and of a delicate beauty; he, a Libyan, from the other side of the Atlas, and blacker than I had conceived it possible for any man to be. I wondered somewhat at her choice, for in his face, which was as flat as a bee's, there was little enough of the Apollo; but his stature (which was at least four cubits) and his broad shoulders and sinewy arms were truly heroic, and therefore I could excuse her admiration. Close by stood a little nurse-girl, carrying a child in whom were most admirably mingled the hues of night and morning; nor am I ashamed to confess that there were tears in my eyes when the black Hector took this little whitey-brown Astyanax in those mighty arms and tenderly kissed him. I do not know how it went with the father in the combat.

But I must hasten on to the show itself.

I will not deny that the first part filled me with unmixed delight and admiration; for the place, with the concourse of spectators, formed a most noble sight. There were gathered together more thousands of men than I had ever seen before, each robed in a spotless white gown and wearing a garland on his head. Among them sat many women, habited with much variety of color. I myself sat with my host, his wife and daughter, in one of the front rows; and from there the sight was one of uncommon splendor. The purple and red awning, too, which was stretched over our heads, with the sun partly shining through it, gave a most brilliant effect. And then, the spectacle first exhibited was of incomparable rarity. Such curious and beautiful creatures were brought before our eyes as I had scarce known even in my reading. And, as if their natural beauty were not enough, art had been called in to increase their attraction. There were ostriches—'t is a bird, if you will believe me, of full six cubits in height—dyed with vermilion; and lions whose manes had been gilded, and antelopes and gazelles, which were curiously adorned with light-colored scarfs and gold tinsel. I should weary you were I to enumerate the strange creatures which I saw. Besides the more common kinds, there were river-horses ('t is a clumsy beast, and as little like to a horse as can be conceived, except, they say, as to the head when the upper half is protruded from the water), and rhinoceroses, and zebras (beasts curiously striped and not unlike to a very strong and swift ass); and, above all, elephants. Though I liked not the artificial adorning of some of these creatures—which, indeed, I thought proof of a certain vulgarity in these Romans—I could not but admire the skill with which all these animals had been taught to keep in subjection their natural tempers and to imitate the ways of men. This was especially manifest in the elephants. One of these huge beasts, balancing himself most carefully, walked on a rope tightly drawn. Other four, on the same most difficult path, carried between them a litter in which was a fifth, who represented a sick person. And even more wonderful than these were the lions and other beasts of a similar kind. It has always been a favorite marvel of the poets, how Bacchus was drawn in a chariot by leopards which he had trained to be as docile as horses. But here I saw Bacchus outdone. Lions and tigers, panthers and bears, appeared patiently drawing carriages; lions being yoked to tigers, and panthers with bears. Wild bulls permitted boys and girls to dance upon their

backs, and actually, at the word of command, stood up on their hind feet. Still more wonderful again than this was the spectacle of lions hunting hares, catching them, and carrying the prey in their mouths, unhurt, to their masters. The Emperor summoned the lion-tamer who had trained the beasts in this wonderful fashion, and praised him highly for his skill. The man answered with as pretty a compliment as ever I heard. "It is no skill of mine, my lord," says he; "the beasts are gentle because they know whom they serve."

But, in good truth, there was little more of gentleness to be seen after this. The Romans have an unquenchable thirst for fighting. These curious shows of rare creatures and rare accomplishments (I had forgotten to say that there was an elephant that wrote the Emperor's name on the sand) soon gave place to the serious business of the day. But previously, to whet the appetite of the spectators for that which was to follow, came various spectacles of beasts fighting against one another. First, a Molossian dog (famous, as you know, for strength and courage) was set on a bull. Then a lion was matched with a tiger, but most unequally; for the lion, being inferior in strength and courage, was speedily killed. Then came a combat of a bull with a rhinoceros. With what fury did the people roar (not liking to be balked of their sport), when the great beast declined the combat, and willingly would have retreated from the bull into its den. It had manifestly no liking for the fight, and could scarcely be urged into it by the keeper, though the man put hot iron to its hide (which, indeed, is marvelously thick), and blew into its ear with a trumpet. The bull, though savage enough of his own accord, also was urged on with fluttering pennons of red. So, at last, they got the two to engage; and then the rhinoceros, tossing up his head, sent the bull flying into the air, as if it had been no more than a truss of straw. When the bull came to the ground, he was absolutely dead, his enemy's horn having pierced a vital part.

These were but a few of many combats. Then came as many—nay, twice as many—fights between men and beasts. I am told that men sometimes are sent unarmed into the arena, having been doomed for some great crime to die in this way. Four men devoted to some strange superstition, which is called after one "Christus,"



"WITH WONDERFUL ADROITNESS HE THREW THE CLOTH OVER THE LION'S EYES."

perished in this way last year. But to-day all were armed; and, indeed, they acquitted themselves with marvelous skill and success. I noticed especially one man, a famous performer, who was matched against a lion; he had no protection but a cloth in his hand and a small dagger that seemed made rather for show than for use. With most wonderful adroitness he threw the cloth over the lion's eyes, completely blindfolding them; and then, when the beast was struggling with the

incumbrance, fastened a rope to a leathern belt that was round the creature's belly (most of the larger animals were so harnessed for convenience in managing them). With this rope the lion was finally dragged back into his den, the man retiring amidst shouts that could have been no louder had he saved the city from destruction. On the whole, there was little damage done, though some were wounded, and my heart, it must be owned, beat fast more than once at seeing in what peril the combatants stood. I thought, also, that those who managed the spectacle were chary of the lives of the rarer and more precious beasts, much to the vexation of the commoner sort of people, who look upon the bodies of all animals killed at such times as perquisites of their own.



"TILL YESTERDAY I HAD THOUGHT HER THE FAIREST MAIDEN I HAD SEEN."

These combats being finished, the bodies of the slain animals dragged away, and fresh sand strewn over the whole place, there fell upon the entire assembly the silence of great expectation. Some, who had been sleeping, awoke; others, who had been talking with their neighbors, were silent; for now was to come the sight which goes to the inmost heart of these savages—men fighting with men.

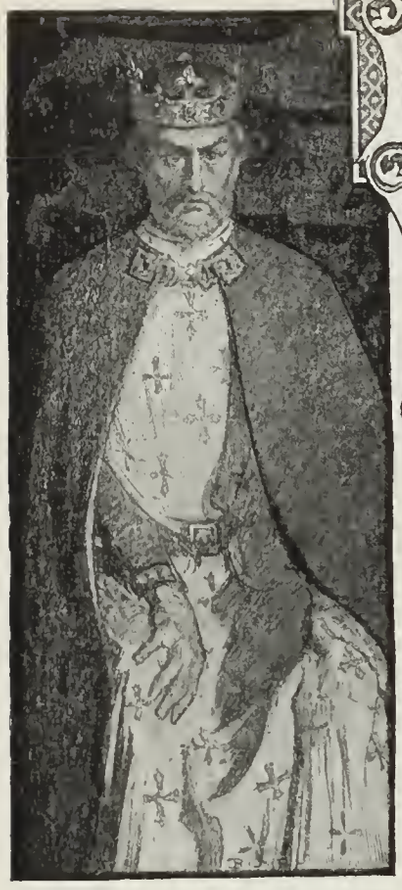
It is not to be denied that it was a splendid sight when a hundred of the gladiators, who were to play the "first act," so to speak (they were a mere fraction of all the performers to be exhibited), came marching in, two by two. They were armed mostly as soldiers, but with more of ornament and with greater splendor. Their helmets were of various shapes, but each had a broad brim and a visor consisting of four plates, the upper two being pierced to allow the wearer to see through them. On the top also there was what one might liken to the comb of a cock; and fastened to this, a plume of horse-hair dyed crimson, or of crimson feathers. Some were called "Samnites" (the name of an Italian tribe that once nearly brought Rome to her knees). These carried a short sword and large oblong shield. Others were armed as Thracians, or as Greeks. Others, again, were distinguished by the symbol of a fish upon their helmets. But the most curious of all were those called "net-men," who were equipped with a net in which to entangle an antagonist; having so disabled him, the net-man stabs him with a three-pronged harpoon. These have no helmets, and are equipped as lightly as possible, for if they miss their cast they have no hope of safety but in their fleetness of foot.

You will not think the worse of me, my dear Callias, if I acknowledge that I cannot describe this part of the spectacle. The truth is that after a certain dreadful fascination, which held me while the first strokes were given, I turned away my eyes. Indeed, had I continued to look, undoubtedly I should have fainted. But I could not but observe that the young Fausta, my host's daughter, a maiden of about seventeen, had no such qualms, for she gazed steadfastly into the arena the whole time, and her face (for I looked at her more than once) was flushed, and her eyes sparkled with a most inhuman light. Till yesterday I had thought her the fairest maiden I had seen; but now the very girdle of Aphrodite could not make her beautiful in my eyes. Can you believe, my Callias, that this young girl, who a week ago was weeping inconsolably over a dead sparrow, cried aloud, "He has it!" when some poor wretch received the decisive blow;—aye, and when, not being wounded mortally, he appealed for mercy, that she made the sign of death?—which they do by pointing with the hand as if in the act to strike. Verily, they have the wolf's blood in their veins, these Romans, both men and women!

But what will you say when I relate to you my last experiences? Hearing my neighbor say that the spectacle was over for the day, I ventured to look up; and what, think you, did I see? Some sixty bodies lay on the sand, and there came out the figure of one dressed as Charon, the ferryman of Styx, who examined the prostrate forms to try whether there was life in them. Finding that none were alive, he returned to the place whence he came, and there followed him presently another person, this one habited as Hermes, bearing in his hand the rod wherewith the messenger of the gods is said to marshal the spirits of the dead when they go down to the shades. At his bidding some attendants removed the poor victims. This done, fresh sand was strewn over such places as showed signs of conflict, and thus was finished the first day of the great show, wherewith Trajan is to please the gods and the Roman people.

It will be continued for many days; how many I neither know nor care, for I go not again. Next year I hope to see among the planes and olives of Olympia the bloodless sports which please a kindlier, gentler race of gods and men.

Farewell.



Richard My King.

(The Story of a Crusader Knight)

BY LIVINGSTON B. MORSE

The Crusades were holy wars undertaken by knights of old in Europe for the recovery of the sepulcher of Christ from the Saracens who then held Jerusalem and all Palestine. They were called Crusaders from the Latin word *crux*, which means cross, and because each of the soldiers wore upon his sleeve or breast or shoulder the embroidered figure of a cross to indicate the cause for which he fought. There were eight of these Crusades, or holy wars. But the story I am going to tell you belongs to the third—that one in which Richard I. of England, called, for his famed strength and bravery, *Cœur de Lion,* or Lion-Hearted, plays so prominent a part.

Although Richard was King of England, he had spent the greater part of his life in France; for away back in the twelfth century, when he lived, England still held many provinces in France—notably those of Normandy and Aquitaine. Those were warlike times, and Richard was no laggard, I can tell you, where blows were to be given and returned. He had quarreled with his father and with his brothers, John and Geoffrey; and to make good his possessions in Normandy against the King of France, he had built him a fortress, Château Gaillard (Saucy Castle), upon an eminence above the Seine, just where the river bends across the Norman marshes on its way to the old city of Rouen.

It was on a beautiful morning in autumn that, with a great clanging and rattling of chains, the drawbridge was lowered over the moat of Château Gaillard, and a gallant train of mounted knights and squires rode forth into the crisp, bright air, followed by the huntsmen holding their hounds in leash. At the head of the train and somewhat in advance, mounted upon a coal-black horse, rode a princely figure clothed in Lincoln green—the color of the huntsmen—who wore upon his yellow locks a cap adorned with the feather of an eagle held by a jeweled brooch. He was taller than any other by a good half head; and he sat upon his horse straight as a reed and as if the two were one. His broad shoulders and steel-blue eyes, piercing and fearless, and a certain arrogance of bearing, told more plainly than words that where'er he went Richard would be leader.

The horsemen clattered down the slope, their spurs and harness jingling merrily, then, putting their horses to the gallop, sped across the marshes toward the wood.

Richard still held the lead—imperiously waving back the knights who would have borne him company because they feared some accident might befall the King riding thus alone—and putting spurs to his horse, he dashed into the forest in pursuit of a noble stag which the keen hounds had already scented. Three miles and more he rode alone, following the baying hounds through beds of fern and bracken under the arching trees, when of a sudden his horse reared and shied, and then came to a standstill before a thicket, dense and dark.

Richard, with a start, drew rein and scanned the tangled growth. At first he could see nothing; then, as his eyes accustomed themselves to the dusk, he descried two figures prone upon the ground. In an instant he was off his steed, and, with the bridle linked in his left arm, pushed his way among the interlacing vines to where the bodies lay. One was a man of middle age, rough, unkempt, and clad in ragged garments—an outlaw or robber without doubt, one of those who infested the forest at that time. The man was dead—slain by a dagger-thrust in the breast. The other was a slender youth dressed in the simple yet elegant costume of a squire. A heavy cloak lay beside him on the grass, half covering a harp such as the troubadours, or wandering minstrels, carried. His hair was long and dark, and fell in silken curls about a face whose delicate features betokened a nature refined and sensitive; the clear white skin and long fingers told also of a life

passed in the gentler pursuit of music or of literature rather than of arms.

"'Sdeath!" cried Richard. "What have we here? Robbery and murder?"

Dragging aside the fern, which half concealed the face of the youth, the King knelt beside him and laid his hand upon the heart. A slight flutter responded to his touch.

"By St. George, the boy still lives! A comely lad, forsooth."

He drew from his breast a silver hunting whistle and blew three long, shrill blasts, then bent his head, listening impatiently for an answer. But none responded; his suite were far behind or wandering upon other trails.

"The idle varlets!" muttered the King. "Well, since they take me at my word, and lag behind, I 'll e'en play bearer to the lad myself."

The light burden of the youth was as nothing to the King's gigantic strength. He flung him lightly over the saddle-bow, then leaped into the saddle, and passing an arm about the body of the unconscious boy, raised him to a sitting posture, and thus supporting him against his breast, turned his horse homeward.

After a little the rushing of the cool wind in his face revived the youth, who had been but slightly wounded.

"Where am I?" he asked—as one who wakes from sleep, but without raising himself or withdrawing his fascinated gaze from the eyes of the King, now smiling into his.

"Marry, in the lion's keeping," laughed Richard, deep in his tawny beard. "Tell me, who art thou and how camest thou in the sorry plight in which I found thee?"

"My name is Blondel," said the youth, "and I am come from Arras. While journeying yestere'en through yonder wood I was set upon by three rough fellows who demanded of me purse or life. My answer was a dagger-thrust which did for one, I hope. But at that moment I was stricken from behind, and knew no more till now. Ah, but my harp! I had forgotten that," he cried sharply, raising himself, then falling back with weakness against the King's protecting shoulder.

"Nay, trouble not thyself with that," the King replied. "A harp thou shalt have, and a royal one, so thou provest thyself worthy of it. Thou art a minstrel, then?" he asked with interest.

"Ay, truly," said the youth; "I have a pretty talent at that trade. I was but now upon my way to seek the English King, who, they say, is kind to minstrels, when this misfortune overtook me. Perchance thou, being, as I judge, a lord of high degree, canst tell me if I be near to him or no?"



"'IN THE LION'S KEEPING.'"

"Nearer thou canst not well be," laughed Richard. "He who now bears thee in his arms is the King himself."

Blondel would fain have flung himself from the saddle to kneel before the Majesty of England, but Richard held him back.

"Another time," he said. "Harken, now; I have a fancy for thee, boy. When thy wound is cured, thou shalt make trial of thy skill; and if thy music liketh me as doth thy face, while Richard lives thou shalt not want a friend."

So Blondel was carried by King Richard to the castle, where his wound was dressed by the King's own physician.

By and by, when he had rested and refreshed himself, a harp was given him and he was led into the royal presence to make trial of his skill. Alone he stood there in the center of the room, a slender figure, leaning on his harp, all unabashed, yet modest, his deep, dark eyes, alight with gratitude and love, raised fearlessly to the King's, before whose piercing glance so many quailed. The boy drew his fingers in a soft prelude over the strings, then, joining to the music a voice of wondrous sweetness, he broke into one of those old ballads of love and war so dear to the hearts of men of all times.

Richard, with his passion for music, was enchanted; Blondel's fame was made. Henceforth the King's palace was his home; and there sprang up between the great sovereign and his humble follower a beautiful ideal friendship. Blondel worshiped his master—his preserver—with all the fervor of his artist soul; and Richard loved the boy with that frank generosity—too seldom shown, alas!—which belonged nevertheless to his better nature. Wherever he went Blondel must go also; he could not bear that the boy should be for an hour absent from his sight, and many were the songs that they composed and sang together; for the King himself was no mean musician.

Time passed, and there came the call to the Crusade. Richard, as the most warlike monarch of Christendom, promptly responded, and having gathered many men and much treasure, he left his kingdom in the hands of two archbishops and journeyed southward through France to the port of Marseilles, whence he embarked for Messina, the first stopping-place. With him, of course, went Blondel, ever by his master's side.

At Cyprus the cortège stopped awhile, and there was fighting there; but at length the long journey to Palestine was accomplished, and in the brave and noble Saladin, the leader of the Saracens, Richard found a worthy antagonist. Many are the tales told of the deeds of prowess in which the two took part, and many were the courtesies they exchanged. But, in spite of the worth of their leaders, the Crusaders won but small success, and after a little Richard was stricken with one of those wasting fevers that attack the traveler in torrid climes. The magnanimous Saladin sent to his royal enemy gifts of fruit, and snow brought at night on mule-back from the mountain-tops.

During all that long and tedious illness Blondel never left his master's couch, but tended him with the patience and gentleness of a woman, never wearying, never murmuring. His was the hand that cooled Richard's fever-heated brow, and his the voice that, accompanied by the sweet strains of his harp, lulled the King to slumber when all other means had failed.

At length the fever broke and the King regained his health; but he was unwilling to continue longer a struggle in which neither side could claim the victory. A long truce was arranged between the Christians and the Saracens; then Richard, with a few followers, set sail for home. Blondel was not of the number. As the most faithful servant of the King, he was intrusted with an important message to the King of Cyprus, after the delivery of which he was to join his sovereign in the city of London.

Now it happened that the vessel in which Richard and his band set sail suffered shipwreck near Aquileja, on the shores of the Adriatic Sea. Fortunately few lives were lost; but being in haste to reach England, where his brother John had usurped the crown, Richard decided to take the shorter route, across Germany, rather than to risk again the perils and delays of an ocean voyage. As the Duke of Austria, with whom Richard had quarreled while in the Holy Land, was his bitter enemy, this was a dangerous undertaking for the King. In the interests of safety, therefore, he adopted the disguise of a palmer, or wandering friar. But a man so well known and of such stature as Richard could scarcely hope to pass unchallenged; and it happened that near the city of Vienna, while halting at a little wayside inn, he was recognized and made a prisoner. The Duke of Austria, overjoyed at such good fortune, hastened to hand his royal captive over to the emperor, who had him conveyed, without loss of time, to a fortress hidden in the thickness of a dark and lonely forest, the name and whereabouts of which were kept a secret.

When, after his long voyage, the faithful Blondel arrived in England, his first words were to ask intelligence of the King. And his heart sank as he was answered with the direful news that his beloved master, his friend and protector, was a prisoner in a foreign land.

"But where?" he asked, "and what plans are there on foot to bring about his freedom?"

They could not tell; they did not know; perchance they did not care. Mayhap they feared the wrath of John and dared not help their rightful lord. Blondel asked no aid from those false

lords and traitor subjects, but, taking only his harp, set out alone to find his royal master.

All through Germany he wandered, stopping before each fortress and each castle that seemed to him likely to serve the purpose of a prison. There he would play an air familiar to the King, and wait to learn if it were heard and recognized; for in this way he hoped to discover the place of his friend's concealment, and to convey to him the information that aid was at hand. With each new tower and castle that he chanced upon hope sprang up newly in his breast. He would take the harp from its case and, resting it against his knee, begin to play: perchance this was the one that held the King. But, alas! his song remained unanswered, and he passed on with a heavier weight upon his heart—yet never discouraged.

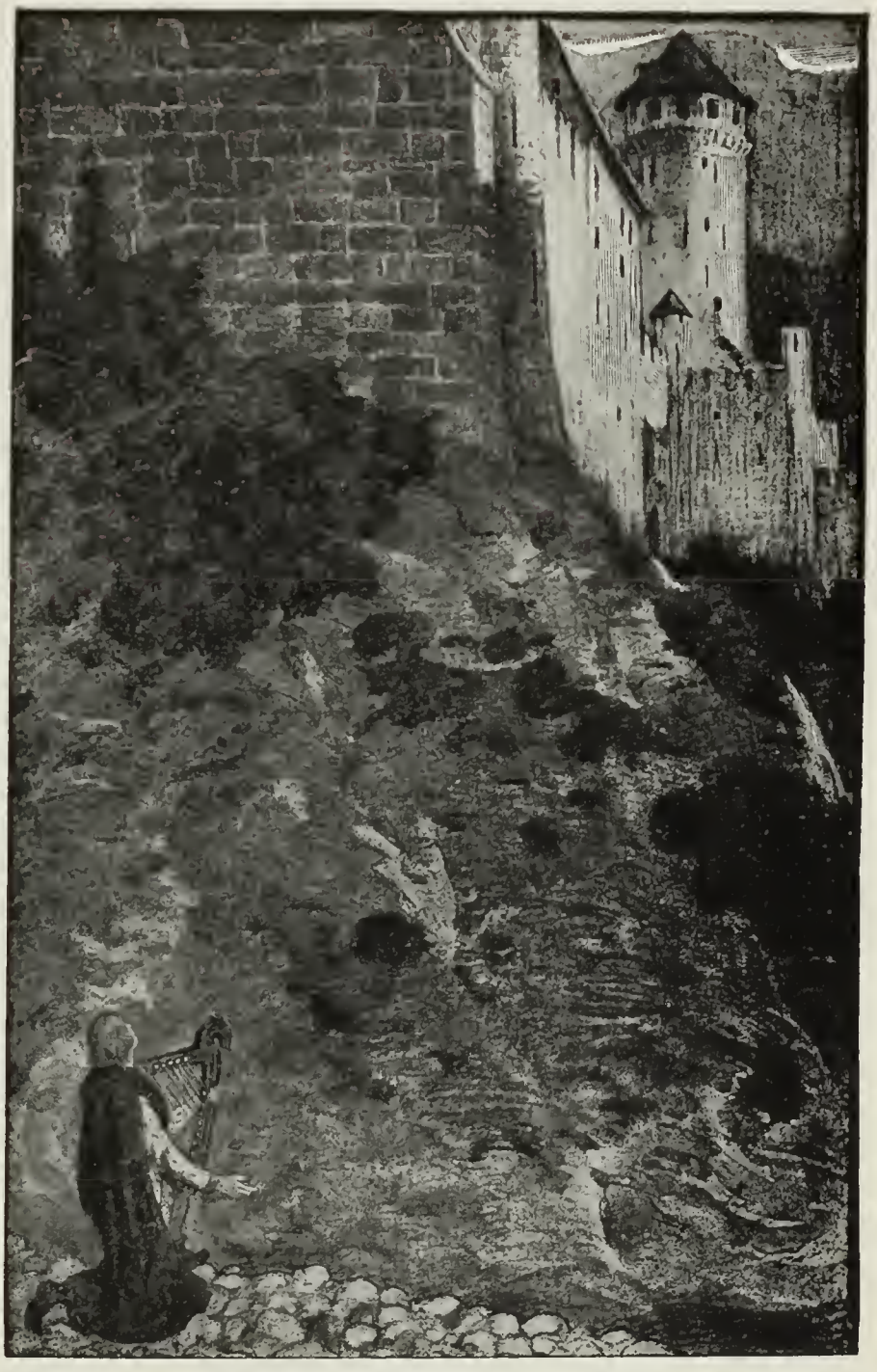
Day succeeded day, week followed week, month slipped into month. Mile after mile of forest and of dusty road he traversed, the faithful boy, persisting in his quest. Hope never quite deserted him. The loyal love that filled his heart ever urged him onward and still onward.

One evening just before the dusk, when the slanting sunlight threw long shadows of the pines across his path, Blondel approached a somber wood into whose dark recesses it seemed that man had never penetrated. On the topmost bough of a noble spruce-tree a little bird with wings and breast rosy, like flame, was caroling his even-song.

Blondel noted the bird, and suddenly, without apparent cause, there rushed through all his being a flood of joy and hope. "Rose is the color of hope," he said. "Where the bird goes, thither will I follow."

As if in answer to his words, the bird left his perch and flitted farther into the wood. Now it tarried upon one tree, now upon another, Blondel always following, until it led him close to the walls of a gloomy fortress flanked by one square tower, set in the very heart of the great forest.

There was no longer doubt or hesitation in the mind of the young minstrel. The bounding joy within told him that his long search had come to a successful end. He seized his harp, and stationing himself beneath the tower, played



BLONDEL BEFORE RICHARD'S TOWER.

a short prelude and began to sing a mournful little melody that he and Richard had often sung together while the English monarch was crusading in the land of the Saracen.

Scarcely had he completed the first stanza when a voice far up in the tower, the voice he knew and loved so well, took up and repeated the tender strain. His heart overflowing with thankfulness, the minstrel fell upon his knees, and raising his eyes, dim with happy tears, to

heaven, he exclaimed: "Oh, Richard, my King! Oh, my King! Found, found at last!"

He might not see his royal friend, might not have speech with him, even; for doubtless watchful eyes were on the King, and at the first indication that his place of confinement had been discovered his captors would spirit him away. Yet joy unspeakable filled the minstrel's faithful breast, for his weary search had at length been rewarded with success.

Blondel hastened back to England with the news; and presently Eleanor, the queen mother, set out with all her train and the huge ransom that the emperor demanded, to buy the freedom of her son. You may be quite sure that Blondel accompanied them, and when the tall captive, pale from his long confinement, strode out among them all, the minstrel threw himself at the feet of his sovereign, and grasping the hand of his royal and beloved friend, covered it with kisses.

Richard looked down upon the bowed head of the youth and his cold blue eyes softened. "The greatest thing in the world," he said, "is the love of a mother for her child; and after that, earth holds no more precious gem than the love of a faithful friend."

HOW REGULUS WENT BACK TO DIE

For many years the citizens of ancient Rome had been extending their domains, until in the year 270 B.C. they ruled over almost all Italy. The Romans then crossed over to Sicily, and there came into conflict with another race of brave and adventurous conquerors called Carthaginians.

A terrible struggle for the mastery now began. At first the Romans were victorious on land and sea. Elated with success, they decided to carry the war into Africa, and a large army, under Attilius Regulus, landed and swept all before them, until they came in sight of Carthage. Then, indeed, the prosperous Carthaginians roused themselves to defend their hearths and homes, and utterly vanquished the Romans. Regulus and a host of Romans were led captive into Carthage.

The war, however, went on until after fourteen years the losses of both sides were so great that the Carthaginians hoped that peace could be made. They summoned Regulus, the captive general, before them, and said:

"We are weary of the war, and are sending an embassy to try to arrange a peace and an exchange of prisoners with your senators at Rome. Go you to Rome and prevail on them to agree. But first give us your word as a Roman that, if you fail, you will return to captivity here."

When the embassy reached the gates of Rome, Regulus stood still and cried:

"No longer am I either a citizen or a senator of this great city; neither will I enter within her walls, nor will I take my seat in her noble Senate."

On learning of this resolve, the Senate sent certain of their number to confer with Regulus in the presence of the embassy as to whether they should yield. But the undaunted Regulus spoke out courageously:

"To no purpose is it to ransom prisoners who have ignobly yielded while they still bore weapons in their hands; let them be left to perish; let war with Carthage go on till Carthage be conquered."

His counsel prevailed, the unsuccessful embassy returned home, and with them, true to his word of honor, went back the bold, resolute patriot, though he knew that he would receive little mercy at the hands of his captors, whose hopes of peace and returned prosperity he had so stubbornly overthrown.

Tiber's banks were crowded with his fellow-countrymen as he embarked on the ship that was to bear him across the sea. It was the most glorious moment of his life as he stood on the ship bidding farewell forever to those Roman senators, to whose wavering courage he had given fresh life.

And so Regulus entered Carthage once more, and his counsel was repeated to the cruel Carthaginians. They had not enough nobility of spirit to reverence a brave patriot, and they devised horrible tortures and put him to a most cruel death.

GOLDEN DEEDS OF MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN

WILLIAM WALLACE, WHO LED THE SCOTS AGAINST THE ENGLISH

King Edward I. strove hard to bring Scotland under his sway. For when the young Queen of Scots died, who was called the Maid of Norway because she was born and bred in that land, the Scots were divided as to who should be king after her; and they asked King Edward to judge between the men who claimed the throne. And of these men John Baliol said that he would own Edward for his overlord, and the King gave judgment in favor of Baliol. But afterward he said that John Baliol, having sworn to be loyal to him, had broken his promise, and he drove Baliol from the throne, and sought to rule Scotland with English officers.

It would seem that the barons of Scotland did not greatly care whether Edward was king over them or another; but the common folk would not endure to be ruled by English masters; for the English soldiers treated them as though they were a conquered people.

Then there appeared a young man named William Wallace, who was very strong and skilful with all manner of weapons; who, when some English soldiers tried to rob him, turned on them and slew them with his staff, though they were armed. The English set a price upon his head, and he fled to the hills, and there gathered round him many valiant men who were determined to rid their native land of foreign masters. Then the English governor gathered an army, and Wallace awaited him by the bridge near Stirling.

HOW THE PEASANTS RALLIED AND DROVE THE ENGLISH OUT

So the English army began to march across the bridge, which was very narrow, thinking to set themselves in battle array and then crush the Scots, of whom most were but peasants. But while a part of the army was on one side of the river and a part on the other, Wallace set upon them suddenly, putting them utterly to rout; and the fame of his exploit stirred up many more of the Scots to join Wallace, and the English were driven out.

But thereafter Edward, who had been abroad, came back to England, and marched into Scotland with a strong army, having many mail-clad horsemen and archers; and the Scots lords still held aloof from Wallace, not willing to be led by a captain who was not of noble birth. Nevertheless, Wallace gave battle to King Edward at Falkirk, having his men all on foot and armed with long spears; and he and his men fought so stoutly that the horsemen could in no wise break through their line, till Edward bade his archers send a storm of arrows among them. Then, great gaps being made in the ranks of the Scots, the English charged through, and routed them.

But, even after this, Wallace, having escaped, went on fighting against the English; till one day a false knight betrayed him into the hands of English soldiers, and he was taken a prisoner to England.

DEATH OF WALLACE, AND WHAT CAME AFTER

King Edward, instead of treating Wallace as an honorable and valiant foe, declared that he was a base rebel, and put him to a shameful death. Yet the Scottish people were no more willing than before to yield to the English, and how they found a leader in Robert Bruce, who drove the English out and made Scotland a free land once more, we tell you in another place.

It was more than a hundred years after this that the greatest of England's soldier-kings, Henry V., conquered half of France, dying before he could accomplish more; and after his death his brother, the Duke of Bedford, strove to complete what Henry had begun. The staying of the English conquest is one of the most wonderful stories in history, seeing that it was not the

work of a warrior practised in arms, but of a simple peasant maiden, who is called Joan of Arc. Of her also we have given an account in another place.

HOW WILLIAM TELL SHOT AT THE APPLE ON HIS BOY'S HEAD

THERE are no people who love liberty more dearly than those who dwell among the mountains. There is a small nation of mountaineers in Europe which was once under the yoke of a foreign oppressor, and which found heroic leaders to win its freedom.

This nation is Switzerland, which once was subject to the Austrian archduke, who was sometimes emperor as well. Switzerland is divided into districts which are called cantons; and an officer appointed by the archduke used to rule them, and to rule very harshly.

Tradition relates that there was a skilful archer named William Tell, who would not obey an order that all men were to take off their hats to the archduke's hat, which was a kind of crown. So he was taken, with his little son, and an apple was set on his son's head, and Tell was bidden to shoot at the apple; and he did so, piercing it through. But afterward he caught the archduke's officer in an ambush, and slew him.

HOW GEORGE CASTRIOT HELD THE TURKS AT BAY

ANOTHER race of mountaineers found a heroic leader who won them freedom for a time. The Turks, who were followers of the religion of Mohammed, began to make conquest of lands in Europe just a little more than five hundred years ago.

On the western side of what afterward became the Turkish Empire, there is a mountainous land called Albania. Here the conquering Turks made their way, and forced the lords of the land to submit to them; and they carried away the young son of one great lord, and brought him up in the faith of Mohammed.

The young man, who was called George Castriot, fought in the Turkish armies, and became skilled in war. Yet he had no wish to serve the Turks, though he bided his own time, and when he was nearly forty years old he, with a band of Albanian followers, suddenly left the Turkish army and seized a fortress called Croya. Having done this, he declared himself a Christian, and called upon the Albanians to rise and wage war upon the Turks.

The Albanians drove out the Turks, and took him for their leader, and because he showed himself so great a soldier men called him Scanderbeg, which means the Lord Alexander. For though the Turks sent mighty armies against him, and were very great warriors, yet he overthrew them in battle many times, though they might have four or five times as many men as he. For twenty-five years he held the Turks at bay, so that they feared his name greatly; but after he died, the Albanians, lacking a leader, and getting no aid from other nations, were overcome by the Turks, and lost the freedom which Scanderbeg had won for them.

LOUIS KOSSUTH, WHO FOUGHT FOR THE FREEDOM OF HUNGARY

LOUIS KOSSUTH set himself to win freedom for Hungary from the rule of Austria, at the time when the Italians were also seeking to free themselves from the same oppression. He was not a soldier, but a writer and orator, and a statesman; but the Hungarians made him their leader. They were defeated at the time, and Kossuth had to flee from the country; but later the Hungarians agreed to own the Emperor of Austria as their king if they could have certain rights of governing themselves; and these rights they owed, in the first place, to Kossuth. But Kossuth himself was not content with this. He would not own allegiance to Austria, and he died some years later, not in Hungary, but in Italy.

HOW MARGARET WILSON GAVE UP HER LIFE

THE name of Margaret Wilson will never be forgotten in Scotland. She was the daughter of a Scottish farmer who lived more than two hundred and fifty years ago. At that time there was a great persecution going on in Scotland, and all people who would not worship God in the way that the law ordered were put in prison and often killed.

Margaret Wilson felt that she could not obey the law, as her conscience told her she ought to worship God in some other way. So she was put in prison, though quite a young girl, with an older woman, Margaret McLauchlan. Soon afterward she was sentenced to death, but her father went to Edinburgh and persuaded the council to pardon her. The pardon, however, had first to be sent to London to be signed, and the council never intended that she should be really pardoned. For, eleven days after they had sent the pardon to London, they ordered the two Margarets to be

put to death, as the pardon had not come back. But it took more than a fortnight in those days to get from Edinburgh to London and back, so it was impossible for the pardon to be back in eleven days. So on May 11, 1685, the two Margarets were tied to two stakes driven into the bed of the river at low tide. The stake to which Margaret Wilson was fastened was higher up the bank than the other, and just behind it, so that she could see all that happened to her companion. A large crowd of people stood by.

Slowly the tide came in, and soon the older woman was drowning. The last sounds she heard in life were the strains of the twenty-fifth Psalm being sung by her companion higher up the bank. The soldiers thought that Margaret Wilson would give up her religion when she saw that the other Margaret was dead, but they were wrong. Calmly, as the water rose higher and higher about her, she opened her Bible and read in a loud voice of triumph the eighth chapter of Romans: "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" Then she bent her head and prayed, and while her eyes were thus closed the water swept over her.

"Give her one last chance!" shouted the people, so they drew her up and asked her:

"Will you obey the law, and worship God as the law orders?"

"No," was her reply, "I cannot. I am one of Christ's children. Let me go."

So they let her down again.

When it was all over, and the tide had gone back, their friends cut the cords and carried away the bodies. They buried them together in the quiet graveyard at Wigtown, and to-day, on the top of a hill near by, stands a handsome monument in memory of their brave lives.

THE BOY WHO SAVED THE HAMLET

During the Indian War of 1855–56, one of the most daring acts was that of a boy named Goodman, fifteen years old—so young and yet so brave that his name is honored by whites and even by the Indians themselves.

He belonged to a family who, when the Eastern States became overcrowded, decided to go west, and, enchanted by the beauty of Puget Sound, settled upon its shores, on the Pacific coast. Our hero was but nine years old at that time, but he could use his bow and arrow and his rifle as well as many older than himself, and could manage the paddle as well as any Indian.

As time passed, many families from other States flocked to this part of the country, and the coming of the people so alarmed the Indians that they determined to drive out or kill all the white folk. The white folk knew nothing of this until men, women, and children were suddenly massacred, and the Indian tribe rose as a body against the white people.

Warned of the coming danger, Goodman sent his wife and his two little girls to a village some miles away, and remained with his son to guard the home. Nor was this a moment too soon, for the same night the Indians came, giving them barely time to escape and warn the hamlet. The people set to work speedily to build a fort and provision it, and all who could handle a rifle or a gun prepared for the defense, knowing that a cruel death would befall them if captured by the enemy.

At noon the next day a fleet of war-canoes appeared, and a fierce battle began; but though twenty times more than those in the fort, the Indians were beaten off at night and compelled to retire. They, however, had no idea of giving up the attempt. They retreated half a mile away, beached their canoes, lit the camp-fires, and began their war-dance. Young Goodman then formed a daring plan. He resolved to go alone to seize the enemy's canoes, knowing that the Indians could then do no further harm.

Leaving the fort after dark, he stole through the woods to the camp. The savages were so intent upon their dancing, and became so tired and sleepy, that they did not see the boy as he approached, and Goodman set to work to cut all the canoe ropes. Then, as the tide rose, he pulled them all afloat, and sent them out to sea.

Having cut all the canoes adrift, he got into one of them, tied another large one to it, and began to paddle to the fort. But hours were passing away, and the day began to break. As daylight dawned, the Indians awoke, to find their canoes drifting away. With a wild shout they sprang into the waves to seize them, but Goodman opened fire upon them with his rifle and drove them back. Making his way to the fort, he told his people what he had done, and was wildly cheered for his heroic work. The men went out and secured the large canoes, and the Indians, finding their fleet gone, beat a rapid retreat through the woods, not daring again to trouble the settlement.

THE NOBLE SIKH IN THE INDIAN MUTINY

During the dreadful days of the Indian Mutiny a body of British troops and faithful Sikhs were gathered outside a city of the enemy, which had withstood all their efforts to capture it.

As they lay before this city, studying its mighty

walls, over which could be seen in the sunlight the white domes of the temples and the crowded roofs of the houses, they noticed a slight movement near the enormous iron gates, which cannon had failed to shatter. The British prepared suddenly and secretly for attack. Then a wagon was seen dashing toward the gates with food for the mutineers. The gates opened, and the gallant soldiers and the faithful Sikhs rose with a shout and raced with all their might for the gates.

Their man driving the wagon lashed his horses furiously. The British army watched those galloping horses, those open gates, and ran like madmen. The whole hopes depended on reaching the gates before they were tightly closed. Every man knew this, and every man longed to get there first.

Far ahead of the troops ran two white men and a magnificent Sikh. The three were running a race, a great race, each man bursting for the honor of preventing the gates from being closed.

The wagon reached the city and clattered in at a gallop. The gates at the same time began to close.

On raced the gallant three, and behind them came the roar of the army: "Quick—quick! The gates are closing!"

The Sikh flew past his two rivals, shot forward like an eagle, and, just as the gates were rolling together, flung himself upon them with the irresistible fury of a tiger. Then, as if he were striking at an enemy with his fist, he shot out one of his arms and thrust it between the closing gates.

The flesh and bone were crushed in an instant, but while the broken arm remained there the gates could not close.

He bore his pain without a cry, and when the mutineers on the other side of the gates began to hack and hew at his arm, he waited till it was in peril of being lopped quite off, and then, with a smile of victory, thrust his other arm into the space.

Just before the second arm was hacked off, the army came roaring upon the scene. The men flung themselves with a yell upon the gates, and at the first thud of that tremendous pressure the huge iron doors shivered and gave.

"Push, boys, push!" The gates yielded an inch. "Push, boys—put your backs into it!"

In the midst of the sweating, pushing, and shouting British was a Sikh with no arms, smiling quietly. "One more shove does it!" With a shout of joy the soldiers burst open the gates and streamed into the city, conquerors at last.

A young British officer found time to stop and smile proudly on the Sikh with no arms. "You ran a good race," he said. It was Frederick Sleigh Roberts, who became Earl Roberts, and England's foremost soldier.

HOW MARY JONES GOT THE BIBLE

Nowadays, when a New Testament can be bought for a few cents, and a complete Bible for a few cents more, we can hardly imagine the time when it was almost impossible to get a copy of either. And yet in all countries that was the case not so very long ago. There were only a few Bibles in existence, and these were too large and cost too much for ordinary people to buy. They belonged either to kings and princes, who perhaps did not read them very much, or to churches, from which, of course, they could not be taken away. Some of you have read, at least, of the big Bible chained by a long iron chain to the reading-desk in some old-country churches; there are some of them still left.

In England, as late as 1800, you might have found it difficult to get a Bible to take home and read for yourself. And if this was the case in England, it was far worse in Wales, where the people were poorer and lived so far apart. As most of the people spoke Welsh and could not speak English, and as there was no Bible translated into Welsh at that time, it would not have been of much use if they had succeeded in getting a copy—they could not have read it. But the Welsh people were longing to have Bibles of their own that they could read for themselves and study in their own homes.

Among those who were most anxious for a Bible was a young girl named Mary Jones. She lived right up in the hills, a long way from any town, and was very, very poor. But she made up her mind that she would save every penny that she earned, in the hope that some day she might buy a Bible for her very own. Slowly penny after penny was put away in the old stocking, but it seemed such a very long time! And then one day, when the stocking was growing heavy, she heard that through the efforts of a great and good man, Thomas Charles, a minister at Bala, there would soon be copies of the Bible in Welsh ready to be sold. Thereupon this plucky girl made up her mind to walk all the way to Bala by herself, in order to be one of the first to purchase a Bible.

So she set out on that lonely journey, over mountains and across rough and desolate country—a journey that has ever since been famous in the history of Wales. Overcoming all difficulties, she reached the little town of Bala, which lies so snugly on the shores of the Bala Lake. There

she secured the great treasure upon which she had set her heart, even though she had to part with every penny she possessed, for the Bible cost a great deal then.

And when, after a long and toilsome journey back, she reached her home again, we can imagine the joy and eagerness with which she read the Book, for we value a thing according to the trouble it has cost to get it.

If you go to Bala, you will see a statue put up to Thomas Charles, and as you look at it you will feel that one of the things that pleased him most in all his busy life must have been the sight of the little girl from the countryside coming in with her savings to buy the Book that is above all books.

JEANNE, THE BRAVE LITTLE MOTHER

THERE was once a peasant living in France who had eight children, and who found it so hard to provide food for all these little ones that he was obliged to send his daughter Jeanne away from home to earn her own living as a servant.

Jeanne had better food in the house of her mistress, and there was always a nice warm fire in winter, and plenty of thick blankets on her bed. But she loved the hut where her brothers and sisters played, and she often longed to be home with the parents whom she loved very tenderly.

One day there came a message to her that the poor mother in the far-away hut had been stricken down with paralysis. The father sent word that she must come home and take care of this poor mother. So Jeanne went home, and from that day never left her mother.

We can imagine how her loving heart ached to see the dear mother, who had worked her fingers to the bone for her children, lying helpless and hopeless on her bed. Jeanne comforted this poor mother, and set herself to act as mother to the rest of the family. She rose early, got the breakfast, tidied the cottage, and then went out to earn a little money in the hay-fields. She was never too tired to sit by her mother's side, amusing her with stories.

But worse was to happen. The old father became very ill, and in his terrible fits the poor man would bite Jeanne as she attended to him, until her hands were sorely wounded. With her poor wounded hands she did the work of the house, waited on her mother, and hid her pain and the sight of her wounds from both her parents.

For ten years she looked after her father and mother, and when her father died she had to earn the family's bread.

She learned to weave silk, and still made hay in the fields, and supported her mother with the most loving cheerfulness. One day the mother said she would like to go to church, and Jeanne petted her like a child and promised that she should go. How do you think she managed to get her paralyzed mother to church? She supported her with one arm, and under the other she carried an arm-chair. When the mother had gone three steps, Jeanne put down the chair and seated her in it. It took them three-quarters of an hour to reach the church, which was only five minutes' distance from their home.

People told Jeanne that her mother ought to go into the workhouse. "It breaks my heart to hear you say so," Jeanne answered. "But, Jeanne, she would be well looked after." "I know. She would be taken care of; but—tenderness. Who would give her that?" That was Jeanne's secret—tenderness. This was a saying of brave Jeanne's: "God leaves us our parents that we may take care of them."

She lived on the cheapest bread and a few turnips, and gave her mother the white bread and the meat and the milk that the village allowed them. If any one gave her warm clothing to keep her from catching cold in the fields, Jeanne put it on her mother, and altered it for her. "Bless those who have warmed my mother!" she would say.

Her greatest sorrow came when her poor mother grew so deaf that she could hear neither the tender things said by Jeanne nor the admiration expressed by visitors for her mother's freshness and beauty. The old mother seemed to grow young and lovely, while the hard-working daughter grew old and worn. The cottage was always like a new pin, bright and beautiful and cheerful. People came to see it, and they all said that Jeanne had become the mother and the mother had become her baby. Jeanne would laugh and clap her hands at this. She was always bright and happy in her tenderness.

After twenty-five years of noble toil, Jeanne's story reached the ears of a good and rich man who had set aside a large sum of money to reward the simple courage of the poor. She won his prize for heroism, and all France heard her story. Her name, Jeanne Parelle, became a glory throughout France, and her story a blessing to all her fellow-people. There are hundreds of daughters all over France at this moment who are striving to live as nobly, as sweetly, as tenderly, as bravely, and as cheerfully as Jeanne.

POEMS FOR CHILDREN OF ALL AGES

PART XII



The May-Pole Dance

BY CORNELIA WALTER McCLEARY

In and out,
In and out,
Weaving ribbons bright;
Round the May-pole children dance—
Such a pretty sight!
There are green and brown and red,
Held by Ben, and Joe, and Ned;
There are yellow, pink, and blue,
Held by Bella, May, and Sue.

In and out,
In and out,
Braiding ribbons tight;
All the girls go toward the left,
And the boys to right.
Pretty Bella nods her head
When she passes little Ned;
Sue and May smile back again,
As they trip by Joe and Ben.

In and out,
In and out,
Plaiting colors bright;
Boys and girls with one accord
Sing with all their might.
For their hearts are like the Spring,
Young, and fresh, and blossoming—
And their voices, sweet and clear,
Say that May at last is here.



See! the May-pole standing there
Suddenly has grown most fair!
Now it makes a fine display,
Decked in colors bright and gay;
And it stands so straight and tall,
Proudly looking down on all—
On the children, whose young hands
Hold the many-colored strands.



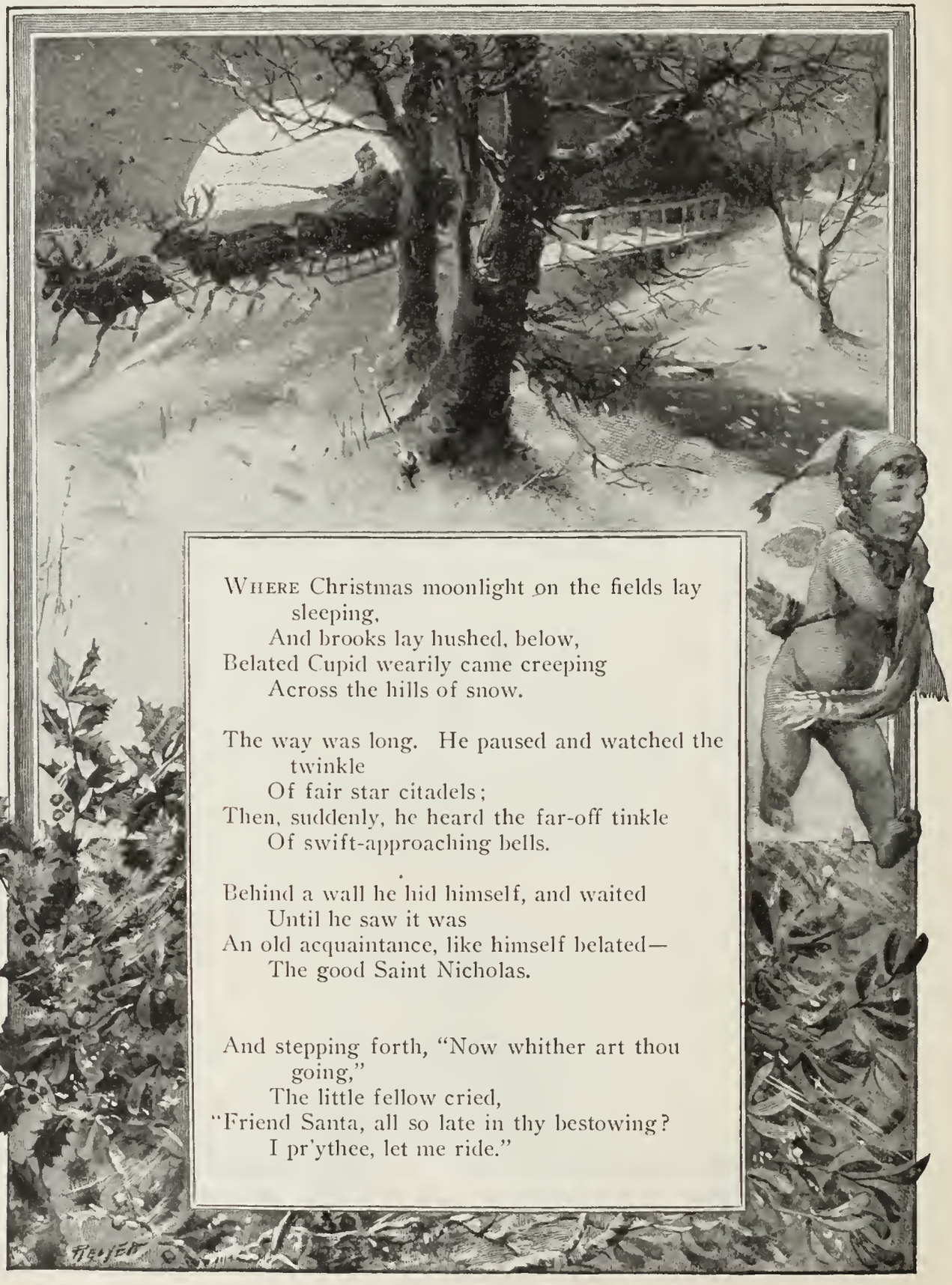
Now begin
Out and in,
Silken web and weft;
Soon of all its loveliness
Little will be left.
Unwind yellow, pink, and blue,
Dancing Bella, May, and Sue;
Untwist green and brown and red,
Laughing Ben and Joe and Ned.

In and out,
In and out,
Loos'ning ribbons bright;
Now the boys go toward the left,
And the girls to right.
As the dancers lightly bound,
All the streamers are unwound,
Till they leave the May-pole bare
'Neath its crown of flowers fair.



CUPID AND SANTA CLAUS.

By ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.



WHERE Christmas moonlight on the fields lay
sleeping,
And brooks lay hushed, below,
Belated Cupid wearily came creeping
Across the hills of snow.

The way was long. He paused and watched the
twinkle
Of fair star citadels;
Then, suddenly, he heard the far-off tinkle
Of swift-approaching bells.

Behind a wall he hid himself, and waited
Until he saw it was
An old acquaintance, like himself belated—
The good Saint Nicholas.

And stepping forth, "Now whither art thou
going,"
The little fellow cried,
"Friend Santa, all so late in thy bestowing?
I pr'ythee, let me ride."

"Ho, Cupid!" cried the Saint, "what brings *thee* hither
Along this toilsome way?
Jump in, my boy, and tell me why and whither.
'T is almost break of day!"

Then, chatting cozily, the friends went skimming
Westward, as night had gone,
Behind them in the east the stars were dimming
Beneath the veil of dawn—



Till up before a massive outer gateway
Their flying coursers drew;
"Ah, ha! the very place," quoth Cupid, straightway,
"That I was coming to!"

And from the cushioned cutter lightly leaping,
Without a glance behind,
From door to window-sill the boy went creeping,
An entrance-way to find.

But all were locked and barred—he could not enter;
No latch unloosed its string;
And Cupid faced the morning airs of winter,
Forlorn and shivering.

Nicholas more leisurely selected
A sparkling gift or two,
Ascended to the roof, and, well protected,
Dropped lightly down the flue.

And where there shimmered like a priceless billow
A mass of golden hair
Across the whiteness of a maiden's pillow,
He laid his tribute there.

Then, smiling, turned with saintly self-effacement,
And flung the window wide;
And morning shed its glory round the casement
As Cupid stepped inside.





Ballad of the Little Page

BY ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

It was a little, little page,
Was brought from far away,
To bear the great queen's velvet train
Upon her bridal day.

His yellow curls were long and bright,
His page's suit was blue,
With golden clasps at neck and knee,
And ruffles fair and new.

And faith, he was the smallest page
The court had ever known:
His head scarce reached the topmost step
That led up to the throne.

And oh, 't was but a little lad
Had never been before
So many leagues from kin and friends,
And from his father's door!

And oh!—'t was but a little child
Who never yet, I wis,
Had stolen lonely to his bed
Without his mother's kiss.

He had not seen the noble queen,
Of whom his heart had fear;
He knew no friend at court to give
A welcome and good cheer.

It was the busy night before
The great queen's wedding-day,
And all was bustle, haste, and noise,
And every one was gay;

And each one had his task to do,
And none had time to spare
To tend a weeping little page
Whose mother was not there.

Far in a big and gloomy room
 Within the castle keep,
The little page lay all alone,
 And wept, and could not sleep.

The little page lay all alone,
 And hid his head and cried,
Until it seemed his aching heart
 Would burst his little side.

The chamber door was set ajar,
 And one was passing by
Who heard the little page's sobs
 And then his piteous cry.

Then some one lifted up the latch
 And pushed the heavy door,
And then a lady entered in
 And crossed the chamber floor—

A lady tall and sweet and fair,
 In bridal white who stepped;
She stood beside the page's bed,
 And asked him why he wept.



"—AND NONE HAD TIME TO SPARE
TO TEND A LITTLE WEEPING PAGE."



"HE TREMBLED AND LOOKED DOWN."

And then he sobbed about a "kiss,"
 His "mother," and his "home,"
And wished the queen had called no page,
 And wished he had not come;

For she was "such a proud, great queen"
 He was afraid, he said;
And he was "lost and lonely" there
 In that huge, gloomy bed.

And then the lady bent her down
 And kissed him on the lips,
And smoothed his yellow, silken curls
 With tender finger-tips.

The tears stood in her gentle eyes;
 "Poor little lad!" she said,
And cuddled him up in her arms
 And knelt down by the bed.

And so she held him, close and warm,
 And sang him off to sleep,
While at her nod her waiting-maids
 A silent watch did keep.

And when the morning smiled again
 The little page awoke.
They clad him in a suit of white,
 With velvet cap and cloak,

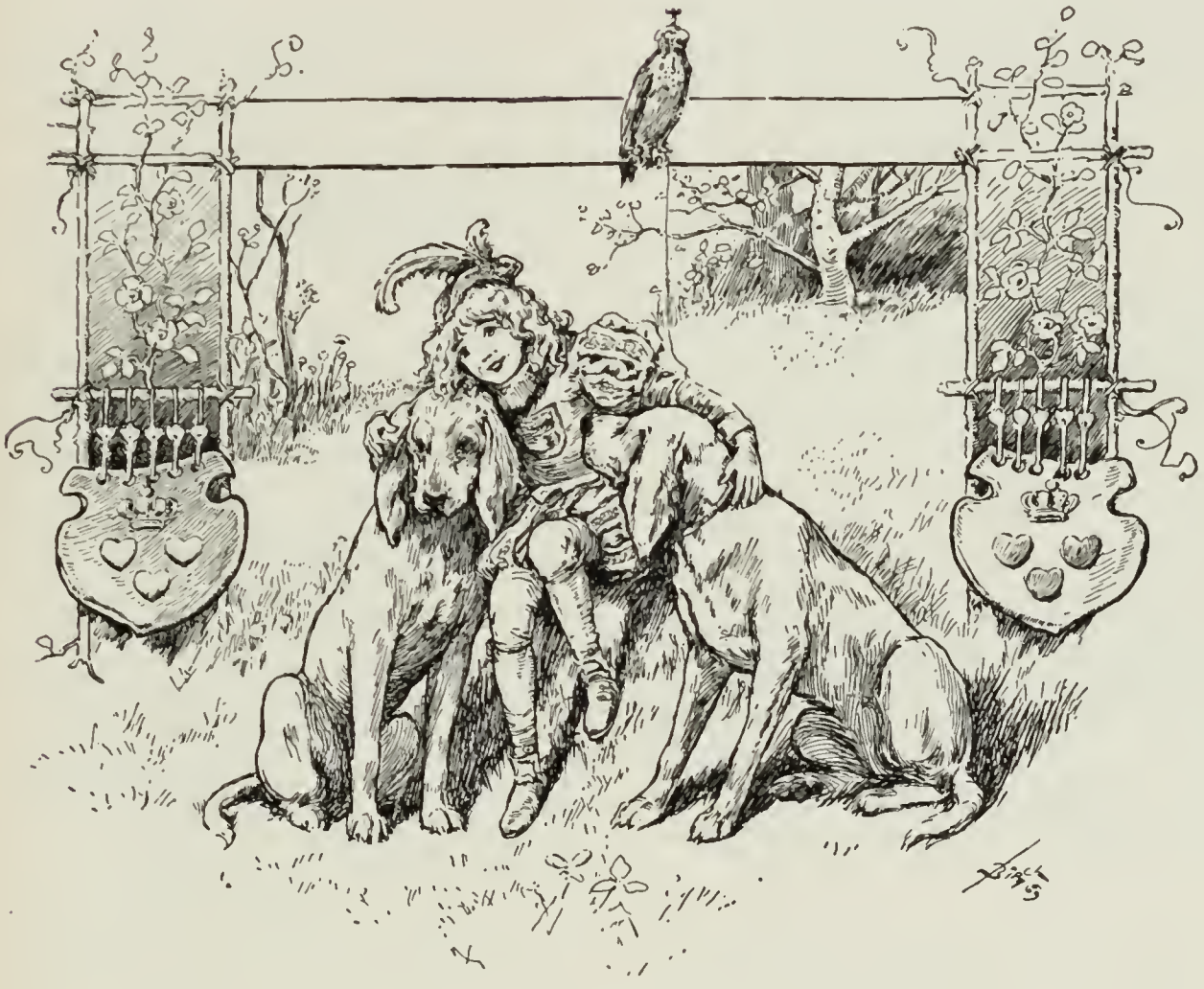
And crystal buckles on his shoes,
 And led him to the queen,
All lovely in her bridal gear,
 The fairest ever seen.

And he was such a tiny page,
 He trembled and looked down,
For he was sore afraid to see
 The great queen sternly frown.

But lo! he heard a soft voice say,
 "O little page, look here!
Am I, who sing to sleep so well,
 A queen for child to fear?"

He raised his eyes, and lo! the bride
 Looked on the page and smiled,
And then he knew the queen had played
 At nurse-maid for a child.

And well he graced the wedding-feast
 And bore her velvet train,
And at his dear queen's side thenceforth
 Was never sad again.



GREEN APPLES

BY JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE

Pull down the bough, Bob! Is n't this fun?
Now give it a shake, and—there goes one!
Now put your thumb up to the other, and see
If it is n't as mellow as mellow can be!
 I know by the stripe
 It must be ripe!
That 's one apiece for you and me
Green, are they? Well, no matter for that.
Sit down on the grass, and we 'll have a chat;
And I 'll tell you what old Parson Bute
Said last Sunday of unripe fruit.
 "Life," says he,
 "Is a bountiful tree,
Heavily laden with beautiful fruit.

"For the youth there 's love, just streaked with red,
And great joys hanging just over his head;
Happiness, honor, and great estate,
For those who patiently work and wait;
"Blessings," said he,
"Of every degree,
Ripening early, and ripening late.

"Take them in season, pluck and eat,
And the fruit is wholesome, the fruit is sweet;
But, O my friends!"—Here he gave a rap
On his desk, like a regular thunderclap,
And made such a bang,
Old Deacon Lang
Woke up out of his Sunday nap.

Green fruit, he said, God would not bless;
But half life's sorrow and bitterness,
Half the evil and ache and crime,
Came from tasting before their time
The fruits Heaven sent.
Then on he went
To his *Fourthly* and *Fifthly*—was n't it prime?

But, I say, Bob! we fellows don't care
So much for a mouthful of apple or pear;
But what we like is the fun of the thing,
When the fresh winds blow, and the hangbirds bring
Home grubs, and sing
To their young ones, a-swing
In their basket-nest, tied up by its string.

I like apples in various ways:
They 're first-rate roasted before the blaze
Of a winter fire; and, O my eyes!
Are n't they nice, though, made into pies?
I scarce ever saw
One, cooked or raw,
That was n't good for a boy of my size!

But shake your fruit from the orchard-tree,
And the tune of the brook, and the hum of the bee,
And the chipmunks chippering every minute,
And the clear sweet note of the gay little linnet,
And the grass and the flowers,
And the long summer hours,
And the flavor of sun and breeze, are in it.

But this is a hard one! Why did n't we
Leave them another week on the tree?
Is yours as bitter? Give us a bite!
The pulp is tough, and the seeds are white,
And the taste of it puckers
My mouth like a sucker's!
I vow, I believe the old parson was right!

AN APPLE-ORCHARD IN THE SPRING

By William Martin

Have you seen an apple-orchard in the spring?
In the spring?
An English apple-orchard in the spring?
When the spreading trees are hoary
With their wealth of promised glory,
And the mavis sings its story,
In the spring.

Have you plucked the apple-blossoms in the spring?
In the spring?
And caught their subtle odors in the spring?
Pink buds pouting at the light,
Crumpled petals baby-white,
Just to touch them a delight—
In the spring.

Have you walked beneath the blossoms in the spring?
In the spring?
Beneath the apple-blossoms in the spring?
When the pink cascades are falling,
And the silver brooklets brawling,
And the cuckoo-bird soft calling,
In the spring.

If you have not, then you know not, in the spring,
In the spring,
Half the color, beauty, wonder of the spring.
No sweet sight can I remember
Half so precious, half so tender,
As the apple-blossoms render
In the spring.

OLD GRIMES

By Albert G. Greene

Old Grimes is dead; that good old man
We never shall see more:
He used to wear a long black coat,
All button'd down before.

His heart was open as the day,
 His feelings all were true;
His hair was some inclined to gray—
 He wore it in a queue.

Whene'er he heard the voice of pain,
 His breast with pity burn'd;
The large round head upon his cane
 From ivory was turn'd.

Kind words he ever had for all;
 He knew no base design:
His eyes were dark and rather small,
 His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind,
 In friendship he was true:
His coat had pocket-holes behind,
 His pantaloons were blue.

Unharm'd, the sin which earth pollutes
 He pass'd securely o'er,
And never wore a pair of boots
 For thirty years or more.

But good old Grimes is now at rest,
 Nor fears misfortune's frown:
He wore a double-breasted vest—
 The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,
 And pay it its desert:
He had no malice in his mind,
 No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse—
 Was sociable and gay:
He wore large buckles on his shoes,
 And changed them every day.

His knowledge, hid from public gaze,
 He did not bring to view,
Nor make a noise, town-meeting days,
 As many people do.

His worldly goods he never threw
 In trust to fortune's chances,
But lived (as all his brothers do)
 In easy circumstances.

Thus undisturb'd by anxious cares,
 His peaceful moments ran;
And everybody said he was
 A fine old gentleman.

THE OWL-CRITIC

By James T. Fields

"Who stuffed that white owl?" No one spoke in the shop:
The barber was busy, and he could n't stop;
The customers, waiting their turns, were all reading
The "Daily," the "Herald," the "Post," little heeding
The young man who blurted out such a blunt question;
Not one raised a head, or even made a suggestion;
 And the barber kept on shaving.

"Don't you see, Mister Brown,"
Cried the youth, with a frown,
"How wrong the whole thing is,
How preposterous each wing is,
How flattened the head is, how jammed down the neck is—
In short, the whole owl, what an ignorant wreck 't is!
I make no apology;
I 've learned owl-eology.
I 've passed days and nights in a hundred collections,
And cannot be blinded to any deflections
Arising from unskilful fingers that fail
To stuff a bird right, from his beak to his tail.
Mister Brown! Mister Brown!
Do take that bird down,
Or you 'll soon be the laughing-stock all over town!"
 And the barber kept on shaving.

"I 've *studied* owls
And other night fowls,
And I tell you
What I know to be true:
An owl cannot roost
With his limbs so unloosed;
No owl in this world
Ever had his claws curled,
Ever had his legs slanted,
Ever had his bill canted,
Ever had his neck screwed
Into that attitude.
He can't *do* it, because
'T is against all bird-laws.
Anatomy teaches,
Ornithology preaches
An owl has a toe
That *can't* turn out so!

I 've made the white owl my study for years,
And to see such a job almost moves me to tears!
Mister Brown, I 'm amazed
You should be so gone crazed
As to put up a bird
In that posture absurd!
To *look* at that owl really brings on a dizziness;
The man who stuffed *him* don't half know his business!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"Examine those eyes.
I 'm filled with surprise
Taxidermists should pass
Off on you such poor glass;
So unnatural they seem
They 'd make Audubon scream,
And John Burroughs laugh
To encounter such chaff.
Do take that bird down;
Have him stuffed again, Brown!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"With some sawdust and bark
I could stuff in the dark
An owl better than that.
I could make an old hat
Look more like an owl
Than that horrid fowl,
Stuck up there so stiff like a side of coarse leather.
In fact, about *him* there 's not one natural feather."

Just then, with a wink and a sly normal lurch,
The owl, very gravely, got down from his perch,
Walked round, and regarded his fault-finding critic
(Who thought he was stuffed) with a glance analytic,
And then fairly hooted, as if he should say:
"Your learning 's at fault *this* time, anyway;
Don't waste it again on a live bird, I pray.
I 'm an owl; you 're another. Sir Critic, good day!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend: "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light—
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I, on the opposite shore, will be
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm
For the country folk, to be up and to arm."

Then he said: "Good-night," and with muffled oar
Silently row'd to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the Bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears;
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arm, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the old North Church
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry chamber overhead;
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the somber rafters, that round him made
Masses of moving shapes of shade—
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town;
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapp'd in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper: "All is well!"

A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the Bay—
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurr'd, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walk'd Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near;
Then, impetuous, stamp'd the earth,
And turn'd and tighten'd his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watch'd with eager search
The belfry-tower of the old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and somber and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, and bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second light in the belfry burns.

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all; and yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed in his flight
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides,
And under the alders that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock
When he cross'd the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he pass'd,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As they had already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest; in the books you have read,
How the British regulars fired and fled—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere,
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm—
A cry of defiance, and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo evermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the past,
Through all our History, to the last,
In the hour of darkness, and peril, and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.



HOME OF PAUL REVERE.

THE CORAL GROVE

By James G. Percival

Deep in the wave is a coral grove,
Where the purple mullet and goldfish rove;
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue
That never are wet with falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine,
Far down in the green and glassy brine.

The floor is of sand, like the mountain drift;
And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow;
From coral rocks the sea-plants lift
Their boughs where the tides and billows flow.
The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and waves are absent there;
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
In the motionless fields of upper air.

There, with its waving blade of green,
The sea-flag streams through the silent water;
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush like a banner bathed in slaughter.
There, with a light and easy motion,
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear deep sea,
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea;
And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe when the wrathful Spirit of storms
Has made the top of the wave his own.

And when the ship from his fury flies,
Where the myriad voices of Ocean roar;
When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,
And demons are waiting the wreck on shore—
Then, far below, in the peaceful sea,
The purple mullet and goldfish rove,
While the waters murmur tranquilly
Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

STRANGE LANDS

By Laurence Alma-Tadema

Where do you come from, Mr. Jay?
"From the land of Play, from the land of Play."
And where can that be, Mr. Jay?
"Far away—far away."

Where do you come from, Mrs. Dove?
"From the land of Love, from the land of Love."
And how do you get there, Mrs. Dove?
"Look above—look above."

Where do you come from, Baby Miss?
"From the land of Bliss, from the land of Bliss."
And what is the way there, Baby Miss?
"Mother's kiss—mother's kiss."

IN A GARDEN

By Algernon Charles Swinburne

Baby, see the flowers!
Baby sees
Fairer things than these,
Fairer though they be than dreams of ours.

Baby, hear the birds!
Baby knows
Better songs than those,
Sweeter though they sound than sweetest words.

Baby, see the moon!
Baby's eyes
Laugh to watch it rise,
Answering light with love and night with noon.

Baby, hear the sea!
Baby's face
Takes a graver grace,
Touched with wonder what the sound may be.

Baby, see the star!
Baby's hand
Opens, warm and bland,
Calm in claim of all things fair that are.

Baby, hear the bells!
Baby's head
Bows as ripe for bed,
Now the flowers curl round and close their cells.

Baby, flower of light,
Sleep and see
Brighter dreams than we,
Till good day shall smile away good night.

THE GREEDY BOY

Sammy Smith would drink and eat
From morning until night;
He filled his mouth so full of meat,
It was a shameful sight.

Sometimes he gave a book or toy
For apple, cake, or plum;
And grudged if any other boy
Should taste a single crumb.

Indeed, he ate and drank so fast,
And did so stuff and cram,
The name they called him by at last
Was often Greedy Sam.

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG

By Oliver Goldsmith

Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wondrous short—
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say
That still a godly race he ran—
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad—
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighboring streets
The wondering neighbors ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad
To every Christian eye:
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That showed the rogues they lied;
The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died.

SNOWDROPS

By Laurence Alma-Tadema

Little ladies, white and green,
With your spears about you,
Will you tell us where you 've been
Since we lived without you?

You are sweet, and fresh, and clean,
With your pearly faces;
In the dark earth where you 've been,
There are wondrous places:

Yet you come again, serene,
When the leaves are hidden;
Bringing joy from where you 've been,
You return unbidden—

Little ladies, white and green,
Are you glad to cheer us?
Hunger not for where you 've been,
Stay till Spring be near us!

THE MUSIC OF HAPPINESS

By Gabriel Setoun

From dawn to dark the old mill-wheel
Makes music, going round and round;
And dusty-white with flour and meal,
The miller whistles to its sound.

The brook that flows beside the mill,
As happy as a brook can be,
Goes singing its old song until
It learns the singing of the sea.

For every wave upon the sands
Sings songs you never tire to hear,
Of laden ships from sunny lands
Where it is summer all the year.

And if you listen to the rain
Where leaves and birds and bees are dumb,
You hear it pattering on the pane
Like Andrew beating on his drum.

The world is such a happy place
That children, whether big or small,
Should always have a smiling face
And never, never sulk at all.

THE EYES OF GOD

God watches o'er us all the day,
At home, at school, and at our play;
And when the sun has left the skies
He watches with a million eyes.



THE LITLE BROTHER OF LOOLEELOO

By Margaret Johnson



IN flowery, fair Cathay,
That kingdom far away,
Where, odd as it seems,
't is always night when here we are having day,
In the time of the great Ching-Wang,
In the city of proud Shi-Bang,
In the glorious golden days of old when sage and poet sang,

There lived a nobleman who
Was known as the Prince Choo-Choo.
(It was long before the Chinaman wore his beautiful silken queue.)
A learned prince was he,
As rich as a prince could be,
And his house so gay had a grand gateway, and a wonderful roof, sky-blue.

His garden was bright with tints
Of blossoming peach and quince,
And a million flowers whose like has not been seen before or since;
And set 'mid delicate odors
Were cute little toy pagodas,
That looked exactly as if you *might* go in for ice-cream sodas!

A silver fountain played
In a bowl of carven jade,
And pink and white in a crystal pond the water-lilies swayed.

But never a flower that grew
In the garden of Prince Choo-Choo
Was half so fair as his daughter there, the Princess Loo-lee Loo.



LOO-LEE LOO.

Each day she came and sat
On her queer little bamboo mat.

(And I hope she carried a doll or two, but I
can't be sure of that!)
She watched the fountain toss,
And she gazed the bridge across,
And she worked a bit of embroidery fine with
a thread of silken floss.



LOO-LEE LOO AND LITTLE FING-WEE.

She touched her wee guitar,
The gift of her prince-papa,
And she hummed a queer little Chinese tune
with a Chinese tra-la-la!
It was all that she had to do
To keep her from feeling blue,
For terribly lonely and dull sometimes was poor
little Loo-lee Loo.

Her father had kites to fly
Far up in the free blue sky
(For a Chinaman loves with this elegant sport
his leisure to occupy);
And what with his drums and gongs,
And his numerous loud ding-dongs,
He could have any day, in a princely way, a
regular Fourth of July.

Her mother, the fair Su-See,
Was as busy as she could be,
Though she never went out, except, perhaps, to
a neighboring afternoon tea;
She was young herself, as yet,
And the minutes that she could get
She spent in studying up the rules of Elegant
Etiquette.

So the princess nibbled her plums,
And twirled her dear little thumbs,
And lent sometimes a wistful ear to the beating
of distant drums;
Until one April day—
Tsing Ming, as they would say—
She saw at the gate a sight that straight took
Loo-lee's breath away.



SU-SEE.

Two dimples, soft and meek,
In a brown little baby cheek,
Two dear little eyes that met her own in a
ravishing glance oblique;

A chubby hand thrust through
The palings of bamboo—
A little Celestial, dropped, it seemed, straight out of the shining blue.

A playmate, a friend, a toy,
A live little baby boy—
Conceive, if you can, in her lonely state, the Princess Loo-lee's joy!
How, as fast as her feet could toddle
(Her shoes were a Chinese model),
She hurried him in, and almost turned his dear little wondering noddle.

"Oh, is it," she bent to say
In her courteous Chinese way,
"In my very contemptible garden, dear, your illustrious wish to play?"
And when he nodded his head
She knew that he would have said,
"My insignificant feet are proud your honored estate to tread!"

Oh, then, but the garden rang
With laughter and joy—ting, tang!
There was never a happier spot that day in the realm of the great Ching-Wang!
And oh, but it waned too soon,
That golden afternoon,
When the princess played with her Ray of the Sun, her darling Beam of the Moon!

For when the shadows crept
Where the folded lilies slept,
Out into the garden all at once the prince her father stepped,
With a dignified air benign,
And a smile on his features fine,
And a perfectly gorgeous gown of silk embroidered with flower and vine.

A fan in his princely hand,
Which he waved with a gesture bland
(Instead of a gentleman's walking-stick it was carried, you understand),
In splendor of girdle and shoe,
In a glitter of gold and of blue,
With the fair Su-See at his side came he, the lordly Prince Choo-Choo.

The princess bent her brow
In a truly celestial bow,
Saluted her father with filial grace, and made him the grand kotow.
(For every child that 's bright
Knows well the rule that 's right,
That to knock your head on the ground nine times is the way to be polite.)

"And, pray, what have we here?"
In language kind though queer
The prince observed. "It looks to me like a little boy, my dear!"
"Why, that 's what it is!" in glee
The princess cried. "Fing-Wee—
Most Perfectly Peerless Prince-Papa, a dear little brother for me!"



PRINCE CHOO-CHOO.

Loud laughed the Prince Choo-Choo,
And I fancy he said "Pooh-pooh!"
(That sounds very much like a Chinese word, and expresses his feelings, too!)
And the fair Su-See leaned low.
"My Bud of the Rose, you know
If little Fing-Wee our son should be, your honors to him must go!"

But the princess's eyes were wet,
For her dear little heart was set
On having her way till she quite forgot her daughterly etiquette.
"Oh, what do I care!" she said.
"If he only may stay," she plead,
"I will give him the half of my bowl of rice and all of my fish and bread!"

"Dear, dear!" said the Prince Choo-Choo,
"Now here is a how-do-you-do!
Is there nothing, O Jasmine-Flower, instead?
A parasol pink or blue?
A beautiful big balloon?"
But she wept to the same old tune,
"I 'd rather have little Fing-Wee, papa, than anything under the moon!"

Then the prince he called for lights,
And he called for the Book of Rites,
And all of the classical literature that he loved to read o' nights;

"A son," he thoughtfully said,
"To serve me with rice and bread;
To burn the paper above my grave and honor my aged head!
Oh, try me the tortoise sign
With a tortoise of ancient line:
If he turns his toes straight in as he goes, the boy is certainly mine!"

Oho! but the garden rang
On that wonderful night—ting, tang!
When a banquet meet was served the élite of the city of proud Shi-Bang!



THE TORTOISE TEST.

And he read till the dawn of day
In his very remarkable way,
From end to beginning, from bottom to top, as only a Chinaman may.

"My father adopted a son,
His father the same had done;
Some thousands of years ago, it appears, the custom was thus begun."
He stopped for a pinch of snuff;
His logic was sound, though tough;
You may rightfully follow what plan you please, if it 's only antique enough!

And all who passed that way
Might read in letters gay
As long as your arm: "The Prince Choo-Choo adopts a son to-day!"

There was knocking of heads galore;
There were trumpets and drums a score;
The gay pavilions were lit with millions of lamps from ceiling to floor.
And oh, but the chop-sticks flew
In the palace of Prince Choo-Choo,
And the gifts that were brought for the little Fing-Wee would fill me a chapter or two.



"AND THE GIFTS THAT WERE BROUGHT FOR THE LITTLE FING-WEE WOULD FILL ME A CHAPTER OR TWO."



But with never a single toy,
The princess cried for joy,
Nor cared she a jot that they all forgot it was
she who had found the boy!
Her dear little heart it sang
Like a bird in her breast—ting, tang!
There was never a happier child that night in
the realm of the great Ching-Wang!

And her mother, the fair Su-See,
She looked at the little Fing-Wee—
There were mothers in China some thousands of
years before you were born, trust me!
She looked at the children two,
And down in the dusk and the dew,
With a tender mist in her eyes she kissed the
Princess Loo-lee Loo!

THE STORY WITHOUT AN END

"The Story without an End," of which we give you parts, was first written in the German language by a learned German with a French surname. The author, Friedrich W. Carové, was a thinker and wrote many large and earnest books that very few people read any more. Probably he is best remembered by this little tale, which was translated from the German by an English lady, Mrs. Sarah T. Austin, who lived for some time on the Continent. This lady's little daughter, Lucie, knew the story in German and wished other little English girls that did not understand German to share her pleasure. So away back in 1834 "The Story without an End" first was published. It is called "The Story without an End" because it has no "conclusion," such as most stories have, with a sort of final summing up. It just simply stops. In her dedication of the book to little Lucie, Mrs. Austin said: "You have often regretted that it left off so soon. . . . The continuation you have longed for lies in a wide and magnificent book, which contains more wonderful and glorious things than all our favorite fairy-tales put together." Do you know what "book" she meant?

There was once a Child who lived in a little hut, and in the hut was nothing but a little bed and a looking-glass which hung in a dark corner. Now the Child cared nothing at all about the looking-glass, but as soon as the first sunbeam glided softly through the casement and kissed his sweet eyelids, and the finch and the linnet waked him merrily with their morning songs, he arose and went out into the green meadow. And he begged flour of the primrose, and sugar of the violet, and butter of the buttercup; he shook dewdrops from the cowslip into the cup of a harebell; spread out a large lime-leaf, set his little breakfast upon it, and feasted daintily.

Sometimes he invited a humming-bee, oftener a gay butterfly, to partake of his feast; but his favorite guest was the blue dragon-fly. The bee murmured a good deal, in a solemn tone, about his riches; but the Child thought that if *he* were a bee heaps of treasure would not make him gay and happy; and that it must be much more delightful and glorious to float about in the free and fresh breezes of spring, and to hum joyously in the web of the sunbeams, than, with heavy feet and heavy heart, to stow the silver wax and the golden honey into cells.

To this the butterfly assented; and he told how, once on a time, he too had been greedy and sordid; how he had thought of nothing but eating, and had never once turned his eyes upward to the blue heavens. At length, however, a complete change had come over him; and instead of crawling spiritless about the dirty earth, half dreaming, he all at once awaked as out of a deep sleep. Now he could rise into the air, and it was his greatest joy sometimes to play with the light, and to reflect the heavens in the bright eyes of his wings; sometimes to listen to the soft language of the flowers, and catch their secrets. Such talk delighted the Child, and his breakfast was the sweeter to him, and the sunshine on leaf and flower seemed to him more bright and cheering.

But when the bee had flown off to beg from flower to flower, and the butterfly had fluttered away to his playfellows, the dragon-fly still remained, poised on a blade of grass. Her slender and burnished body, more brightly and deeply blue than the deep blue sky, glistened in the sunbeam; and her net-like wings laughed at the flowers because *they* could not fly, but must stand still and abide the wind and the rain. The dragon-fly sipped a little of the Child's clear dewdrops and blue-violet honey, and then whispered her winged words. And the Child made an end of his repast, closed his dark blue eyes, bent down his beautiful head, and listened to the sweet prattle.

Then the dragon-fly told much of the merry life in the green wood; how sometimes she played hide-and-seek with her playfellows under the broad leaves of the oak and beech trees; or hunt-the-hare along the surface of the still waters;

sometimes quietly watched the sunbeams, as they flew busily from moss to flower and from flower to bush, and shed life and warmth over all. But at night, she said, the moonbeams glided softly around the wood, and dropped dew into the mouths of all the thirsty plants; and when the dawn pelted the slumberers with the soft roses of heaven, some of the half-drunken flowers looked up and smiled; but most of them could not so much as raise their heads for a long, long time.

Such stories did the dragon-fly tell; and as the Child sat motionless, with his eyes shut, and his head rested on his little hand, she thought he had fallen asleep; so she poised her double wings and flew into the rustling wood.

* * * * * *

[*After various other adventures, the Child falls asleep in his little hut and dreams that he is falling into dark, gloomy caverns in the mountains.*]

The Child started up, and, to recover himself from his fright, went into the little flower-garden behind his cottage, where the beds were surrounded by ancient palm-trees, and where he knew that all the flowers would nod kindly at him. But, behold, the tulip turned up her nose, and the ranunculus held her head as stiffly as possible, that she might not bow good morrow to him. The rose, with her fair round cheeks, smiled and greeted the Child lovingly; so he went up to her and kissed her fragrant mouth. And then the rose tenderly complained that he so seldom came into the garden, and that she gave out her bloom and her fragrance the livelong day in vain; for the other flowers could not see her, because they were too low, or did not care to look at her because they themselves were so rich in bloom and fragrance. But she was most delighted when she glowed in the blooming head of a child, and could pour out all her heart's secrets to him in sweet odors. Among other things, the rose whispered in his ear that she was the Fulness of Beauty.

And in truth the Child, while looking at her beauty, seemed to have quite forgotten to go on, till the blue larkspur called to him and asked whether he cared nothing more about his faithful friend; she said that she was unchanged, and that even in death she should look upon him with eyes of unfading blue.

The Child thanked her for her true-heartedness, and passed on to the hyacinth, who stood near the puffy, full-cheeked gaudy tulips. Even from a distance the hyacinth sent forth kisses to him, for she knew not how to express her love. Although she was not remarkable for her beauty, yet the Child felt himself wondrously attracted by her, for he thought no flower loved him so well. But the hyacinth poured out her full heart and wept bitterly, because she stood so lonely; the tulips indeed were her countrymen, but they were so cold and unfeeling that she was ashamed of them. The Child encouraged her, and told her he did not think things were so bad as she fancied; that the tulips spoke their love in bright looks, while she uttered hers in fragrant words; that these, indeed, were lovelier and more intelligible, but that the others were not to be despised.

Then the hyacinth was comforted, and said she would be content; and the Child went on to the powdered auricula, who, in her bashfulness, looked kindly up to him, and would gladly have given him more than kind looks, had she had more to give. But the Child was satisfied with her modest greeting; he felt that he was poor too, and he saw the deep, thoughtful colors that lay beneath her golden dust. But the humble flower, of her own accord, sent him to her neighbor, the lily, whom she willingly acknowledged as her queen. And when the Child came to the lily, the slender flower waved to and fro, and bowed her pale head with gentle pride and stately modesty, and sent forth a fragrant greeting to him. The Child knew not what had come to him; it reached his inmost heart, so that his eyes filled with soft tears. Then he marked how the lily gazed with a clear and steadfast eye upon the sun, and how the sun looked down again into her pure chalice, and how, amid this interchange of looks, the three golden threads united in the center. And the Child heard how one scarlet ladybird at the bottom of the cup said to another, "Knowest thou not that we dwell in the flower of heaven?" and the other replied, "Yes, and now will the mystery be fulfilled."

And as the Child saw and heard all this, the dim image of his unknown parents, as it were veiled in a holy light, floated before his eyes; he strove to grasp it, but the light was gone, and the Child slipped, and would have fallen had not the branch of a currant-bush caught and held him. He took some of the bright berries* for his morning's meal, and went back to his hut and stripped the little branches.

* * * * * *

[*The Child takes a ramble with his friend the dragon-fly, who shows him a cave where he may pass the night. He then gets to talking to the fireflies, with their gold-green radiance.*]

During this conversation, the dragon-fly had been preparing a bed for her host. The moss upon which the Child sat had grown a foot high behind his back, out of pure joy; but the dragon-fly and her sisters had so reveled upon it, that it

* The red currant is called in Germany, Johannisbeere, St. John's berry.

was now laid at its length along the cave. The dragon-fly had awakened every spider in the neighborhood out of her sleep, and when they saw the brilliant light they had set to work spinning so industriously that their web hung down like a curtain before the mouth of the cave. But as the Child saw the ant peeping up at him, he entreated the fireflies not to deprive themselves any longer of their merry games in the wood on his account. And the dragon-fly and her sisters raised the curtain till the Child had lain down to rest, and then let it fall again, that the mischievous gnats might not get in to disturb his slumbers.

The Child laid himself down to sleep, for he was very tired; but he could not sleep, for his couch of moss was quite another thing than his little bed, and the cave was all strange to him. He turned himself on one side and then on the other, and as nothing would do, he raised himself and sat upright, to wait till sleep might choose to come. But sleep would not come at all; and the only wakeful eyes in the whole wood were the Child's. For the harebells had rung themselves weary, and the fireflies had flown about till they were tired, and even the dragon-fly, who would fain have kept watch in front of the cave, had dropped sound asleep.

The woods grew stiller and stiller; here and there fell a dry leaf which had been driven from its old dwelling-place by a fresh one; here and there a young bird gave a soft chirp when its mother squeezed it in the nest; and from time to time a gnat hummed for a minute or two in the curtain, till a spider crept on tiptoe along its web, and gave him such a gripe in the windpipe as soon spoiled his trumpeting.

The deeper the silence became, the more intently did the Child listen, and at last the slightest sound thrilled him from head to foot. At length, all was still as death in the wood; and the world seemed as if it never would wake again. The Child bent forward to see whether it were as dark abroad as in the cave, but he saw nothing save the pitch-dark Night, who had wrapped everything in her thick veil. Yet as he looked upward his eyes met the friendly glance of two or three stars, and this was a most joyful surprise to him, for he felt himself no longer so entirely alone. The stars were indeed far, far away, but yet he knew them, and they knew him, for they looked into his eyes.

The Child's whole soul was fixed in his gaze; and it seemed to him as if he must needs fly out of the darksome cave thither, where the stars were beaming with such pure and serene light; and he felt how poor and lowly he was, when he thought of their brilliancy; and how cramped and fettered, when he thought of their free unbounded course along the heavens.

But the stars went on their course, and left their glittering picture only a little while before the Child's eyes. Even this faded, and then vanished quite away. And he was beginning to feel tired, and to wish to lay himself down again, when a flickering Will-o'-the-wisp appeared from behind a bush,—so that the Child thought, at first, one of the stars had wandered out of its way and had come to visit him, and to take him with it. And the Child breathed quick with joy and surprise, and then the Will-o'-the-wisp came nearer and set himself down on a damp mossy stone in front of the cave; and another fluttered quickly after him and sat down over against him, and sighed deeply, "Thank God, then, that I can rest at last!"

"Yes," said the other, "for that you may thank the innocent Child who sleeps there within; it was his pure breath that freed us."—"Are you then," said the Child, hesitatingly, "not of yon stars which wander so brightly there above?"—"Oh, if we were stars," replied the first, "we should pursue our tranquil path through the pure element, and should leave this wood and the whole darksome earth to itself."—"And not," said the other, "sit brooding on the face of the shallow pool."

The Child was curious to know who these could be who shone so beautifully, and yet seemed so discontented. Then the first began to relate how he had been a child too, and how, as he grew up, it had always been his greatest delight to deceive people and play them tricks, to show his wit and cleverness. He had always, he said, poured such a stream of smooth words over people, and encompassed himself with such a shining mist, that men had been attracted by it to their own hurt. But once on a time there appeared a plain man, who only spoke two or three simple words, and suddenly the bright mist vanished, and left him naked and deformed, to the scorn and mockery of the whole world. But the man had turned away his face from him in pity, while he was almost dead with shame and anger. And when he came to himself again, he knew not what had befallen him, till at length he found that it was his fate to hover, without rest or change, over the surface of the bog as a Will-o'-the-wisp.

"With me it fell out quite otherwise," said the first; "instead of giving light without warmth, as I now do, I burned without shining. When I was only a child, people gave way to me in everything, so that I was intoxicated with self-love. If I saw any one shine, I longed to put out his light;

and the more intensely I wished this, the more did my own small glimmering turn back upon myself and inwardly burn fiercely, while all without was darker than ever. But if any one who shone more brightly would have kindly given me of his light, then did my inward flame burst forth to destroy him. But the flame passed through the light and harmed it not; it shone only the more brightly, while I was withered and exhausted. And once upon a time I met a little smiling child, who played with a cross of palm-branches, and wore a beamy coronet around his golden locks. He took me kindly by the hand and said: 'My friend, you are now very gloomy and sad, but if you will become a child again, even as I am, you will have a bright circlet such as I have.' When I heard that, I was so angry with myself and the child that I was scorched by my inward fire. Now would I fain to fly up to the sun to fetch rays from him, but the rays drove me back with these words: 'Return thither whence thou camest, thou dark fire of envy, for the sun lightens only in love; the greedy earth, indeed, sometimes turns his mild light into scorching fire. Fly back, then, for with thy like alone must thou dwell.' I fell, and when I recovered myself I was glimmering coldly above the stagnant waters."

While they were talking, the Child had fallen asleep; for he knew nothing of the world, nor of men, and he could make nothing of their stories. Weariness had spoken a more intelligible language to him—*that* he understood, and had fallen asleep.

* * * * * *

And the Child was become happy and joyful, and breathed freely again, and thought no more of returning to his hut; for he saw that nothing returned inward, but rather that all strove outward into the free air; the rosy apple-blossoms from their narrow buds, and the gurgling notes from the narrow breast of the lark. The germs burst open the folding doors of the seeds, and broke through the heavy pressure of the earth in order to get at the light; the grasses tore asunder their bands, and their slender blades sprang upward. Even the rocks were become gentle, and allowed little mosses to peep out from their sides, as a sign that they would not remain impenetrably closed forever. And the flowers sent out color and fragrance into the whole world, for they kept not their best for themselves, but would imitate the sun and the stars, which poured their warmth and radiance over the spring. And many a little gnat and beetle burst the narrow cell in which it was inclosed, and crept out slowly, and, half asleep, unfolded and shook its tender wings, and soon gained strength, and flew off to untried delights. And as the butterflies came forth from their chrysalids in all their gaiety and splendor, so did every humbled and suppressed aspiration and hope free itself, and boldly launch into the open and flowing sea of spring.



POEMS FOR CHILDREN OF ALL AGES

PART XIII

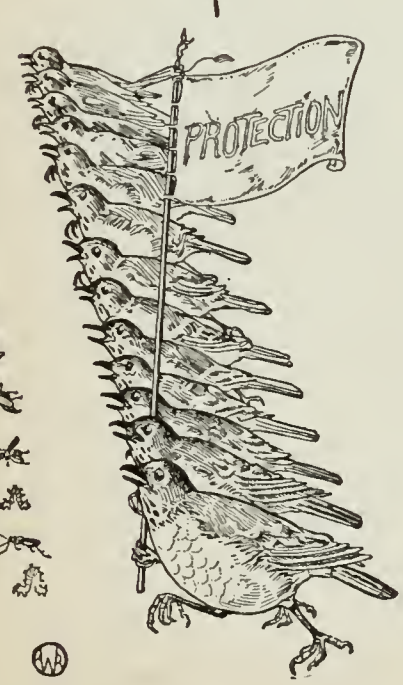
THE ROUND ROBIN

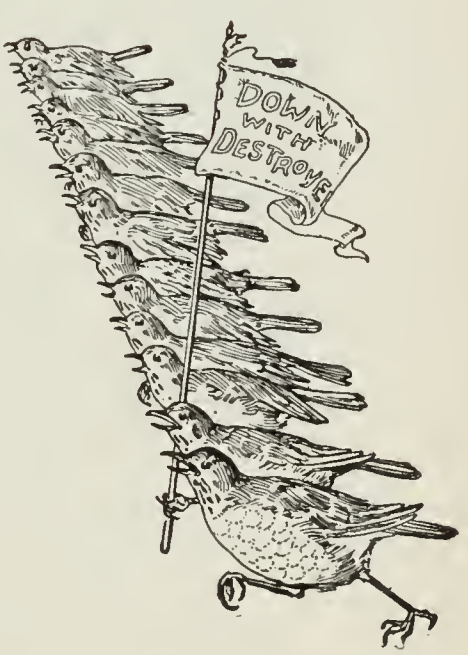
BY E. BARNES



E, Robin of the Maple Tree, and Robin of the Hill,
And Robin of the Currant Bush, and Robin by the Mill,
And Robin of the Berry Patch, and Robin up the Lane,
And Robin in the Lilac Top, and Robin in the Grain,
And Robin underneath the Eaves, and by the Chimney Stack,
And Robin at the Barnyard Gate, and o'er the Feeding Rack,
And Robin of the Cowshed, and Robin of the Pen,
And Robin of the Corn-field, and Robin of the Glen,
And of the Brook, the Lawn, the Hedge, the Silver Birch, and Green,
The Cedar Grove, the Ridge, the Slope, the Grape-vine, and Ravine—

DO, one and all, without dissent,
Make protest once again,
Against the slayers of the babes
Which we, with might and main,
Are trying hard to hatch and raise,
As careful parents should,
In all the good old-fashioned ways,
Of any decent brood;
To teach them to consume the pests,
The flies and grubs and bugs,
The beetles, borers, and the mites,
The vicious worms and slugs.





We only ask you half a chance,
Together and apart,
As tender husbands and as wives,
From out a swelling heart.
We make petition for our rights;
You could not live at all
If fields and gardens, fruit and trees
Were spoiled by things that crawl.

So, parents all, and teachers, too,
 Please charge your girls and boys
To leave our dear blue eggs alone;
 They were not meant for toys.
Just give your cats an extra meal
 In our short nesting time!
It does not last so very long,
 Nor cost a single dime.
And if we nip a cherry's cheek,
 We 'll pay for it elsewhere;
Birds have to eat, as well as you.
 We do not live on air!

We cry, we beg, we make appeal.
 Oh, hear while there is time!
We 've written you this earnest plea
 And put it into rhyme.
Oh, human folk, please do your part
 And let our fledglings grow!
And HERETO in "Round-Robin" form
 We sign our names below.







THE PRISONER OF CHILLON

BY LORD BYRON

Lord Byron's famous poem tells the story of three brothers who were imprisoned in the ancient castle of Chillon, which still stands on the Lake of Geneva. They suffered in the cause of religion. Two of them died in the prison, and were buried beneath the floor of the dungeon in which they were immured. The third of the brothers, who tells the story as set forth in the poem, was set free at last, but having lost, by the death of his two brothers, all that he held dear, his freedom came too late to be enjoyed, and the poem ends with his saying: "Even I regained my freedom with a sigh." Only a portion of the famous poem is here given, but it contains some of the finest passages, and particularly that in which the poet makes the prisoner say that if the bird which visited him and sang to him in his loneliness had indeed been the spirit of his brother, it would not have heedlessly flown away after cheering him with its song.

O God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood:
I 've seen it rushing forth in blood,
I 've seen it on the breaking ocean
Strive with a swol'n, convulsive motion,
I 've seen the sick and ghastly bed
Of sin delirious with its dread;
But these were horrors—this was woe
Unmix'd with such—but sure and slow;
He faded, and so calm and meek,
So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
So tearless, yet so tender, kind,
And grieved for those he left behind;
With all the while a cheek whose bloom
Was a mockery of the tomb,
Whose tints as gently sunk away
As a departing rainbow's ray;
An eye of most transparent light,
That almost made the dungeon bright,
And not a word of murmur, not
A groan o'er his untimely lot—
A little talk of better days,
A little hope my own to raise,
For I was sunk in silence—lost
In this last loss, of all the most;
And then the sighs he would suppress
Of fainting Nature's feebleness,
More slowly drawn, grew less and less:
I listened, but I could not hear;
I call'd, for I was wild with fear;
I knew 't was hopeless, but my dread
Would not be thus admonishèd;
I call'd, and thought I heard a sound—
I burst my chain with one strong bound,
And rushed to him—I found him not,
I only stirr'd in this black spot,
I only lived, I only drew
The accursed breath of dungeon-dew;
The last, the sole, the dearest link
Between me and the eternal brink,
Which bound me to my failing race,
Was broken in this fatal place.
One on the earth, and one beneath—
My brothers—both had ceased to breathe:
I took that hand which lay so still,
Alas! my own was full as chill;
I had not strength to stir, or strive,
But felt that I was still alive—
A frantic feeling when we know
That what we love shall ne'er be so.
I know not why
I could not die,
I had no earthly hope but faith,
And that forbade a selfish death.

What next befell me then and there
I know not well—I never knew—
First came the loss of light and air,
And then of darkness, too:
I had no thought, no feeling—none—
Among the stones I stood a stone,
And was scarce conscious what I wist,
As shrubless crags within the mist;
For all was blank, and bleak, and gray;
It was not night, it was not day;
It was not even the dungeon-light,
So hateful to my heavy sight,
But vacancy absorbing space,
And fixedness without a place;
There were no stars, no earth, no time,
No check, no change, no good, no crime,
But silence and a stirless breath
Which neither was of life nor death;
A sea of stagnant idleness,
Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless!

A light broke in upon my brain—
It was the carol of a bird;
It ceased, and then it came again,
The sweetest song ear ever heard,
And mine was thankful till my eyes
Ran over with the glad surprise,

And they that moment could not see
I was the mate of misery;
But then, by dull degrees, came back
My senses to their wonted track;
I saw the dungeon walls and floor
Close slowly round me as before,
I saw a glimmer of the sun
Creeping as it before had done,
But through the crevice where it came
That bird was perched, as fond and tame,
And tamer than upon the tree;
A lovely bird with azure wings,
And song that said a thousand things,
And seem'd to say them all to me!
I never saw its like before,
I ne'er shall see its likeness more;
It seem'd like me to want a mate,
But was not half so desolate,
And it was come to love me when
None lived to love me so again,
And cheering from my dungeon's brink,
Had brought me back to feel and think.
I know not if it late were free,
Or broke its cage to perch on mine;
But knowing well captivity,
Sweet bird! I could not wish for thine!
Or if it were, in wingèd guise,
A visitant from Paradise;
For—Heaven forgive that thought! the while
Which made me both to weep and smile—
I sometimes deem'd that it might be
My brother's soul come down to me;
But then at last away it flew,
And then 't was mortal well I knew,
For he would never thus have flown,
And left me twice so doubly lone,
Lone as the corse within its shroud,
Lone as a solitary cloud—
A single cloud on a sunny day,
While all the rest of heaven is clear,
A frown upon the atmosphere,
That hath no business to appear
When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Somewhat back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country seat.
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw;
And from its station in the hall
An ancient timepiece says to all:
"For ever—never!
Never—for ever!"

* * * * * * *

By day its voice is low and light;
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall
It echoes along the vacant hall,
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say at each chamber door:
"For ever—never!
Never—for ever!"

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth,
Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,
And as if, like God, it all things saw,
It calmly repeats those words of awe:
"For ever—never!
Never—for ever!"

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality;
His great fires up the chimney roared;
The stranger feasted at his board;
But, like the skeletons at the feast,
That warning timepiece never ceased:
"For ever—never!
Never—for ever!"

There groups of merry children played,
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed;
Oh, precious hours! Oh, golden prime,
And affluence of love and time!
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient timepiece told:
"For ever—never!
Never—for ever!"

From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding night;
There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay in his shroud of snow;
And in the hush that followed the prayer,
Was heard the old clock on the stair:
"For ever—never!
Never—for ever!"

All are scattered now and fled,
Some are married, some are dead;
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
"Ah, when shall they all meet again?"
As in the days long since gone by,
The ancient timepiece makes reply:
"For ever—never!
Never—for ever!"

Never here—for ever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care,

And death, and time shall disappear,
For ever there, but never here!
The horologe of Eternity
Sayeth this incessantly:
"For ever—never!
Never—for ever!"

THE DREADFUL STORY ABOUT HARRIET AND THE MATCHES

By Heinrich Hoffmann

It almost makes me cry to tell
What foolish Harriet befell.
Mamma and Nurse went out one day
And left her all alone at play;
Now, on the table close at hand,
A box of matches chanc'd to stand;
And kind Mamma and Nurse had told her
That, if she touch'd them, they should scold her.
But Harriet said: "Oh, what a pity!
For, when they burn, it is so pretty;
They crackle so, and spit, and flame;
Mamma, too, often does the same."

The pussy-cats heard this,
And they began to hiss,
And stretch their claws
And raise their paws;
"Me-ow," they said, "me-ow, me-o,
You 'll burn to death, if you do so."

But Harriet would not take advice,
She lit a match, it was so nice!
It crackled so, it burn'd so bright,
It filled her with immense delight.
She jump'd for joy and ran about
And was too pleas'd to put it out.

The pussy-cats saw this
And said: "Oh, naughty, naughty Miss!"
And stretch'd their claws
And rais'd their paws:
"'T is very, very wrong, you know,
Me-ow, me-o, me-ow, me-o,
You will be burnt, if you do so."

And see! oh! what a dreadful thing!
The fire has caught her apron-string;
Her apron burns, her arms, her hair;
She burns all over, everywhere.

Then how the pussy-cats did mew,
What else, poor pussies, could they do?
They scream'd for help, 't was all in vain!
So then they said: "We 'll scream again;
Make haste, make haste, me-ow, me-o,
She 'll burn to death, we told her so."

So she was burnt, with all her clothes,
And arms, and hands, and eyes, and nose:
Till she had nothing more to lose
Except her little scarlet shoes;
And nothing else but these were found
Among her ashes on the ground.

And when the good cats sat beside
The smoking ashes, how they cried!
"Me-ow, me-oo, me-ow, me-oo,
What will Mamma and Nursy do?"
Their tears ran down their cheeks so fast,
They made a little pond at last.

THINGS THAT NEVER DIE

By Sarah Doudney

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,
That stirred our hearts in youth,
The impulse to a wordless prayer,
The dreams of love and truth;
The longings after something lost,
The spirit's yearning cry,
The strivings after better hopes—
These things can never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid
A brother in his need,
The kindly word in grief's dark hour
That proves a friend indeed;
The plea for mercy gently breathed
When justice threatens high,
The sorrow of a contrite heart—
These things shall never die.

The memory of a clasping hand,
The pressure of a kiss,
And all the trifles, sweet and frail,
That make up love's first bliss;
If with a firm unchanging faith,
And holy trust on high,
Those hands have clasped, those lips have met—
These things shall never die.

The cruel and the bitter word
That wounded as it fell;
The chilling want of sympathy
We feel but never tell;
The hard repulse that grieves the heart
Whose hopes were bounding high
In an unfading record kept—
These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand
Must find some work to do;
Lose not a chance to waken love—
Be firm, and just, and true:

So shall a light that cannot fade
Beam on thee from on high,
And angel voices say to thee—
"These things shall never die."

THE SHIP OF STATE

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'T is of the wave and not the rock;
'T is but the flapping of the sail,
And not the rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempests' roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee!

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

This is a very familiar example of Sir Walter Scott's romantic poetry. The scene of the story is the border-land between England and Scotland, where Sir Walter lived, and whose legends he loved to relate. The words of the minstrel's own song are not given here. The minstrel of the past was one of the many picturesque figures that vanished with the changing ages, and we fear that wandering singers and musicians of our own time are poor substitutes for him.

The way was long, the wind was cold;
The Minstrel was infirm and old;
His withered cheek, and tresses gray,
Seemed to have known a better day;
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy.
The last of all the bards was he,
Who sung of Border chivalry;
For, well-a-day! their date was fled;
His tuneful brethren all were dead;
And he, neglected and oppressed,
Wished to be with them, and at rest.

No more, on prancing palfrey borne,
He caroled, light as lark at morn;
No longer courted and caressed,
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He poured to lord and lady gay
The unpremeditated lay.
Old times are changed, old manners gone,
A stranger filled the Stuart's throne;
The bigots of the iron time
Had called his harmless act a crime;
A wandering harper, scorned, and poor,
He begged his bread from door to door,
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp a king had loved to hear.

He passed where Newark's stately tower
Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower;
The Minstrel gazed with wistful eye;
No humbler resting-place was nigh.
With hesitating step, at last,
The embattled portal-arch he passed,
Whose ponderous grate and massy bar
Had oft rolled back the tide of war;
But never closed the iron door
Against the desolate and poor.
The duchess marked his weary pace,
His timid mien and reverend face,
And bade her page the menials tell,
That they should tend the old man well;
For she had known adversity,
Though born in such a high degree;
In pride of power, in beauty's bloom
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb!

When kindness had his wants supplied,
And the old man was gratified,
Began to rise his minstrel pride:
And he began to talk anon,
Of good Earl Francis, dead and gone,
And of Earl Walter—rest him, God!—
A braver ne'er to battle rode:
And how full many a tale he knew
Of the old warriors of Buccleuch;
And would the noble duchess deign
To listen to an old man's strain,
Though stiff his hand, his voice though weak,
He thought e'en yet, the sooth to speak,
That, if she loved the harp to hear,
He could make music to her ear.

The humble boon was soon obtained;
The aged Minstrel audience gained.
But, when he reached the room of state,
Where she with all her ladies sate,
Perchance he wished his boon denied;
For, when to tune his harp he tried,

His trembling hand had lost the ease
Which marks security to please;
And scenes, long past, of joy and pain,
Came wildering o'er his aged brain,
He tried to tune his harp in vain.
The pitying duchess praised its chime,
And gave him heart, and gave him time,
Till every string's according glee
Was blended into harmony.
And then, he said, he would full fain
He could recall an ancient strain,
He never thought to sing again;
It was not framed for village churls,
But for high dames and mighty earls;
He had played it to King Charles the Good,
When he kept court in Holyrood;
And much he wished, yet feared to try,
The long-forgotten melody.

Amid the strings his fingers strayed,
And an uncertain warbling made;
And oft he shook his hoary head.
But when he caught the measure wild
The old man raised his face and smiled;
And lightened up his faded eye
With all a poet's ecstasy!
In varying cadence, soft or strong,
He swept the sounding chords along;
The present scene, the future lot—
His toils, his wants—were all forgot.
Cold diffidence, and age's frost,
In the full tide of song were lost;
Each blank, in faithless memory void,
The poet's glowing thought supplied;
And, while his harp responsive rung,
'T was thus the latest Minstrel sung.

* * * * * *

Hushed is the harp—the Minstrel gone;
And did he wander forth alone?
Alone, in indigence and age,
To linger out his pilgrimage?
No. Close beneath proud Newark's tower
Arose the Minstrel's lowly bower;
A simple hut; but there was seen
The little garden hedged with green,
The cheerful hearth, and lattice clean.

* * * * * *

So passed the winter's day, but still,
When summer smiled on sweet Bowhill,
And July's eve, with balmy breath,
Waved the bluebells on Newark heath;
When throstles sung on Harehead shaw,
And corn waved green on Carterhaugh,
And flourished broad, Blackandro's oak,
The aged harper's soul awoke!
Then would he sing achievements high
And circumstance of chivalry,
Till the rapt traveler would stay,
Forgetful of the closing day;
And noble youths, the strain to hear,
Forsook the hunting of the deer;
And Yarrow, as he rolled along,
Bore burden to the Minstrel's song.

A CHILD'S LAUGHTER

By Algernon Charles Swinburne

All the bells of heaven may ring,
All the birds of heaven may sing,
All the wells on earth may spring,
All the winds on earth may bring
 All sweet sounds together;
Sweeter far than all things heard,
Hand of harper, tone of bird,
Sound of woods at sundawn stirred,
Welling water's winsome word,
 Wind in warm, wan weather.

One thing yet there is that none
Hearing, ere its chime be done
Knows not well the sweetest one
Heard of man beneath the sun,
 Hoped in heaven hereafter;
Soft and strong and loud and light,
Very sound of very light,
Heard from morning's rosiest height,
When the soul of all delight
 Fills a child's clear laughter.

Golden bells of welcome rolled
Never forth such note, nor told
Hours so blithe in tones so bold,
As the radiant mouth of gold
 Here that rings forth heaven.
If the golden-crested wren
Were a nightingale—why, then
Something seen and heard of men
Might be half as sweet as when
 Laughs a child of seven.



THE PIRATE

HELENA SHARPSTEEN

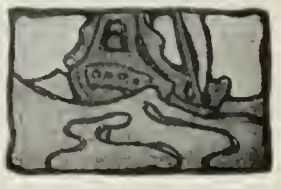
I WANT to be a pirate
 And sail upon the Sea,
And wear a sword so no one dare
 Say "do" and "don't" to me.

I want to take a hundred men
 And step upon the shore,
To meet a hundred thousand there
 And "leave them in their gore."







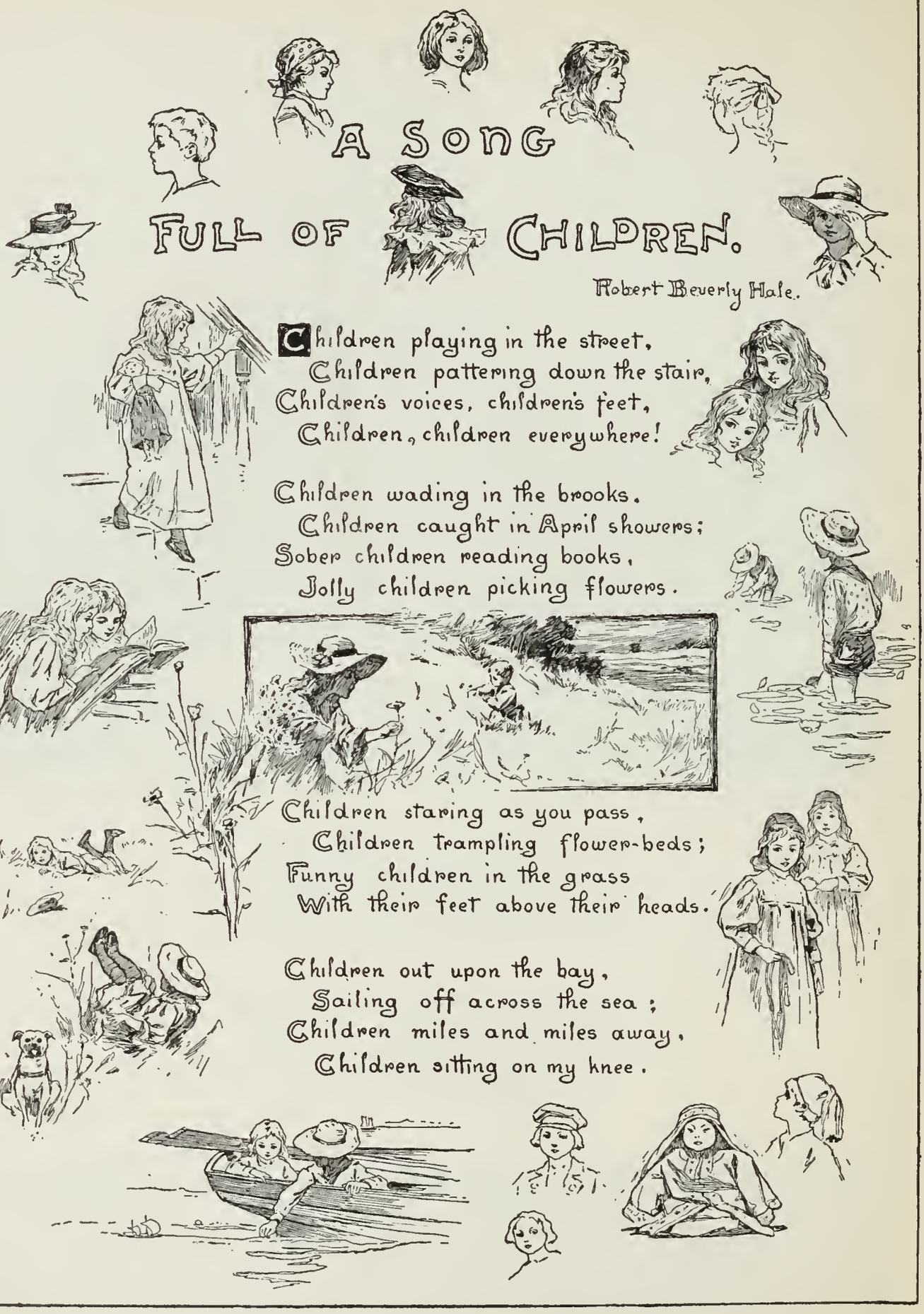


I want to find a cave of gold,
And, after fighting hard
With "might and main, set sail again"
And hide it in our yard.

I want to have a great big ship
And sail before the breeze,
'Till everyone shall say I am
The "Terror of the Seas!"

But I am sure that Captain Kydd
Would have grown up a lamb
If his mamma had been like mine
And caught him "looting" jam!





A Song Full of Children.

Robert Beverly Hale.

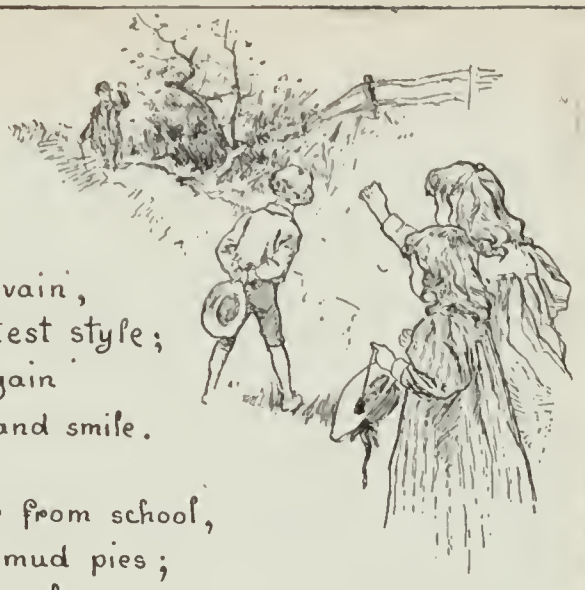
Children playing in the street,
Children pattering down the stair,
Children's voices, children's feet,
Children, children everywhere!

Children wading in the brooks,
Children caught in April showers;
Sober children reading books,
Jolly children picking flowers.

Children staring as you pass,
Children trampling flower-beds;
Funny children in the grass
With their feet above their heads.

Children out upon the bay,
Sailing off across the sea;
Children miles and miles away,
Children sitting on my knee.





Children very proud and vain,
Dressed up in the latest style;
Children smiling back again
When I look at them and smile.

Children dancing home from school,
Children making nice mud pies;
Children fishing in the pool,
Children chasing butterflies.



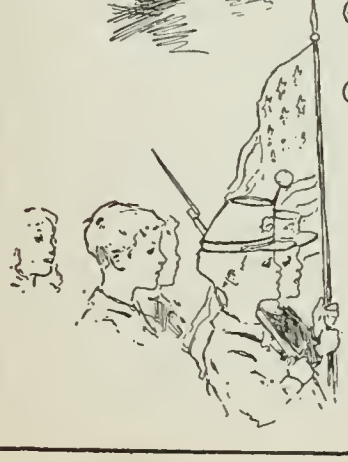
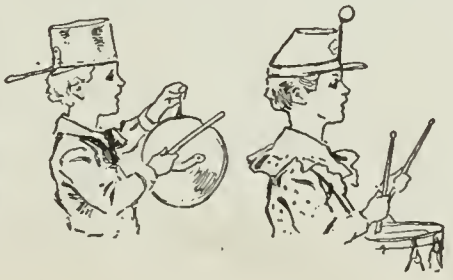


Children laughing for delight,
Children crying for their bread;
Children in the streets at night
Children sound asleep in bed;





Children dressed like soldiers bold,
Marching with their flags unfurled—
Oh, our hearts have room to hold
All the children in the world!


TWO MODERN FAIRY STORIES

IN THE MOONLIGHT FIELD

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

You have to go down through the mullein-patch and then climb the rail fence. If you are a girl you can squeeze through, quite low down, where there is a crooked rail that makes a wide opening. Then, when you get past the briers in the fence-corner, you see a path, but must n't take it. You must cross the path, and there is a little plowed place with some old apple-trees, and along the edge there is milkweed—two kinds, red and pink. That is n't the place, either. You have to go down another hill first, until you come to where you can't see the house, or even the barn; and there is a little pond with the moon in it and two stars.

Of course it 's 'most dark by this time, but you 're not afraid, because there are some cows there that are lying down chewing their cuds and looking as friendly as anything. You go around the pond to the other side, where there are some waxberry-bushes and some grass that grows taller than it does anywhere else. When you get down behind the grass and look through, you can see a nice, smooth place like green plush, all bright and moonlighty. That 's it. That 's where the grasshoppers dance. You have to sit still, though,—just as still!—and not go to sleep, because if you do they don't dance. I mean you don't see them.

They danced last night, and it 's too bad you could n't have been there, for it was a regular ball. There was a big mushroom that had come up on one side of the green place, and that 's where they had the musicians. You see, it 's just as we have a band-stand—up high so everybody can hear the music and see who 's making it. They stood up on top of the mushroom and played, and the dancers were down below on the green plush, all promenading and circling to the left, trying to keep up with the music. I did n't suppose there ever could be any trouble among them, they all seemed to be having such a good time.

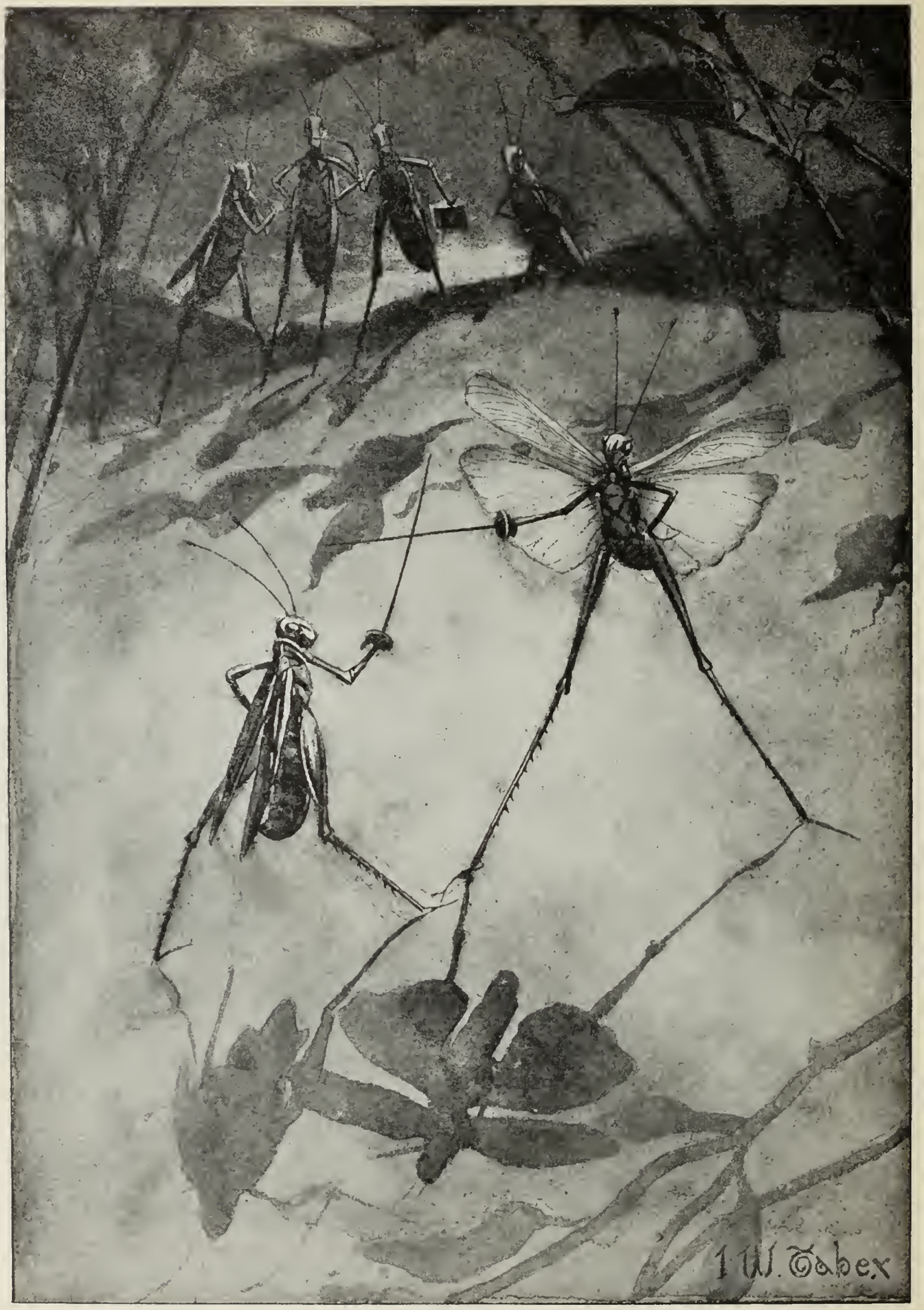
But that 's just it: you never can tell when something 's going to happen. Of course I did n't know anything about their private affairs,—you could n't expect me to,—but I soon found out a few things, and one was that they were n't all as merry as you might think. There was a great tall fellow with four wings that he wore spread out like a big necktie, and he was dancing with a little Miss Grasshopper that did n't come up much more than to his knee. Then, right in front of them was another couple, both about the same size, and they kept looking around at the tall grasshopper and his little partner, and not paying enough attention to each other to keep step right. Of course pretty soon I saw how it was. I knew that the fellow in front wanted to dance with the little grasshopper behind, and that his partner wanted to be with the tall fellow with the four wings. I thought I 'd better go home before there was trouble; but I did n't get away in time, for first thing I knew the ones in front missed step and got in the way of the ones behind, and the tall fellow stumbled over them, and down they all went in a heap.

Of course there was no way to keep from having a fuss then. I thought once I 'd interfere, but I happened to remember that it was n't my funeral, as the old saying goes, and would n't be, no matter what happened, so I just kept still and watched.

The short fellow got up first, and said some things, that I forgot as quickly as I could; but they made the tall fellow hopping mad, and he said all the same things too, and some of his own besides. Then the musicians stopped playing, and all the ladies screamed and ran into the waxberry-bushes. Their partners stayed to see the



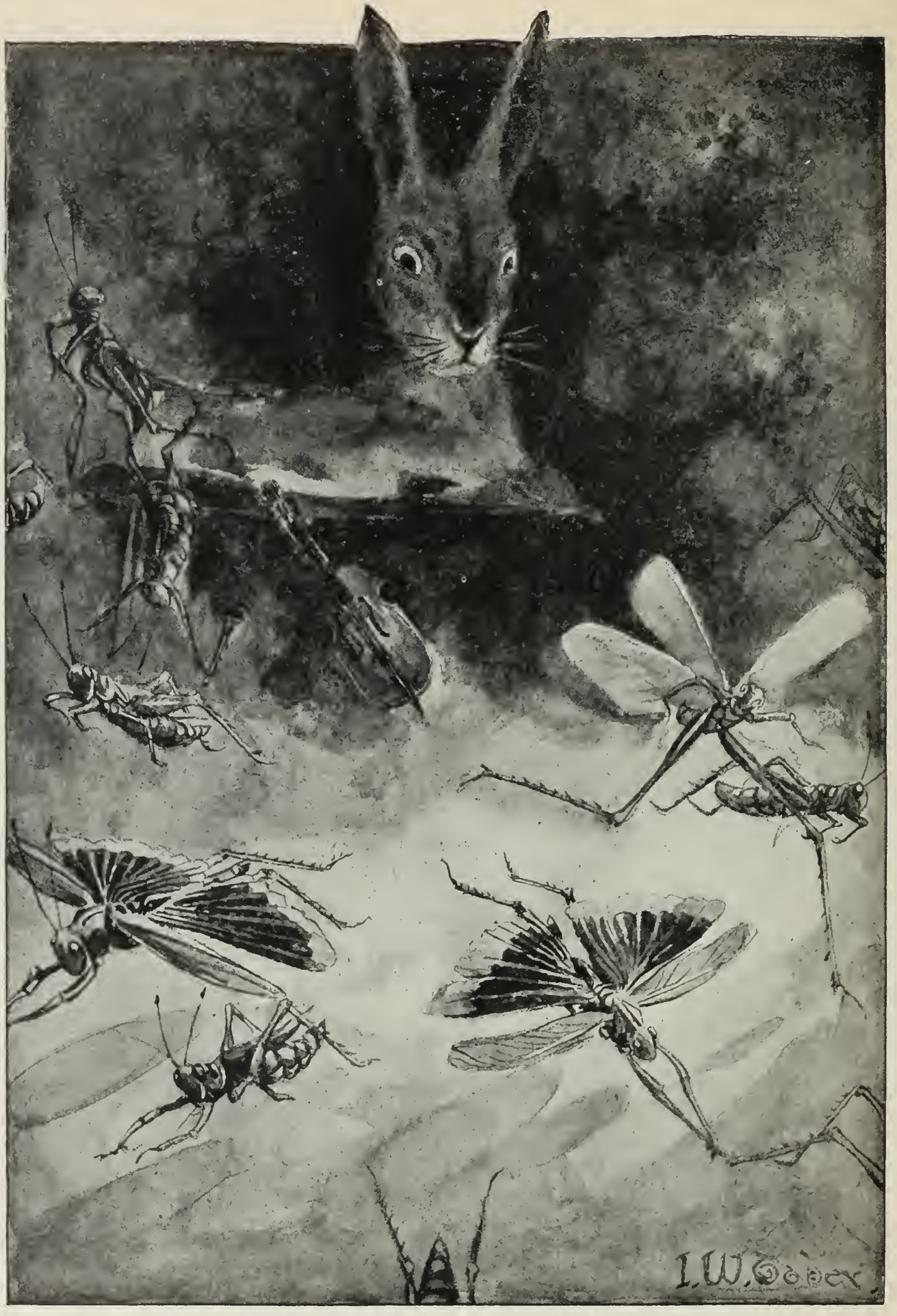
THE GRASSHOPPER BALL.



THE DUEL.



THE END OF THE DUEL.



"'HELLO!'"

end of it, and pretty soon two or three hurried off, and came back in a minute with two sharp swords, and one fellow carried a little square box with a handle. I knew right away what they were going to do: I knew they were going to fight a duel, and that I ought to interfere. Still, it was n't my affair, so I slipped along after them, when they went over to another green place, and just watched.

I could see right away that they were n't afraid, any of them, and the minute they got to fighting I felt *so* excited, and did n't care. I wanted the big fellow with the wings to win, for I thought he was n't to blame, and I was just about to cheer him when I happened to remember that it might stop everything if I did, so I did n't.

I never saw any *men* fight a duel, but I know they could n't do it any better—or any worse, I mean—than those fellows did. They went at it without wasting a minute, or any breath in talking; and the others stood back on a little hill, where they 'd be out of the way, and looked at them.

I don't know how long they fought—I suppose it was a good while; but I was so excited to see them jumping about and trying to hit each other that I did n't think about the time until, all of a sudden, they made a very fierce rush at each other, and then over they both went, backward!

I came as near as could be saying something then, but still did n't, and even if I had they would n't have heard it, for the others all came running up, making a lot of noise, and fanning the duelists, and asking if they were much hurt and where.

Neither one of them could tell just where it was, but both said they were surely dying, and they forgave each other, and sent some last words to their partners in the waxberry-bushes.

Then the doctor felt and looked all over them, while they kept on sending more last words, until, all at once, the doctor commenced to laugh, and told them to get up and shake hands before they went back to the dance. They looked sad at first when he said that, for they thought he was making fun, and not giving them a chance to die becomingly; but all at once they did jump up, and commenced to laugh too, for they were n't wounded at all, only just stunned a little when they ran against each other.

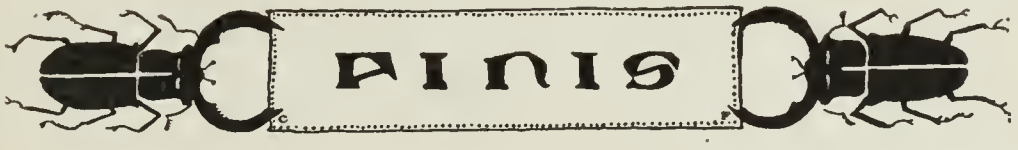
Then everybody shook hands all around, and they went back on a run to the green-plush moonlighty place, and called their partners out of the waxberry-bushes.

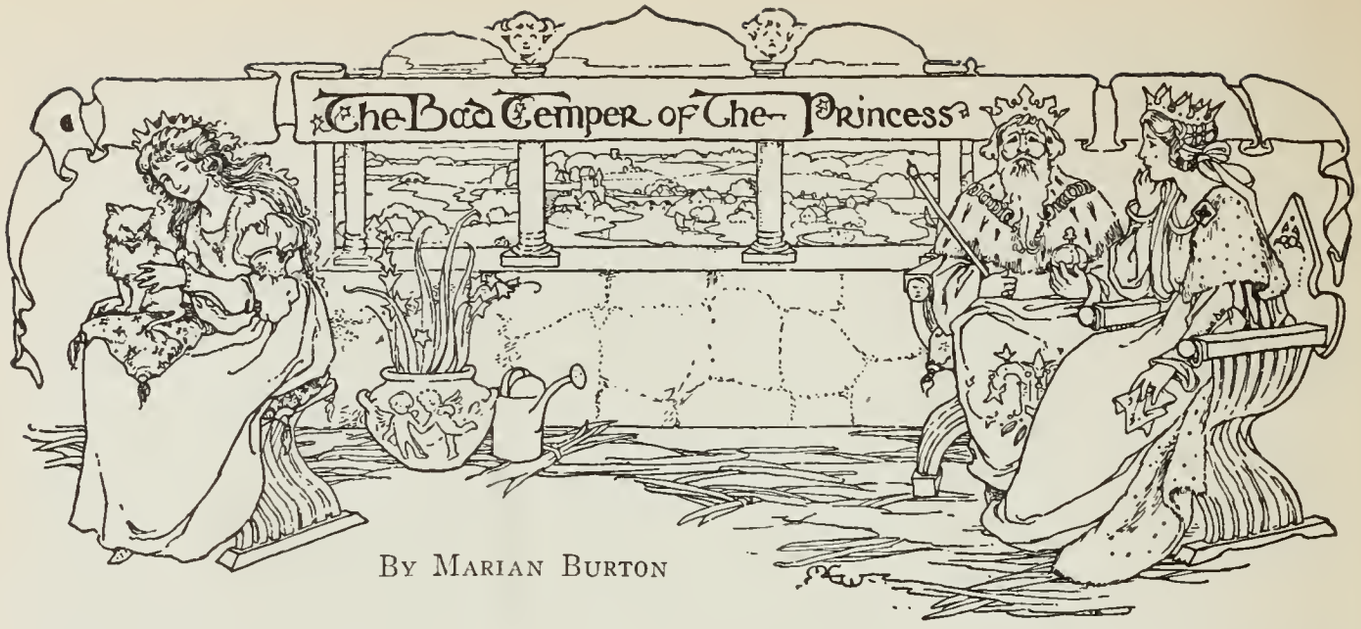
Up jumped the musicians too, and in a minute everybody was dancing again and promenading and *do-si-do*-ing as if nothing had happened at all.

The two duelists were such good friends by this time that they changed partners for every set, and the musicians played faster and faster and faster, and the dancers danced harder and harder and harder, while I got so excited that I got my face up closer and closer and closer, until, all at once, just before sunrise, I happened to see right across the green place, and behind the mushroom, another great big face, with two bright eyes and two very long ears. And then I *did* forget myself, and said right out loud, "Hello!" just as if I were talking through a telephone; for it was Mr. Jack Rabbit, and he was watching the grasshopper ball, too.

Well, that settled it, for when the grasshoppers saw us there was a whisk and a whirl and a scamper into the waxberry-bushes, and a second later Mr. Jack Rabbit suddenly recollected some business he had over in the next field, and before I could say "Good morning!" I was sitting there alone by the little pond, and the sun was coming over the hill where the barn is, just as if there 'd never been any night, or moonlight, or grasshopper ball, or duel, or anything.

But there was, for I was there; and if you will go down through the mullein weeds, and climb the fence, and do everything just as I tell you, you can be there next time, too.





By Marian Burton

I

Once upon a time, in a dainty little kingdom all parks and rivers and cottages and flowers, there lived a jolly, red-faced king named Rudolpho. Every one of his subjects loved him, the surrounding kings were his loyal friends, and the neighboring kingdoms were on the best of terms with him. Indeed, they had a happy way, these old kings, of exchanging thrones for a week now and then, just as some preachers nowadays exchange pulpits—to prove, I suppose, how very good their own is, after all. This king about whom I am telling you was fat, of course, and looked very like our good friend Santa Claus.

Yet, strange as it may seem, with all these blessings—a rich kingdom, faithful subjects, and a loving wife—this good king was not happy. There was one cloud, a very pretty silver-edged cloud, but yet a cloud, which hung just in front of the sun of his happiness and cast a great big shadow.

The king had a daughter, the Princess Madge, his only child; and though she was obedient in everything else, she just would n't, *would n't,* marry. Now the king was very anxious for her to marry and settle down on the throne, because he was growing old. Every morning for three weeks, just before breakfast, he had had three separate twinges of pain. The queen said it was because of his rheumatism, but he knew better; he was sure that it was old age, and it made him very eager to have the kingdom in the hands of the new son-in-law king before he died.

Of course there were plenty of princes and dukes and barons and lords who would gladly have wedded the pretty princess for her own sweet sake alone, to say nothing of the prospect of being king some day, but she would n't have one of them. There was not a man in the kingdom nor in any of the surrounding kingdoms who suited her capricious fancy. Princes of haughty mien, princes of gentle manner, handsome princes, ugly princes, tall princes, short princes, fat princes, lean princes, had been introduced at the court, had been encouraged by the king and queen, and had sought to gain her favor. She had been showered with gifts of rare flowers and precious stones, and had received thousands of little letters smelling of perfume; but from prince, from jewels, and from written vows of love she turned away with the same cheerful determination.

A princess is a lonely little body, you know, and custom was so rigid in the time of the Princess Madge that she had no one to talk to excepting Pussy Willow, the royal kitten. She had no brother, no sister, no cousin, and no dearest friend. She did n't even have a chance to speak freely to her own father and mother. It is true, she took breakfast with them every morning at eleven in the great breakfast-room, but the butlers and waiters and pages and flunkies were always standing about, with their ears pricked up and their eyes bulging out, so that no one dared whisper a secret or have even the jolliest little family quarrel. It is true her royal mama came at precisely ten o'clock to kiss her good night every evening, but there were always a dozen maids and ladies in waiting, and it was impossible to have a real good talk. But Pussy Willow was her constant companion, and to Pussy she told everything. That friendly cat was the only living thing in the whole kingdom that really knew that the princess intended to marry sometime. That was what worried the king and

queen so much; Madge made them believe that she would never marry any one, never, *never,* NEVER, but would live alone to the end of her days and leave the kingdom to any one who wished for it.

"Pussy, I would n't tell a story to the king and queen for the world, but is n't it fun to see them take on so? If I really thought that papa was ill and likely to die, I would be as good as gold; but those little pains of his are only rheumatism, I am sure, so I don't mind teasing him just a little. You know, Pussy, that when my ideal comes—oh, you need n't look up and blink in such surprise, for I really have an ideal, and I will tell you all about him!" Whereupon Pussy shook her head till her gold-bell necklace tinkled loudly, then she yawned a little and began to wash her face. She looked very wise as she sat there stroking her whiskers and thumping thoughtfully on the floor with her bunchy tail. After thinking thus seriously for a few minutes, she suddenly began a sympathetic little purr-song which seemed to say:

"Go on, little mistress; I am all ready to listen, and I 'll not tell a soul." Then Princess Madge continued:

"I don't care whether he is prince or pauper, high or low, handsome or plain; but he must in any case be contented. You know what contented means, Pussy—satisfied with what he has until he deserves and can get something better. If he is like that he will always be unselfish and happy. Oh, yes, and I shall be happy, too. Now I am going to write a letter to papa and tell him that I will marry if he will find me a contented man."



Came at precisely ten o'clock to kiss her goodnight

Quick as thought, the princess opened her rosewood and gold desk, drew out some paper with her crest on it and a jeweled pen, and wrote daintily and carefully. It took her a very long time, Pussy Willow thought.

"Now, kitty, listen; I will read it to you:

"To his Majesty the King, from her Royal Highness, the Princess Madge.

"DEAR OLD PAPA: I have at last decided to be married if you can find a man to suit me. Now read, my dear papa, and remember that this decision is final. I will marry the first contented man you can find, no matter who he is. Read this little poem; it is my guiding star at this very serious time:

"'There is a jewel which no Indian mine can buy,
No chemic art can counterfeit.
It makes men rich in greatest poverty,
Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold.
Seldom it comes, to few from heaven sent,
That much in little, all in naught—*content.*'

"What I have written, I have written.

"Your own MADGE.

"That sounds very well, does n't it, Pussy? I am going to fold it so, and so, then cut off

a strand of my hair—see, Pussy, it is nearly a yard long, and it will go around and around this letter and tie in a great golden knot. When the king sees that he will know it is very important. Now I will go to the door and tell the page to run with this to papa, and then—oh, I wonder what he will say!"

She ran to the door, spoke a few words to the page who stood just outside, then returned to the great cushioned chair by the window. Pussy climbed into her lap. They both winked a few times and blinked a few times and then fell fast asleep.

II

Half an hour later the king, with his crown comfortably pushed back on his head, and a smile very much all over his ruddy face, burst into the queen's sitting-room. He held a tangle of golden hair in one hand and a sheet of blue note-paper in the other.

"My dear, my dear, what do you think has happened? Here, written by her own hand, the hand of the Princess Madge, are the happy words which drive away all our fears. She will marry, my dear, she will marry; and listen: she cares not what may be his rank or age or condition—he must be a *contented* man, that is all. Oh, what a child, what a child!"

"Oh, Rudolpho, my love, is it true? Why, why, I am so happy! Is it really true? Do give me my fan. Yes, thank you. Fan me, dear; a little faster. It quite took my breath away. Just to think of that! Now go at once and issue a royal edict summoning every contented man in this kingdom and in all the surrounding kingdoms to a grand feast here in the palace. After the feast we will hold a trial, and the Princess Madge shall be the judge."

Away rushed the king, the pages in waiting outside the door vainly trying to catch the end of his fluttering robe.

The next day a cavalcade of heralds set out from the palace gates, bearing posters which were hung in the market-place of every village for leagues about. In blue letters on a gold ground were these words:

Ho, ye! Hear, ye! Ho, ye!

On the twenty-third day of the month now present, every *contented* man throughout the universe is summoned to the court of King Rudolpho for a feast and a trial for the hand of the Princess Madge. He among you all who is absolutely contented shall have the princess's hand in marriage, together with half the kingdom. Every man will be tried by the princess herself. Every man who falls short and stands not the test shall never again enter King Rudolpho's court.

My hand + My seal +.
Rudolpho, *Rex.*

The day dawned, brilliant and glorious. How the contented men jostled each other, and frowned at each other, and scolded each other as they thronged through the palace gates! They all gathered in the banquet-hall, where a wonderful feast was spread—a roasted ox, with wild boar and lamb and turkey and peacock, and a hundred kinds of fruit, and fifty kinds of ice-water; but as a dinner-party it was not a success. Conversation was dull, each man glowered at his neighbor, and all seemed eager to finish the feast and begin the trial.

Finally it was over, and five hundred and fifty contented men assembled in the royal court-room. The king and queen were seated on their thrones, but the princess was nowhere to be seen. There was a moment of breathless waiting—then suddenly a door at the side of the court-room opened and the Princess Madge, carrying Pussy Willow, entered and was followed by her train-bearers and maids of honor. She wore a wonderful gown all white and gold down the front, with the foamiest of sea-foam green trains hanging from her shoulders away out behind her. Slowly, majestically, she walked across the room, and stopped before a table on which lay a golden gavel. A quick tap of the gavel silenced the little murmur that had arisen at her entrance. The king glanced at the queen, and they both smiled with pride in their stately daughter. The princess tapped again and began:

"Princes, baronets, honorables, commons of this kingdom and our neighboring kingdoms, I bid you welcome. You have come to sue for my hand and my fortune. I know full well, my noble men, that if I asked it you would gladly give me some great proof of your bravery and goodness—but I ask you to take no risk and make no sacrifice. I merely wish to know whether I can find in any of you that secret of all true courage and happiness—contentment. Now let every man of you who is contented, *thoroughly contented,* rise. Remember, there are no degrees in contentment; it is absolute."

The black-robed throng arose—some eagerly, some impatiently, some disdainfully, some few slowly and thoughtfully, but they all stood and waited in utter silence.

"As I put the test question, if there is any one who cannot answer it, let him go quietly out through yonder door and never again show his discontented face in this court. You say you are contented—happy, unselfish, and satisfied with


The Princess Madge Enters
Margaret Ely Webb

what the gods have given you. Answer me this! Why, then, do you scowl and jostle one another? Why do you want to marry any one—least of all, a princess with half the riches of a great kingdom as a dowry, to spoil your happiness? Greedy fortune-hunters! Do you call that contentment?"

The contented men stood a moment in baffled silence, then turned, one and all, and slowly marched out of the room. As the door closed upon the last one of the disappointed suitors, the princess picked up her pretty kitten and, turning to her father and mother, said:

"Would you have me marry one of *those?* Why, they are n't half so contented as a common, every-day pussy-cat. Good-by!" And she laughed a merry laugh, threw a kiss at the astonished king and queen, and ran from the room.

III

At luncheon one day many months after the dismissal of the discontented suitors, the prime minister entered the dining-room and announced to the king that a man had been found within the palace gates without a royal permit, and had been immediately put in the dungeon. He was a handsome fellow, the prime minister said, but very poorly clad. He made no resistance when he was taken prisoner, but earnestly requested that his trial might come off as soon as possible, as he rather wanted to make a sketch of the palace and gardens, and he could n't see very well from the slit in the top of the dungeon; but he begged them not to put themselves nor the king to any inconvenience, as he could just as well remain where he was and write poems.

"In sooth, your Majesty," said the prime minister, in conclusion, "from all we have heard and seen, it seemeth that at last we have found a contented man."

As soon as the king finished his royal repast he disguised himself in the long cloak and hat of a soldier and went with the prime minister and the turnkey to catch a glimpse of the prisoner. As they approached the dungeon they heard a rich bass voice singing:

> "Let the world slide, let the world go!
> A fig for care, and a fig for woe.
> If I must stay, why, I can't go,
> And love makes equal the high and low."

The king drew nearer, stooped, and peeped through the keyhole. Just opposite the door, on a three-legged stool, sat the prisoner. His head was thrown back and he was looking at the sky through the bars in the top of his cell. The song had ceased and he was talking softly to himself. The king, in a whisper, told the prime minister to bring the princess and have her remain hidden just outside the door. Then he motioned to the turnkey to throw back the bolts, and he entered the dungeon alone.

"Why are you talking to yourself, man?" he asked. The man answered:

"Because, soldier, I like to talk to a sensible man, and I like to hear a sensible man talk."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the king. "Pretty good, pret-ty good! They tell me that all things please you. Is it true?"

"I think I can safely say yes, soldier."

"But why are you so poorly clad?"

"The care of fine clothes is too much of a burden—I have long ago refused to be fashion's slave."

"But where are your friends?"

"Of those that I have had, the good are dead, and happier so than here; the evil ones have left me and are befriending some one else, for which I say, 'Joy go with them.'"

"And is there nothing that you want?" As the king asked this question he looked at the man in a peculiarly eager way, nor did the answer disappoint him.

"I have all of the necessities of life and many of the luxuries. I am perfectly content. I know I have neither land nor money, but is not the whole world mine? Can even the king himself take from me my delight in the green trees and the greener fields, in that dainty little cloud flecking heaven's blue up yonder like a bit of foam on a sunlit sea? Oh, no! I am rich enough, for all nature is mine—"

"And *I* am yours," said a sweet young voice. The man looked up in surprise, and there before him, holding out her pretty hands toward him, stood the Princess Madge, who had slipped into the cell unnoticed.

The man sprang to his feet, clasped the little hands in his, and said:

"I know not what you mean, sweet lady, when you say that you are mine; but oh, you are passing beautiful!"

"Papa," called the princess, "this is quite dreadful. Quick, take off that ugly soldier's coat and tell him who we are and all about it!"

The king, starting as if from a dream, threw off the rough coat and hat and stepped forth into the beam of sunlight, resplendent in gold and ermine.

"Thou dost not know me, my man? I am the king. Hast thou not read our last proclamation?"

"No, your Majesty; I never do read proclamations."



"Then thou didst not know that the hand of the princess is offered to the first contented man who enters the palace?"

"No, your Majesty; I knew it not."

"Then know it now, and know, too, that thou art the man. To thee I give my daughter, together with half my kingdom. No, no—not a word. Thou deservest her. May you be happy!"

The prisoner, almost dumb with astonishment, almost dazed with joy, knelt and kissed the princess's white hands, then looked into her eyes and said:

"Ah, well it is for me that I saw you not until now, for I should have been miserably discontented until you were mine!"

CHILD CHARACTERS FROM DICKENS

A RUNAWAY COUPLE

(Adapted from "The Holly Tree")

Master Harry Walmers lived with his papa at a house called The Elms, down by Shooter's Hill, and about six or seven miles from London; and Norah, his sweetheart, lived close by.

Master Harry was an only child; but he was far from being a spoiled child, and, although he was only eight years old, he was a clever little fellow and quite a companion to his father. Norah was seven, and she and Harry were deeply in love with each other. There was an under-gardener at The Elms, named Cobbs, of whom both the children were very fond. One morning quite early, Harry saw him mowing the lawn and came out to him:

"Cobbs," said he, "how should you spell Norah, if you were asked?" and when Cobbs told him, he began cutting that name all over the fence.

One day he brought Norah down to the path where Cobbs was hoeing weeds, and said:

"Cobbs, I like you."

"Do you, sir?" replied Cobbs. "I 'm proud to hear it."

"Yes, I do, Cobbs. And the reason I like you is that Norah likes you."

"Indeed, sir, that 's very gratifying," said Cobbs.

"Gratifying, Cobbs?" said the boy. "It 's better than millions of the brightest diamonds to be liked by Norah. And Cobbs, Norah and I have heard you 're going away. Are you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Would you like another situation, Cobbs?"

"Well, sir," answered Cobbs, "I should n't object if it was a good one!"

"Then, Cobbs," said the boy, "you shall be our head-gardener when we are married."

And he tucked Norah's arm under his and walked away.

Although Cobbs had taken no particular notice of children before, he grew to be very fond of the two pretty little lovers. Sometimes he listened to them telling each other fairy stories, or planning about having a house in a forest and keeping bees and cows, and living entirely on milk and honey.

"Cobbs," said Master Harry one evening, when Cobbs was watering the flowers, "I 'm going on a visit to my grandmamma's at York."

"Are you indeed, sir?" replied Cobbs. "I hope you 'll have a pleasant time. I am going into Yorkshire myself when I leave here."

"Are you going to your grandmamma's, Cobbs?"

"No, sir. I have n't got such a thing."

"I shall be very glad to go, Cobbs," said the boy. "Norah 's going too."

"You 'll be all right then, sir," said Cobbs, "with your beautiful sweetheart by your side."

Then Harry told Cobbs that the people at Norah's house had been laughing about him and Norah, making fun of their being engaged. Cobbs was naturally very much shocked to hear this. Next he told him that when he went to stay with his grandmamma she always gave him a Bank of England five-pound note, and that he meant to do great things with all this money. He did not say exactly what, but he hinted that it concerned himself and Norah.

But as Cobbs was leaving shortly, he thought no more of the conversation. He had obtained a situation as Boots at the Holly Tree Inn in Yorkshire, and he had not been there very long before he met little Master Harry and his sweetheart again.

For the Holly Tree Inn was on the road to Gretna Green, where runaway couples used to go to get married in those days, and Master Harry had determined to spend his grandmamma's five pounds on getting married to Norah.

One summer afternoon the coach drove up and out of it stepped two little children. The guard said to the innkeeper: "I don't quite make out these little passengers; but the young gentleman's words were that they were to be brought here."

What happened next shall be told in Cobbs's

own words; for he had seen the children when the coach drove up, though they had not caught sight of him, and this is how he told me the story:

"The young gentleman gets out; hands his lady out; gives the guard something for himself; says to our governor: 'We 're to stop here to-night, please. Sitting-room and two bedrooms will be required. Chops and cherry pudding for two!' Then he tucks her, in her little sky-blue mantle, under his arm, and walks into the house much bolder than brass.

"I lost no time in telling the governor what I knew of the children and how I suspected they were off to Gretna Green. 'Cobbs,' says the governor, 'if this is so I must set off to York and quiet their friends' minds. So keep your eye upon them, and humor them till I come back; but before I go, I should wish you to find out whether your opinion is correct.'

"So I goes up-stairs and finds Master Harry on a e-normous sofa, a-drying the eyes of Miss Norah with his pocket-handkercher.

"'It 's Cobbs! It 's Cobbs!' cries Master Harry, running up to me and catching hold of my hand. Miss Norah comes running to me on t'other side and they both jumped for joy.

"'I see you a-getting out,' I says. 'I thought it was you. What 's the object of your journey, sir?—Matrimonial?'

"'We are going to be married, Cobbs, at Gretna Green,' returned the boy. 'We have run away on purpose. Norah has been in rather low spirits, Cobbs; but she 'll be happy now we have found you to be our friend.'

"'Thank you, sir, and thank *you*, miss,' I says, 'for your good opinion. Did you bring any luggage with you, sir?'

"I give you my word and honor the lady's luggage consisted of a parasol, a smelling-bottle, a round and a half of cold buttered toast, eight peppermint drops, and a hair-brush, seemingly a doll's. The gentleman had about half a dozen yards of string, a knife, three or four sheets of writing-paper folded up surprisingly small, a orange, and a Chaney mug with his name upon it.

"'What may be the exact natur of your plans, sir?' I says.

"'To go on in the morning,' replied the boy, and be married to-morrow.'

"'Just so, sir,' I says, 'would it meet your views if I was to go with you?'

"When I said this, they both jumped for joy again, and cried out, 'Oh, yes, yes, Cobbs! Yes!'

"When I told them that I knew of a pony which would take them to the end of their journey in next to no time, but that it would n't be at liberty the next day, they were quite content to wait.

"'Is there anything you want just at present, sir?' I says.

"'We should like some cakes after dinner,' answered Master Harry, folding his arms, putting out one leg, and looking straight at me, 'and two apples—and jam. With dinner we should like to have toast-and-water. But Norah has always been accustomed to half a glass of currant wine at dessert. And so have I.'

"'It shall be ordered, sir,' I says.

"In the evening I went into the room to see how the runaway couple was getting on. The gentleman was in the window-seat, supporting the lady in his arms. She had tears upon her face, and was lying, very tired and half asleep, with her head upon his shoulder.

"'Mrs. Harry Walmers, Junior, fatigued, sir?' I says.

"'Yes, she is tired, Cobbs; but she is not used to be away from home, and she has been in low spirits again. Cobbs, do you think you could bring a biffin, please?'

"'I ask your pardon, sir,' I says. 'What was it you—?'

"'I think a Norfolk biffin would rouse her, Cobbs. She is very fond of them.'

"I brought the biffin, and the gentleman handed it to the lady and fed her with a spoon, and took a little himself, the lady being heavy with sleep, and rather cross.

"'What should you think, sir,' I says, 'of a chamber candlestick?'

"The gentleman approved; the chambermaid went first, up the great staircase; the lady, in her sky-blue mantle, followed, gallantly escorted by the gentleman; the gentleman embraced her at her door, and retired to his own apartment, where I softly locked him up.

"I felt what a base deceiver I was when they asked me at breakfast-time about that pony. I told them that it did so unfortunately happen that the pony was half clipped, and could n't be taken out in that state. I could see with half a glance that Mrs. Harry Walmers, Junior, was beginning to give in. She had n't had her hair curled when she went to bed, and she did n't seem quite up to brushing it herself, and its getting in her eyes put her out. But nothing put out Master Harry.

"After breakfast they drew soldiers, and in the course of the morning Master Harry rang the bell, and said: 'Cobbs, are there any good walks in this neighborhood?'

"'Yes, sir,' I says, 'there 's Love Lane.'

"'Get out with you, Cobbs!'—that was that there boy's expression—'you 're joking!'

"'Begging your pardon, sir,' I says, 'there really is Love Lane. And a pleasant walk it is,

and proud shall I be to show it to yourself and Mrs. Harry Walmers, Junior.'

"So Miss Norah put on her bonnet and I took them two mites out, and bad enough I felt for a deceiving of 'em when they told me they had made up their minds to give me two thousand guineas a year as head-gardener on account of my being so true a friend to 'em.

"But they were soon tired out and fell asleep, side by side, on a bank of daisies. When they woke up it was clear that Mrs. Harry Walmers, Junior's, temper was on the move.

"When Master Harry took her round the waist, she said he 'teased her so'; and when he says, 'Norah, my young May Moon, your Harry tease you?' she tells him, 'Yes; and I want to go home!'

"A boiled fowl and bread-and-butter pudding brought Mrs. Walmers up a little, but I did wish she would have listened to Master Harry's loving words instead of abandoning herself to currants as she did. But Master Harry was as fond as ever.

"Mrs. Walmers turned very sleepy about dusk, and began to cry, so she and Master Harry went to bed, as per yesterday.

"About eleven or twelve at night back comes the governor in a chaise, along with Mr. Walmers and a elderly lady. Mr. Walmers looks amused and very serious, both at once, and says to our missus: 'We are much indebted to you, ma'am, for your kind care of our little children, which we can never sufficiently acknowledge. Pray, ma'am, where is my boy?' Our missus says, 'Cobbs has the dear child in charge, sir. Cobbs, show Forty!' Then he says to me, 'Ah, Cobbs, I am glad to see you! I understood you was here!' And I says, 'Yes, sir. Your most obedient, sir.'

"My heart beat like a hammer, going up-stairs. 'I beg your pardon, sir,' I says, while unlocking the door; 'I hope you are not angry with Master Harry. For Master Harry is a fine boy, sir, and will do you credit and honor.'

"Mr. Walmers only says, 'No, Cobbs. No, my good fellow. Thank you!' And, the door being opened, goes in.

"I goes in too, holding the light, and I sees Mr. Walmers go up to the bedside, bend gently down, and kiss the little sleeping face. Then he stands looking at it for a minute, looking wonderfully like it; and then he gently shakes the little shoulder.

"'Harry, my dear boy! Harry!'

"Master Harry starts up and looks at him. Looks at me too. Such is the honor of that mite, he looks at me to see whether he has brought me into trouble.

"'I am not angry, my child. I only want you to dress yourself and come home.'

"'Yes, pa.'

"Master Harry dresses himself quickly. His breast begins to swell when he has nearly finished, and it swells more and more as he stands, at last, a looking at his father; his father standing a looking at him, the quiet image of him.

"'Please may I'—the spirit of that little creatur, and the way he kept his rising tears down!—'please, dear pa—may I—kiss Norah before I go?'

"'You may, my child.'

"So he takes Master Harry in his hand, and I leads the way with the candle, and we come to that other bedroom, where the elderly lady is seated by the bed, and poor little Mrs. Harry Walmers, Junior, is fast asleep. There the father lifts the child up to the pillow, and he lays his little face down for an instant by the little warm face of poor unconscious little Mrs. Harry Walmers, Junior, and gently draws it to him.

"And that 's all about it, for Mr. Walmers drove away in the chaise, having hold of Master Harry's hand. The elderly lady and Mrs. Harry Walmers, Junior, that was never to be (she married a Captain long afterward who took her to India), went off next day."

THE MARCHIONESS

(*Adapted from "The Old Curiosity Shop"*)

Mr. Richard Swiveller was a merry, careless, good-hearted young fellow, no one's enemy but his own, and it seemed a strange thing that he should find himself clerk, at a very small salary, to two such queer persons as were Mr. Sampson Brass and his sister Miss Sally. Although it was Mr. Brass who was the lawyer, his sister took such an active interest in the business that she was always looked upon as a partner in the firm.

There never was a more unamiable couple than Sampson Brass and his sister Sally, and Dick Swiveller soon began to suspect that they were mean, and even rather dishonest people.

One day he had been left alone in the office, and was amusing himself by drawing caricatures of Miss Brass, whistling very cheerfully all the time, when there came a rapping of knuckles at the office door.

"Come in!" said Dick. "Don't stand upon ceremony. Come in!"

"Oh, please," said a little voice very low down in the doorway, "will you come and show the lodgings."

Dick leaned over the table, and saw a small slipshod girl in a dirty, coarse apron and bib, which left nothing of her visible but her face and feet.

"Who are you?" he said.

But she only replied anxiously, would he come and show the lodgings, which were to let over the office. Miss Sally had forbidden her to show them, because she was so very small the people would n't believe the attendance was good.

There never was such an old-fashioned child in her looks and manner. She must have been at work from her cradle, and she told Dick, when questioned, that she did all the work of the house, and was cook and housemaid too.

Dick attended to the business of the letting of the lodgings, and the small maid went away and did not put in an appearance again; but the young man could not get her little, thin, pale face out of his mind.

"I 'd give something, if I had it, to know how they use that child," he said to himself one day. He opened the office door as he spoke, and saw Miss Sally disappearing down the kitchen stairs.

It was dinner-time and he guessed the small servant was about to be fed, more especially as Miss Sally was carrying a dish on which lay the remains of a cold leg of mutton.

Curiosity getting the better of him, he followed her softly down-stairs and peeped into the kitchen.

The small servant stood with humility in the presence of Miss Sally, and hung her head.

"Are you there?" said Miss Sally.

"Yes, ma'am," was the answer in a weak voice.

"Go farther away from the leg of mutton, or you 'll be picking it, I know," said Miss Sally.

The girl withdrew into a corner, while Miss Brass took a key from her pocket, and opening the safe, brought from it a dreary waste of cold potatoes, looking as eatable as Stonehenge. This she placed before the small servant, ordering her to sit down before it, and then, taking up a great carving-knife, made a mighty show of sharpening it upon the carving-fork.

"Do you see this?" said Miss Brass, slicing off about two square inches of cold mutton, after all this preparation, and holding it out on the point of the fork.

The small servant looked hard enough at it with her hungry eyes to see every shred of it, small as it was, and answered, "Yes."

"Then don't you ever go and say," retorted Miss Sally, "that you had n't meat here. There, eat it up."

This was soon done. "Now do you want any more?" said Miss Sally.

The hungry creature answered with a faint "No." They were evidently going through an established form.

"You 've been helped once to meat," said Miss Brass, summing up the facts; "you have had as much as you can eat; you 're asked if you want any more; and you answer 'No.' Then don't you ever go and say you were allowanced, mind that."

With those words Miss Sally put the meat away and locked the safe, and then, drawing near to the small servant, overlooked her while she finished the potatoes. After which the amiable lady boxed the poor child's ears soundly and went up-stairs, Dick retreating in all haste so as to reach the office before her.

It happened about that time that Mr. Brass and his sister had some work on hand that took them from home a good deal, so Dick Swiveller was often left alone in the office and began to find time hang heavy on his hands, for he was not overburdened with work; and so, in order to amuse himself and prevent himself from feeling dull, he purchased a cribbage-board and pack of cards and played at cribbage with himself.

As these games were always played in silence, Dick began to think that on those evenings when Mr. and Miss Brass were out, he heard a kind of snorting sound in the direction of the door, and it occurred to him that it must proceed from the small servant who always had a cold from living in the damp underground kitchen.

And so one night he stole softly to the door and, flinging it open, pounced upon her before she was aware of his approach.

"How long have you been cooling your eye there?" said Dick.

"Oh, ever since you first began to play them cards, and long before."

"Well—come in—" he said, after a little consideration. "Here, sit down, and I 'll teach you how to play."

"Oh! I dursn't do it," rejoined the small servant; "Miss Sally 'ud kill me if she know'd I came up here."

"Have you got a fire down-stairs?" said Dick.

"A very little one," replied the small servant.

"Miss Sally could n't kill me if she know'd I went down there, so I 'll come," said Richard, putting the cards into his pocket. "Why, how thin you are! What do you mean by it?"

"It an't my fault."

"Could you eat any bread and meat?" said Dick, taking down his hat. "Yes? Ah! I thought so."

Then bidding the child mind the door until he came back, he went out, returning presently with a boy carrying a plate of hot beef and some warm drink.

These he carried down into the kitchen and, setting them before the small servant, bade her make short work with them, which the little famished creature soon did, and then he set to work

to teach her the game of cribbage. She soon learned, being very sharp-witted, and Mr. Swiveller trimmed the wretched candle, dealt the cards, and said:

"To make it seem more real and pleasant, I shall call you the Marchioness. Do you hear?"

The small servant nodded.

"Then, Marchioness," said Mr. Swiveller, "fire away!"

The two strange companions played many games of cribbage, until the clock striking ten reminded Dick that Mr. and Miss Brass would soon be returning, so he put up the cards and prepared to depart.

"And, Marchioness," he said in his comical way, but in a warning tone, "it occurs to me that you are in the habit of airing your eye at keyholes."

For during the evening the poor little servant had told him many things she could have learned in no other way.

"I only wanted," replied the Marchioness, trembling, "to know where the key of the safe was hid; that was all; and I would n't have taken much, if I had found it—only enough to squench my hunger."

"You did n't find it, then?" said Dick. "But of course you did n't, or you 'd be plumper. Good night, Marchioness."

After that the good fellow never missed an opportunity of performing a kindly action or speaking a cheering word to the forlorn little creature, to whom he had given such a lofty-sounding title, and the seeds of kindness fell upon very grateful soil and took root and flourished in her heart, and right good fruit did they bear when the time of trial came.

For Richard Swiveller, not altogether to his regret, received notice to quit the employ of Mr. Sampson Brass and his sister, and immediately afterward fell very sick with a raging fever.

He was without money and without friends; but for three weeks, as he lay tossing to and fro upon his hot uneasy bed, he recked little of that, for the delirium of the fever kept him unconscious of his surroundings.

When he regained his senses he was astonished to see, seated at his table playing cribbage with herself, no less a person than the Marchioness.

Now Dick knew nothing of having been ill and thought he must be dreaming; and yet he could not understand how he came to feel so weak, and why his hands were so thin and white.

But when he spoke, he found he really was awake, for the Marchioness jumped up quickly and clapped her hands, then began to laugh and next to cry.

"Marchioness," said Mr. Swiveller, thoughtfully, "be pleased to draw nearer. First of all, will you have the goodness to inform me where I shall find my voice; and secondly, what has become of my flesh."

The Marchioness only shook her head mournfully, and cried again; whereupon Mr. Swiveller (being very weak) felt his own eyes affected likewise.

"I begin to infer, from your manner, and these appearances, Marchioness," said Richard, after a pause, and smiling with a trembling lip, "that I have been ill."

"You just have!" replied the small servant, wiping her eyes. "And have n't you been talking nonsense!"

"Oh!" said Dick. "Very ill, Marchioness, have I been?"

"Dead, all but," replied the small servant. "I never thought you 'd get better. Thank Heaven you have!"

Mr. Swiveller was silent for a long while. By and by he began to talk again, inquiring how long he had been there.

"Three weeks to-morrow," replied the small servant.

Mr. Swiveller at first supposed that Miss Brass must have sent the child to look after him all that time; but she speedily undeceived him.

Rather shamefacedly she confessed that, listening at the keyhole, she had overheard that poor Dick lay at death's door, with no one to tend or care for him. She had straightway run away to Dick's lodgings, and having told the landlady she was his sister, had mounted guard over him ever since.

"This poor little Marchioness has been wearing herself to death!" cried Dick.

"No, I have n't," she returned, "not a bit of it. Don't you mind about me. I like sitting up, and I 've often had a sleep, bless you, in one of them chairs. But if you could have seen how you tried to jump out o' winder, and if you could have heard how you used to keep on singing and making speeches, you would n't have believed it—I 'm so glad you 're better, Mr. Liverer."

"Liverer, indeed!" said Dick, thoughtfully. "It 's well I am a liverer. I strongly suspect I should have died, Marchioness, but for you."

At this point, Mr. Swiveller took the small servant's hand in his again, and being, as we have seen, but poorly, might in struggling to express his thanks have made his eyes as red as hers, but that she quickly changed the theme by making him lie down, and urging him to keep very quiet.

"The doctor," she told him, "said you was to

be kept quite still, and there was to be no noise or nothing. Now, take a rest, and then we 'll talk again. I 'll sit by you, you know. If you shut your eyes, perhaps you 'll go to sleep."

The Marchioness, in saying these words, brought a little table to the bedside, took her seat at it, and began to work away at the preparation of some cooling drink with the address of a score of chemists.

Dick fell asleep and when he awoke demanded his clothing, saying that he meant to get up; but the Marchioness assured him that it was quite impossible for him to do so; firstly, because he was too weak to stand; and secondly, because she had been obliged to sell all his clothes to pay for the necessities of his sickness.

"I suppose," said Dick, with a return of his old whimsical humor, "there 's nothing left—not so much as a waistcoat even?"

"No, nothing."

"It 's embarrassing," said Mr. Swiveller, "in case of fire even an umbrella would be something—but you did quite right, dear Marchioness. I should have died without you."

How the Marchioness would have continued to provide her friend with the necessaries he required to hasten his recovery, there is no knowing; but as Dick had occasion to send her to a very benevolent old gentleman with a message of importance concerning another person's business, this gentleman visited Dick, and when he found what a plight he was in, he went out and ordered a hamper to be sent in to Dick's lodgings, which, when it was unpacked, disgorged such treasures of tea and coffee, and wine, and rusks, and oranges and grapes, and fowls ready trussed for boiling, and calves'-foot jelly, and arrowroot and sago, and other restoratives, that the small servant, who had never thought it possible that such things could be, except in shops, stood rooted to the spot, with her mouth and eyes watering in unison, and her power of speech quite gone.

And this good friend sent his kind motherly little wife to look after the invalid—not that the Marchioness would let any one usurp her place, or that Dick would have allowed any one to do so.

She sat beside him while he took the food that was thought good for him, one hand tightly locked in his, while with the other he fed himself. As often as he put anything in his mouth the face of the Marchioness lighted up beyond all description; but when he pressed her hand or kissed it, she began to sob.

Dick said he wished he could make the Marchioness a Marchioness in real, sober earnest, but it is to be doubted whether she could have been happier in that exalted state than she was in her present lowly one.

Dick, with such a tender nurse, and such good friends to look after him, made rapid strides toward recovery; but before he was able to do more than sit up for half an hour at a time, a piece of good news reached him which caused him the greatest satisfaction, though more on the Marchioness's account than his own.

He heard that a relative, who had lately died, had left him an annuity of one hundred and fifty pounds a year.

"Please God," said Dick, sobbing and laughing together, "we 'll make a scholar of the poor Marchioness yet!"

He was as good as his word, for no sooner had he recovered from his illness and entered into receipt of his annuity, than he bought for the Marchioness a handsome stock of clothes and put her to school forthwith. After casting about for some time for a name which should be worthy of her, he decided in favor of Sophronia Sphynx. Under this title the Marchioness repaired, in tears, to the school he had chosen for her.

Although the expenses of her education kept him in straitened circumstances for half a dozen years, he never grudged the money spent upon her, but thought himself amply repaid by the good accounts he heard of her progress.

THE GOLDEN LUCY

(*Adapted from "The Wreck of the 'Golden Mary'"*)

The "Golden Mary" was as trim a vessel as a smart captain, such as was Captain Ravender, could wish to navigate.

She was a bark of three hundred tons, well built, well arranged, well officered, well manned, and well found in all respects, as she parted with her pilot at four o'clock in the afternoon of the seventh of March, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-one, and stood with a fair wind out to sea, bound for the Californian coast with a cargo of goods for the diggers, and with orders to buy and bring back a cargo of gold.

John Steadiman was the name of the first mate, and William Rames the name of the second mate. Both were fine sailors, and fine fellows too.

There were twenty passengers on board the "Golden Mary," some of them young men going out to try their fortunes at the Californian goldfields, some young women going to join friends. Among them all were four of whom Captain Ravender took particular note.

There was Mrs. Atherfield, a bright-eyed,

blooming young wife, who was going out to join her husband, taking with her their only child, a little girl of three; then there was Miss Coleshaw, a sedate young woman in black, who was going out to join a brother; and lastly, an old gentleman named Mr. Rarx, a good deal like a hawk, if his eyes had been better and not so red, and who was always talking, morning, noon, and night, about the great discovery of gold in California. Whether he was making the voyage because he thought his old arms could dig for gold, or whether he meant to buy it, trade for it, cheat for it, no one knew: it was his secret, and he kept it.

The child was an engaging little creature, a favorite with all on board, from the captain down to the cabin-boy. While she played and sported with them all in her pretty way, she would scream with delight and run with outstretched arms to meet the first mate, John Steadiman, as soon as she saw that he was off duty and ready to play with her, for Steadiman was a prime favorite with little Lucy. It was a beautiful sight to see the big, brave fellow, playing bo-peep round the mast with the little mite.

She had a quantity of shining fair hair, clustering in curls about her face, and Steadiman gave her the name of the Golden Lucy, and used to pretend that the "Golden Mary" was her sister, and was alive; and the little one would sit on the deck and talk to the ship as though it were a doll. She would tie ribbons and bits of lace here and there about it, just as she might have dressed up a doll, and nobody ever moved the bits of finery, unless it were to save them from being blown away.

Now Mr. Rarx was not a nice old man, and not at all the sort of person one would have thought to be fond of a child, and yet he could not bear the little girl out of his sight. He was always worrying lest she fall overboard, or down a hatchway, or lest something should fall upon her from the rigging, or she should get hurt in some other way. What made his care for her seem still more curious was the fact that the child did not like him, but would shrink away from him, and would not even put out her hand to him without coaxing from others. Every one on board noticed this, and none understood it. John Steadiman said more than once, that if the "Golden Mary" felt any tenderness for the dear old gentleman she carried, she must be bitterly jealous of the Golden Lucy.

On the whole, the "Golden Mary" had met with fairly good weather; but after a run of sixty days she came across a surprising quantity of ice. Mrs. Atherfield was standing on deck one day beside the captain, and she said to him, in awed tones, after gazing at the great bergs that surrounded the ship:

"Oh! Captain Ravender, it looks as if the whole solid earth had changed into ice and broken up."

The captain laughed and tried to reassure her; but he knew only too well the danger that beset them.

For eight nights he never left the deck, and he had taken but little sleep during the day. He was becoming so exhausted that the first mate entreated him to go below and rest.

Very unwillingly he consented to this, making the mate promise to call him in three hours' time if he did not wake of his own accord.

He went to sleep "all standing," as the sailors say; that is, he did not so much as pull his coat off, only kicking off his shoes because his feet were so badly swelled. Almost at once he began to dream that he was back in his native place, trying to get round the church, which had altered its shape and was cloven right down the middle of the steeple in the most singular manner. Suddenly came a terrific shock; the captain was flung out of his cot; shrieks and a great outcry struck him far harder than the ship's timbers had done, and he hurriedly made his way upon deck, amid sounds of grinding and crashing, and a heavy rushing and breaking of water—sounds he understood only too well.

He carried his speaking-trumpet in his hand, and in a moment made himself heard above the terrifying noise, hailing his first and second mates, then his crew, and ordering them to their different stations. Blue lights were burned, and then the huge iceberg, upon which the ship had struck, could be distinctly seen: it was cloven at the top and right down the middle, just as in the captain's dream the church steeple had been.

As there was no hope of saving the ship, the captain ordered the boats to be got out. There were but two, the longboat and the surf-boat. John Steadiman was put in charge of the surf-boat, and Captain Ravender, who was the last to leave the ship, took command of the longboat. In this boat were, among other passengers, Miss Coleshaw, Mrs. Atherfield, the Golden Lucy, and old Mr. Rarx, for the latter had begged and entreated not to be parted from the child. For it now became apparent that he had no particular love for the little one, but entertained a superstition that his luck was bound up in her, and that if she perished he would also.

As soon as morning dawned, Captain Ravender overhauled their provisions; he divided them fairly between the two boats' crews, and then,

bidding John Steadiman, if possible, keep within sight of the longboat, the two boats' crews cheered each other heartily and fell to the oars.

And now a time of most dreadful suffering began for all on board. At a stormy time of the year, and in a tempestuous climate, it was impossible to prevent it; but every one, with the sole exception of old Mr. Rarx, showed the most wonderful patience and good temper.

There were many rough men among the crew; but they softened wonderfully and showed the greatest kindness and consideration for the women and the little child.

Their sufferings from cold and wet were greater than from hunger, although the food-supplies were very limited.

Somehow they managed to keep the child warm, though every one else shivered so that the chattering of teeth was sad to hear.

The Golden Lucy cried at first for her lost playfellow, the "Golden Mary"; but afterward she scarcely ever even whimpered.

When the weather made it possible, she was held up, now and again, in the arms of one of them to look over the sea for John Steadiman's boat, and with her golden hair and innocent face she looked like an angel going to fly away.

Every evening Mrs. Atherfield sang little Lucy to sleep with the Evening Hymn, and the sailors would take up the last lines, and sing them very softly after her.

Twelve nights and eleven days they had been in the boat, when old Mr. Rarx began to be delirious and to cry out to them to throw the gold overboard, or they would all be lost. For some days the Golden Lucy had been failing, and that was the cause of his wildness. He was quite sure that if she died they must all be lost, and shrieked out over and over again to the captain to give her all the remaining food, only to keep her alive.

The captain bade him, very sternly, to be still; he could not bear to have the little dying child hear harsh, discordant sounds around her.

She lay in her mother's lap, her little wasted hand and arm fondling her mother's face and neck, until at length the little hand ceased to move and the golden head drooped lower and lower, and very gently and peacefully the little soul took flight.

Never more would the Golden Lucy gaze out over the wide waters to wave a welcome to their comrades. The men of the surf-boat looked in vain, when day dawned, for the little white bird to be held aloft, and every man's head sank, and many a sob burst from an overcharged heart when it was known that the Golden Lucy lay buried in the grave of the "Golden Mary."

There were many more days of suffering to be endured after the death of the child; but eventually the boats were steered safely to land, and the poor starving creatures on board were taken on shore and cared for and nursed back to health. But as long as they lived, not one of them ever forgot that terrible time or the two Golden playfellows who lay rocking to and fro in the everlasting cradle of the mighty deep.

THE LITTLE DOLLS' DRESSMAKER

(Adapted from "Our Mutual Friend")

Little Jenny Wren sat all day long, stitch, stitch, stitching with her quick, clever fingers, making, now what do you think? Why, all the pretty gowns and bonnets the aristocratic dollies in shops wear! She was a queer little misshapen mortal, with a pair of crutches beside her, because, as she herself said, "her back was so bad and her legs so queer," that she could not move without support. But though her poor little figure was so distorted, she had a bright little face, with curiously sharp eyes that seemed to pierce through and see right into the hearts of those who came about her.

She was poorly clad, but a glory of golden hair fell about her shoulders and formed a lovelier mantle than any money could have bought.

Jenny had few friends, for she was sensitive and shy, and felt keenly the difference between herself and other children.

"Don't any of the neighboring children come and play with you?" she was asked one day.

Jenny looked at her questioner with scorn in her eyes.

"Don't talk of children," she said, "I can't bear them. I know their tricks and their manners. Always running about (alas! poor Jenny, who could never run) and screeching, always playing and fighting, always skip, skip, skipping on the pavement, and chalking it for their games. Ever so often calling names in through a person's keyhole, and imitating a person's back and legs. Oh! I know their tricks and their manners, and I 'll tell you what I 'd do to punish them. I 'd put them in a great big vault and blow in pepper through the keyhole to make them sneeze."

Having given vent to this terrible threat, Jenny shook her fist defiantly.

Any one who really knew Jenny, knew her for a soft-hearted, hard-working little woman of about thirteen years of age, who would not for



THE MARCHIONESS PLAYING CRIBBAGE WITH HERSELF. MASTER HARRY AND COBBS.
JENNY WREN AND OLD RIAH.

worlds have harmed the thoughtless children who teased her so.

Still she did not care for their company, preferring grown-ups for her companions, and even among these she had but two really good friends: one, Lizzie Hexam, a poor girl who lodged with Jenny and her father, and the other, a very old man, a Jew, who was called Mr. Riah. For alas! Jenny's own father could neither be called her friend nor his own. All day long Jenny slaved away with her nimble fingers that she might keep the poor little home together, and the worthless old man squandered her earnings as well as his own. "My bad child," Jenny called him sorrowfully, and in spite of all his failings, and although she scolded him roundly, she loved him and clung to him with all the warmth of her big loving heart.

One day, the person of the house, "dolls' dressmaker and maker of pincushions and pen-wipers," sat in her quaint little low armchair, singing in the dark, waiting for her friend Lizzie to come home from work. She had been called the person of the house, while yet of very tender years, because she was the only trustworthy person in it.

When Lizzie came home, she put Jenny's work away, and, as it was a sultry evening, set their chairs toward the open door, and, seating herself by Jenny, drew the thin little hand through her arm.

"This is what your loving Jenny Wren calls the best time in the day and night," said the person of the house.

A little later she said: "I wonder how it happens that when I am work, work, working here all alone in the summer-time, I smell flowers. This is not a flowery neighborhood—it 's anything but that; and yet I smell roses till I think I see rose-leaves lying in heaps, bushels on the floor. I smell the white and the pink May in the hedges, and all sorts of flowers that I never was among, for I have seen very few flowers indeed in my life."

"Pleasant fancies to have, Jenny dear," said her friend.

"So I think, Lizzie, when they come to me; and the birds I hear—oh!" cried the little creature, holding out her hands and looking upward, "how they sing!"

There was something in the face and action for the moment quite inspired and beautiful. Then the chin dropped musingly upon the hand again.

"I dare say my birds sing better than other birds, and my flowers smell better than other flowers; for when I was a little child"—in a tone as though it were ages ago—"the children that I used to see early in the morning were very different from any others that I ever saw. They were not like me: they were not chilled, anxious, ragged or beaten; they were never in pain. They were not like the children of the neighbors: they never made me tremble all over by setting up shrill noises, and they never mocked me. Such numbers of them, too!—all in white dresses, with something shiny on the borders and on their heads, that I have never been able to imitate with my work though I know it so well. They used to come down in long, bright, slanting rows, and say all together, 'Who is this in pain? Who is this in pain?' When I told them who it was, they answered, 'Come and play with us!' When I said, 'I never play! I can't play!' they swept about me and took me up and made me light; then it was all delicious ease and rest till they laid me down and said all together, 'Have patience and we will come again!' When they came back, I used to know they were coming before I saw the long, bright rows, by hearing them ask all together, a long way off, 'Who is this in pain? Who is this in pain?' and I used to cry out, 'Oh! my blessed children, it 's poor me! Have pity on me! Take me up and make me light!' "

As she spoke, Jenny had raised her hand, and the look of rapture upon her face made her quite beautiful. Having paused for a moment silent, with a listening smile upon her face, she looked round and recalled herself.

"It 's Saturday night," she said, "and my bad, troublesome child, that costs me a deal of scolding, is coming home."

As the wretched man stumbled into the room, Lizzie rose and went up to her own lodging, knowing well that Jenny did not care for any one to see her father at his worst.

Left alone, the little creature took "Mr. Dolls," as he was commonly called, soundly to task for having wasted nearly all his wages (he was a tailor) on drink. She made him turn out his pockets, and appropriated the few coins that he had left.

"Oh! you prodigal old son," she said. "Now you shall be starved!"

"No; don't starve me," he urged, whimperingly.

"If you were treated as you ought to be," said Miss Wren, "you 'd be fed upon the skewers of cats'-meat—only the skewers, after the cats had had the meat. As it is, go to bed!"

When Mr. Dolls had shuffled away to bed, Lizzie came down-stairs again, but she could not woo Jenny back to her happier frame of mind.

Poor little dolls' dressmaker, dragged down by the hands that should have raised her, turned,

sent astray upon the eternal road; poor, poor little dolls' dressmaker!

It was well for Jenny that she had such a stanch friend as Lizzie; and it was well for her, too, that she had one other friend, the old Jew Riah, for he was able to give the poor child a great deal of pleasure in a humble way.

Jenny, who called him "Godmother," had become acquainted with him through her trade, for Riah managed a large business for a very hard master, and Jenny came to him to buy waste scraps of materials with which to dress her dolls.

Riah had made a little garden upon the roof of his house. He had a few common creepers and plants, and very often on a hot summer's day, Jenny and her friend were glad to come for rest and quiet to the old man's garden; and he always made them very welcome.

Sometimes they worked, and sometimes they read, but they were always very happy there.

Jenny was always in her sweet, good moods in the garden on the housetop.

"You feel here as if you were dead," she would say. "Oh! so beautiful! Oh! so peaceful and so thankful! Such a chain has fallen from you and such a strange, good happiness falls upon you. Come, Godmother dear, come up and be dead!" And it would seem to the old man, painfully climbing the steep stairs to the roof, as though he were indeed mounting heavenward when he saw the face of the little creature looking down out of a glory of her long, bright, radiant hair, and musically repeating to him, like a vision:

"Come up and be dead! Come up and be dead!"

When Jenny and Lizzie had lived together for some little time, Lizzie found that she was obliged to go away and get work at a distance, so that the pleasant companionship was broken up, and the poor little dressmaker was left very lonely and sad. Then the good old Jew came to visit her, whenever he could spare time, and would take her out to look at the grand ladies and the fine shops; and nothing pleased Jenny more than when they came across a toy shop, in the window of which reposed a whole bevy of the waxen beauties the little dolls' dressmaker had clothed.

"Oh! pretty, most elegant taste," the old man would cry, and Jenny would squeeze his arm with pleasure, and pretend that he really was her Fairy Godmother, and she Cinderella.

"Oh! Godmother," she said to him, "how I wish you really had a wand and would touch my naughty old boy, and change him into a good boy, for he has been such a bad, bad boy of late."

The old man patted the poor little hand that lay upon his arm tenderly. "What shall I change after him?" he said.

"Upon my word, Godmother," she answered, "I am afraid I must be selfish next, and get you to set me right in the back and legs. It 's a little thing to you with your power, Godmother, but it 's a great deal to poor, weak, aching me."

There was no querulous complaining in the words, but they were not the less touching for that.

It was a fortunate thing for Jenny that, having lost her dear friend, Lizzie, the kind old man Riah was able to take up his abode with her about this time.

His hard master dismissed him from his service, and, as he had no other home, Jenny begged him to come and occupy Lizzie's vacant room. And the very same day, as the two strange friends were going home together, they saw a crowd gathered around some object. Men were raising it, and little Jenny hastened to see what it might be.

"Oh! gentlemen, gentlemen," she cried, pitifully, "he belongs to me, my poor, bad, bad boy. Oh! what shall I do!"

"It is her father," Riah whispered to the doctor who had been sent for.

It was indeed poor Mr. Dolls, or rather, his lifeless body, for he had been taken ill and died in the street. Very soon he was carried away, and after him went the poor little dolls' dressmaker, hiding her face, and weeping bitterly, and reproaching herself for ever having scolded her poor dead child.

The old Jew was very comforting to her in those sad days. Many flaunting dolls had to be gaily dressed before the money was in the dressmaker's pocket to get mourning for Mr. Dolls, and the old man sat by her and helped her as best he could. But brighter days were dawning for little Jenny Wren. Through her good friend Lizzie, rich, kind people interested themselves in her, and saw that she was provided with plenty of work which should not try too badly the poor aching little back, and yet bring her in sufficient money for her humble wants.

Cinderella, as she loved to call herself, did not actually turn into a lovely Fairy Princess, but she lived very happily with her Fairy Godmother, Old Riah, who was a kinder and better father to her than ever poor Mr. Dolls had been.

CHILDREN'S QUESTION-BOX

IF MAN IS SO SMALL, HOW DID HE CONQUER THE EARTH?

Man conquered the earth, on which he is like a speck, because he is not content to stand still like the Alps. Though he is so much smaller than these mountains, he has a brain which enables him to triumph over the weakness of his body and the smallness of his size. He can move; he can think; he can manufacture.

You can imagine how, in the far distant past, our savage ancestors would watch birds sailing through the blue air over the deep waters, and long with all their souls to have that power of flight. For one of man's chief qualities is *curiosity*. Man is always wanting to find out things. And naturally the first thing he most wanted to find out was the kind of earth on which he lived. So our early ancestors looked across the waters, and dreamed of lands on the other side of the globe.

The curiosity of men is the beginning of geography, for curiosity led men to look about them and observe the earth. When they had learned to build ships, they sailed across the seas, visited many foreign lands, and returned with descriptions of those places and the people they had lived among. These descriptions we call geography.

WHY ARE WE NEVER SATISFIED?

There are a certain number of people in the world who *are* satisfied. They are to be found more especially in the East; but among the more active races of mankind it is scarcely possible to meet any one who is satisfied. Even most of those who are contented look forward to a better life beyond this world. Now, we are always told that we should be satisfied, and that it is a great mistake always to go on striving and striving, and never to be content.

But it is one of the highest marks of human nature at its best that it always goes on, and that, whatever it attains, it always sees that there is something better beyond. So some one invented the phrase "divine discontent" to express the splendid longing that is in the heart of man. This becomes divine when the longing is not for ourselves, but for others and for the future of mankind.

If we carefully study the development of life in the world, we find that this quality of not being contented, this power to form a vision of the future and to try to realize it, is the great mark of mankind at its best; and it is a blind and foolish mistake to complain that people are never satisfied. What we should try to do is to stop the foolish and trifling dissatisfactions around us, and to replace them by something better.

We often speak of the founder of Christianity as "gentle Jesus," but no one since the world began was ever more fiercely dissatisfied with evils and shams than he was, and his followers should be like him in this respect.

WHY ARE WE TAUGHT TO USE OUR RIGHT HAND AND NOT OUR LEFT?

Babies are born with a natural tendency to use one hand more than the other. In the greater number of cases this is the right hand; but in a few—perhaps about six in a hundred—it is the left. It is not worth while to train both hands equally for everything—for instance, for writing—as this would take too much time; and we could not become so clever with either hand if we were taught to use both equally for everything. Therefore it is quite right that, at school, naturally right-handed children should have most attention paid to the right hand; but it is a pity that we should not find out which of the children are naturally left-handed, and train the left hand especially in them.

The reason why people are naturally right- and left-handed depends on the brain. The left side of our brain controls the right side of our bodies, and the right side of the brain controls the left side of our bodies. Thus right-handed people are really left-brained, and left-handed people are really right-brained. If they knew it, they speak and write and read with the left side of their brains, while left-handed people do so with the right side of their brains. People have one side of the brain rather bigger than the other: right-handed people the left side of the brain, and left-handed people the right side. This seems to depend on the amount of blood the two sides of the brain get; and in most of us the left side gets rather more, and so it takes the lead.

SHOULD WE LIKE ONE FRIEND MORE THAN ANOTHER?

Human life goes on best by each of us devoting most of his love and his powers to some few people, and certainly we ought to like one friend better than another, so long as we like that friend for the right thing. If one person has more love and tenderness and faithfulness and honor than another, we do wrong not to love him or her for these things more than we love some one else who has less of them.

It is right that love should be rewarded by love, and cheerfulness by cheerfulness. The very fact helps and encourages people to show their best side to the world, which would be scarcely worth while if people were just as fond of us whether we were kind or cruel.

One of the most important facts in our lives is that our qualities call forth the same qualities in other people. The loving mother makes loving children; and cruelty generally breeds cruelty.

WHY ARE WHITE MEN MORE CIVILIZED THAN BLACK MEN?

There are two distinct reasons, both equally important, why most white men are more civilized than most black men. The first is the very evident reason that, as no one really *makes* much civilization for himself, we require to be born into a civilization if we are to be civilized. Have we, for instance, invented even a single letter of the alphabet, let alone reading and writing?

This thing—civilization—into which we are born, is a kind of heritage, or legacy, bequeathed to us by the united labors of all who have gone before us, and it is sometimes called the social heritage, or social inheritance. When a black baby is born, and receives this heritage, he profits by it and becomes, at the least, much more civilized than if he had been born in the heart of an African forest.

But the difference in the social heritage is not the whole of the explanation of our question. There is the question of what the baby receives, in itself, from its parents, according to whether they belong to a high or a low race of mankind. We might call this the "natural inheritance." Therefore the answer to our question is that, in the two cases, the social and the natural inheritances are very different.

WHY DO WE FEEL FEAR WHEN WE DO NOT WANT TO BE AFRAID?

Our feelings are not under the control of our will. There is no more important fact of human nature. Therefore, it does not matter whether or not we want to feel happy or angry or afraid, we cannot help feeling as we do.

But it is one thing to have a feeling, and another thing to show it; and it is yet another thing to act upon it. We should be quite clear in our minds as to what our wills can do, and what they cannot. As the question suggests, they cannot prevent us from having certain feelings; and they cannot give us feelings just because we wish them. But our wills can completely suppress the signs of feeling, so that a man may look calm, and speak with a steady voice, though he feels very much afraid; and, what is still better, our wills can prevent us from acting in accord with our feelings, so that, though we cannot help feeling afraid, we *can* help running away. We see, therefore, that there are two kinds of bravery. There is the bravery of the man who feels no fear, and so does not run; and there is the bravery of the man who is terrified, *and yet* does not run. And perhaps it is finer to be afraid and yet stand, than to stand because you "do not know what fear is."

DID PEOPLE ONCE LIVE LONGER THAN PEOPLE DO TO-DAY?

In all sorts of old records we are told that people lived to great ages; but there are many ways in which this can be explained, one of them being that there were different ways of reckoning age in those days. All the real evidence that we can get from the study of the past, and from our knowledge of uncivilized peoples now living on

the earth, shows us quite definitely that the average duration of human life is increasing. The expectation of life, as it is called, of the people who live in our country now is definitely longer than it was twenty, or even ten, years ago, and far longer than it was a hundred years ago.

Perhaps we have noticed that when human beings are children there is a time when they can hardly distinguish between facts and things that they have imagined. Just in the same way, when mankind was younger than it is now, historians mixed up fact and fancy, not with any desire to deceive, but probably because, in their own minds, they could not keep the two things strictly apart. Many of their fancies were worth putting down and keeping; but nowadays we must try to learn which was fact and which was fancy in what they tell us. Only thus shall we get right ideas of the past.

WHY DO WE SOMETIMES FAINT AT VERY SUDDEN NEWS?

Fainting may be due to various causes, one of which is stoppage of the blood-supply to certain parts of the brain, and this happens sometimes as the result of a severe or sudden emotion. The result of such a shock to the mind is a quick contraction of the blood-vessels, which causes the person to become suddenly pale or white, by preventing the blood from reaching the head. When this happens, a person falls down in a faint. The falling down is Nature's attempt to put things right, for when one is lying flat on the ground it is easier for the blood to reach the brain than when one is standing upright. When people faint in this way, they should be allowed to lie flat and the head should be kept low until they recover consciousness.

WHY DO WE GROW OLD?

This is a most difficult question, which some of the wisest men now alive are trying to answer. The chief reason seems to be that gradually there is heaped up in our bodies a certain amount of the waste products of our lives. We get rid of most of these quite easily, especially the gaseous ones, like carbonic acid. But there are others which we do not completely get rid of, and at last they poison us, make our limbs and joints stiff, our hair fall out or turn gray, our skin shrivel, and so on. This process takes much longer in some people than in others. It is strictly true to say that some people are older at forty than others are at seventy. This teaches us that it is not the mere passage of time that makes us old, but what is happening during that time in our bodies. People who lead wise lives, especially people who do not eat too much or drink too much, and who get enough sleep, during which the body gets rid of and destroys many of the poisons it produces in the daytime, do not grow old nearly so quickly as other people. Also this is true of people who have quiet minds. Great worry or sorrow "ages" people, as we say; it interferes with the power of the body to recover from exertion and to get rid of its poisons, and so unhappy or fretful people get old more quickly than those who lead calm and happy lives. The people who take longest to get old are those who act on two good proverbs: "The best doctors are Dr. Quiet, Dr. Diet, and Dr. Merryman"; and

> Joy, and Temperance, and Repose
> Slam the door on the doctor's nose.

WHY IS IT THAT WE DIE?

When men have learned how to avoid disease, and when death from old age becomes as common as it is rare to-day, even then the great fact of death will, as far as we know, remain. Though it will be a very different thing from death to-day —the most terrible feature of which is that it almost always comes too soon—yet we shall still have the same problem to solve which has troubled all thoughtful people in all ages. Perhaps we can begin to discern some kind of an answer if we look, not at the life of man alone, but at all the life of the earth.

Then it will seem as if death were the necessary condition of *more life;* it will be seen that all death is yet the beginning of further life upon the earth, that nothing is really wasted or lost; and even that, if it were not for death and birth, life could never have evolved from its lowly beginnings in the humblest animals and plants to what it is already. And even in our own lives we may see that there are great compensations for death—perhaps, if we could see far enough, we should even see that death makes life worth living. The best things in life are parenthood and children and childhood. If there were no death, then there could be no birth, for there would be no room for children, and a world without a child would perhaps not be a world worth living in.

The question of food-supply is practically the first question for all living things. Air is equally necessary, but it can always be had everywhere; food is not so plentiful. The commonest cause

of death among the lower creatures, both animals and plants, is starvation. This especially affects the young offspring of these creatures, and by far the greater number of all their young die from want of food.

OUGHT WE TO BE AFRAID TO DIE?

No animal is afraid to die, but that is because it does not think of the future, and cannot know what death is. A child does not *naturally* fear to die, though we can easily teach it to be afraid. For ages past many men have made it their business, for one reason or another, to teach people to be afraid to die. This applies only to our part of the world. In mighty Asia, where the greater number of all mankind is still to be found, men are not afraid of death. But in our part of the world they are, and for two reasons.

The first is that we are usually taught that death is very painful. This is false. As a rule, the only painless part of a painful illness is the death that ends it. Dying is no more painful than going to sleep. In both cases we slowly lose our feelings, because the carbonic acid and other substances in the brain prevent it from feeling any more. Nature is most merciful in this respect. It is the rarest of events for a death to be other than a quiet, peaceful going to sleep, from which there is no waking here—a scene painful to the lookers-on, but not at all so to the dying person.

Then men fear to die because of "the dread of something after death." Only the wisest of us, and those who believe in their hearts what they profess to believe with their lips, know that "to the good man no evil thing can happen," as Socrates said before they poisoned him. Another great and good man, Spinoza, said, among many other words of eternal truth: "The free man thinks of nothing so little as death, and his wisdom is a meditation not of death, but of life."

WHY DO WE GO TO SLEEP, AND WHAT GOOD DOES IT DO US?

No one is quite sure why we go to sleep, but probably the real reason is that while we are awake we make something in our bodies which the blood carries to the brain, so as to put it to sleep, just as medicine will put us to sleep; and the best kind of medicine is the kind that is most like the stuff that we make in our own bodies for this purpose.

We go to sleep so as to rest. The whole body rests when asleep, more or less—the brain, the heart, the lungs, the muscles, stomach and all. Children want a lot of sleep because children have to grow, and they do most of their growing during sleep; so if they will not go to bed they will not grow properly. Just for this reason sleep is more important for children than for any one else, though no one can get on without it. Many of the people who grow up too small or weak, or poor in their minds, are people who did not sleep enough when they were children. Time was when older people were careless about children's sleep, but one of the happiest and best things for children nowadays is that their sleep is looked after.

WHERE DO WE GO IN OUR SLEEP?

"Ah," might a wise man answer, "that is a question indeed! At any rate, I am quite sure that we do not go anywhere. We are still there, only we are not awake." That means that we are not awake to what is around us; but though we take no notice of what is around us, we are still there; and even while we are fast asleep we are often doing all sorts of things, or, rather, we think we are. This is so every time we have a dream, and we have far more dreams than we remember when we wake. Long ago savages used to think that men merely went away somewhere when they slept, and dreaming was one of the reasons that made them think so; but I am sure that that was a mistake.

Dreams do people all sorts of harm if they are not sensible about them; but we must be sensible, and then they will not hurt us or make us think that terrible things are going to happen. Dreams show that we have really not gone away, because they are almost always due to something disturbing us, and nothing could disturb us if we were not there, could it? So slight a thing as the wind in the chimney, or a leaf tapping on the window-pane, may make us dream. But the commonest thing that disturbs us is our stomach. If we eat too much before we go to sleep, and especially if we eat things that do not agree with us, then in the night they disturb the brain, and make part of it wake up, though not so much as to make us know where we are. So, also, noises often make us dream because they disturb the brain. But sounds could not disturb the brain if we were not still there to hear them.

Some persons will dream of certain matters that absorb many of their waking hours, while with others some very brief happening during the day becomes the subject of a dream at night.

WHY CAN'T WE REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED TO US WHEN WE WERE BABIES?

THERE are many faculties of the mind which we only possess as our brain grows older and gets more exercise, and memory is one of these. We can only remember things by exercising that part of the brain which has to do with memory, and when we are still babies there has not been time for that faculty to develop, although it grows much earlier in some children than in others. Besides this, the things happening to us when we are babies are all of much the same degree of importance to us; we do not yet understand what are the big things in our life, and what are not; and so one thing makes about as much impression upon us as another. Now, memory depends largely upon the impression made at the time of the incident; and it is only when the mind is sufficiently developed to judge of the importance of things that memory becomes a well-marked faculty.

CAN WE TRAIN THE MEMORY?

WHAT we call memory has really various different parts. There is, first of all, the fact that something sticks somewhere in the brain. Then there is the fact that when it is brought to our notice again we recognize it—that is to say, we remember that we have seen it before. And then there is the power of recalling and bringing it up into our minds at will. These three things are very often put together in our minds, and we simply call them memory, but they are not all the same thing.

All the evidence we can get seems to show that the mere power of holding on to a thing cannot be improved by any kind of training. As for the power of recognizing, that depends on the amount of attention we gave in the first place. But the power of recalling things at will can be trained, because it depends upon the extent to which different things are connected in our minds. We are more likely to be able to bring up things, so to speak, from our memory if we have more ropes to hold them by. This is the only way of training the memory that is worth anything; and learning by heart, though it may be necessary for other purposes, is of no use for the purpose of recalling. The real way to learn to remember is to think. The more a thing is thought about, and connected up, as it were, with other things in the mind, the more certainly and easily shall we remember that thing when we want to.

WHY DO WE FORGET SOME THINGS AND REMEMBER OTHERS?

MEMORY depends very largely on the impression made upon us by various incidents. The things we forget most easily are the things which do not strike us as being of much interest or importance when they occur. They readily escape our attention, and therefore are not impressed upon our memory. On the other hand, those things which appear to ourselves as great events in our lives—though they may not appear important to others—are firmly fixed in our memories, and always remembered, and it is for this reason that many trifling things are never forgotten. They did not appear to us trifling at the time, but made a deep impression.

HOW DID MEN LEARN TO TALK?

ANYTHING that expresses to some one else what is going on in our minds is, in a way, a sort of talking. We can tell by a baby's face, long before it can talk, something of what it wants and feels. We can also tell by a baby's cry a great deal of what it wants and feels. Now, that cry is made with its voice, just as talking is made, and is really a sort of untaught talking. It is made in the same way, and it serves the same purpose. Different kinds of cries have different meanings. Then, also, we not only move our faces and make sounds with our voices, but we move our hands and arms.

In some parts of the world these movements or gestures have definite meanings, and people can talk to each other in this way without saying a word. This is called "gesture language." Just in the same way, different kinds of sounds—and that is all that words are in themselves—can come to have special meanings of their own; and this is what happens when we talk. The simplest words, like "mamma," are those which a baby will make all the world over when it first tries to talk. You have only to breathe out through your mouth and separate your lips twice to say mamma. This is the baby's name for its mother in all languages, or something very like it; and if men forgot how to talk, the new babies would soon make a beginning with "mamma." It is beautiful that language began in this way.

HOW MANY WORDS DO MOST OF US USE?

WE need not tremble at the number of words it is possible to use. Our greatest writers find quite

a small number sufficient for their purpose. Shakespeare, with all his varied writings, used only about 15,000 different words. Milton needed only 8000 different words for "Paradise Lost," while the Old Testament contains fewer than 6000 different words. Some country people use only about 800 different words, and most of us use no more than one or two thousand.

The beauty of writing and speech lies not in the number of words used, but in the choice and placing of them. Simple language is the most beautiful. The finest English writing is in the Bible, in "Robinson Crusoe," and in "The Pilgrim's Progress," and in each of these books the language is so simple that a child may understand, while great scholars find equal delight in it.

WHERE DID THE ALPHABET COME FROM?

No one really knows all about where the alphabet came from, because it grew very slowly, like children and like every other good thing in the world. But we know quite well that no clever man sat down and made the alphabet, and we know quite well, too, that the alphabet began as pictures.

Just as a child reads or takes things in by pictures long before it can read letters, so men used to read and write by pictures; and then these pictures were gradually made simpler and simpler, until at last they could be used in every and any way, as our letters can. We know for certain that the letter O was at first the picture of an eye, and that gradually men made the picture simpler and simpler, until at last they just drew an O. We know for certain also that the letter I was once the picture of a man standing, and many people think that the letter A was once the picture of a house; and very likely a capital A may have been at first the picture of a pyramid.

Ages and ages ago in Egypt men used both kinds of writing. The priests used the oldest kind, which were the pictures. This was called the sacred writing. But the ordinary people used a different and newer kind of writing, in which the pictures were turned into letters. Not very many years ago, men tried in vain to read the old sacred picture-writing of the Egyptians, but they could not. Then they found a wonderful stone that had written upon it the same thing three times—once in the pictures and once in the letters, and also once in other letters, and so men got the key to the picture-writing, and now it can be read easily

WHY DO LANGUAGES CHANGE AS TIME PASSES?

Every language changes, whether people like to have it do so or not. New words are made, and old ones are forgotten. The English we speak and write is very different from Shakespeare's and Chaucer's. Languages have bad periods and good periods. Every one agrees that the English into which the Bible was translated was the best English there has ever been. These things are partly matters of fashion. Every one of experience in writing a language does something to make it better or worse; and every one who reads bad English and does not mind it is encouraging people to write bad English, and so make the language worse.

WILL ALL PEOPLE EVER SPEAK THE SAME LANGUAGE?

Probably not. Spoken language differs very much from written language. It is very likely, however, that some day there will be a common language which every one will know, and which will be used for the business purposes of writing, and for speeches on occasions when people from different countries are present. This language, whatever it is, will probably be based upon existing forms of speech, and it will certainly be as simple as any artificial language can be made. The useful world language will be likely to have a considerable amount of Latin in it, but it will certainly follow English in doing entirely without all the clumsy and unnecessary changes of gender and case and time which older languages are burdened with.

But it is a very different thing to say that all men will ever come to speak the same language. Such a notion allows nothing for invention, for local peculiarities, and for slang, which grows into regular language in some degree. And the best proof that men will still continue to speak in their own way is to be found in what is now happening to English in our own country, in Australia, and in South Africa. There we find that the spoken language, still more than the written language, is taking its own shape; and what is spoken gets in time to be written—at any rate, in the books that deal with the life of the country.

It would be a great pity if all the poetry, for instance, that is to come must be confined to one language, however good. All nations are richer for having great poems.

WHAT LANGUAGE DID JESUS SPEAK?

THERE is a great group of languages which are all classed as Semitic or Jewish. Among these are some which are named after the old word for Syria—the word Aram. They are called Aramaic languages. It was one of these Aramaic languages that was spoken by Jesus, for before his time Aramaic had become the language that was spoken in Palestine. We can learn a lesson here. The Aramaic language itself is not a beautiful one to hear. The words are not beautiful so far as their mere sound is concerned. Nor is this what would be called a highly developed language; it is far from being so. Indeed, the language which Jesus spoke was humble, and so in keeping with everything else that we know about his life; but in this humble language, with its rather ugly sound, he said the noblest and most beautiful things that have ever been uttered on the earth; and in whatever language they are now spoken, whether ancient Aramaic, or any harsh modern language, or a beautiful modern language like Italian, they are no less beautiful, and no more—for more they could not be. It is not the sounds that matter, but what is said by them.

WHY HAVE WE DIFFERENT WORDS FOR THE SAME THING?

LANGUAGE would be apt to be rather dull if we had only one word for everything. For instance, we should have to repeat it so often that it would become tiresome. Then, again, if we have different words for the same thing, we can use them, if we are clever, so as really to mean different varieties of the same thing. A poor language will have only one word where a very rich, full language, like our own, will have such words as joy, delight, pleasure, happiness, bliss, rapture, ecstasy—which all mean practically the same, and yet do not mean quite the same thing. We should use them to express different shades of meaning, and so we could say of somebody who became happier and happier that joy became bliss, and bliss became ecstasy.

Apart from this, there are many cases where we have two or more words for the same thing simply because they have come from different languages. For instance, commencement is sometimes used instead of beginning; the former comes from Latin, the latter is the good old Anglo-Saxon word, and many think that we should always use it in preference to the other. Then, also, we have words which are really the same, only that one of them has come to us from Latin through the French; while the other is a word which came into English directly from the Latin at the time of the revival of learning. Such words are called doublets, like loyal and legal, royal and regal, sure and secure, and many more.

ARE NEW WORDS MADE FOR NEW THINGS?

YES; new words are made for new things; and so it is that language is changed more quickly in countries where people write and read a great deal, and where new things are made and done. Then people always want to save time in speaking and reading and writing, so they get shorter ways of saying things, and the tendency of all words is to get shorter. French shows this very much; for instance, in *père,* the French word for father, they have dropped the *t* of pater altogether. We have done the same with *I,* while the Germans still say *Ich* and the Romans actually took the trouble of saying two syllables, *Ego.* Then the Romans said *est* for *is,* and the Germans still say *ist.* The French keep the letters *est,* but they only pronounce the first of them. The modern Italians have not only stopped pronouncing the *st,* but have stopped writing them, and their word for *is* is simply *e.* But if you spent your whole life collecting cases like this, you would not come to the end.

HOW MANY WORDS ARE THERE IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE?

A DOZEN great scholars might give as many answers to this question. One of them, some years ago, gave the number as only 38,000. But a still greater scholar, Professor Max Müller, who was, perhaps, the greatest authority of his time on words, put the number of words in the English language at 100,000. He compared the growth and development of our language with the putting of grain in a sieve. Most of the chaff has been winnowed off, and with it have gone many good grains. Good old English words, which we now consider only dialect words, or which our English friends call "Americanisms," have gone out of the language. If we include all the words which have fixed places in the dialects of English-speaking countries, and include also many which we know were spoken in earlier times, we shall have to put the total at 300,000, or more, for the English language.

The number is constantly growing. Words

have to be invented for new industries, and they become part of the language. When a new dictionary was made, not many years ago, it was found that the new words necessary for use in relation to electricity and electrical appliances numbered over 4000. A similar increase had taken place with regard to other arts and sciences. Most of them are purely technical words, but, little by little, they become common words as all of us get to know more about science; and so the language grows.

WHY HAS THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE SO MANY WORDS FROM OTHERS?

The English language would be a very poor thing if it had not the advantage of helping itself to all the words it wants from other languages. Men had been reading and writing and thinking for many ages when our ancestors were savages. The various races who invaded the British islands long ago took with them their languages, and all the scholars who have read Greek and Latin have introduced words from those languages, such as the word "introduce," which means "lead within." English is the most mixed language in the world, and that is the reason why some scholars claim that it is the best, having more variety, more power of expression, more power of being turned equally well to purposes of beauty, to purposes of dignity, or to purposes of exactness, than any other language there is. Most of its commonest words are Anglo-Saxon in origin; a great many are Norman-French; a few are Celtic, many are German, and many more—the number of which is daily increasing—are Latin and Greek.

WHY DO WE LEARN LATIN WHEN NO COUNTRY TALKS IT?

Not so many hundreds of years ago Latin was the universal language of scholars. In those days, any one who had a book to write wrote in Latin. So Newton in England, and Galileo in Italy, and Copernicus in Denmark, for instance, all wrote the same language. Any one who meant to be a scholar then, of course had to learn Latin. Things have utterly changed now, but children are still taught Latin, and the real reason is that children used to be taught Latin, and therefore children are taught it to-day. The reason commonly given is that we must learn Latin in order to enjoy the great authors who wrote in Latin. If that were the real reason, then the teaching of Latin would be a terrible failure, as not one boy or girl in ten thousand ever gets to that point. Also, nowadays all the great writers of antiquity have been well translated into every modern language by great scholars who spent their whole lives in finding out the exact meaning of what those authors wrote.

Yet there is still a very good reason why every one who has plenty of time for his education should learn a little Latin. This is that it helps us to understand and appreciate the value of English. For instance, take that last sentence. Every one who has learned Latin knows that appreciate means "put a price to," and that the word value comes from a Latin word meaning "to be strong," as when we say a valiant man, or that a person or a thing is invalid—not strong. If an English-speaking boy has learned Latin for a few years at school, it thus helps him to use and enjoy his own language—which is half Latin.

WHY ARE THERE SO MANY LANGUAGES?

Very many words really begin in imitation of sounds. You know words like buzz, whir, pop, and so on. People who study language know that far more words begin in this way than most people think. Apart from that, however, we often have to make words simply by inventing them. The word does not matter as long as every one is agreed as to what it means. A word is only a name. You would still be you if you had been called Tom instead of Harry, or Monica instead of Marjorie. Shakespeare says in one of his plays:

> What 's in a name? That which we call a rose
> By any other name would smell as sweet.

So in different parts of the world different names have been invented; but, really, different languages are a thousand times more alike than we think—Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and French are really close relatives, because the different peoples who speak them are in large measure descended from the same people. So, nowadays we can often learn the history of a nation by its language. English may be the finest language in the world for all purposes, but it is a very strange mixture. "Mixture," for instance, is Latin, and so are tens of thousands of English words. Many others are a sort of French, and many others Anglo-Saxon, which is very like German.

DID MAN ALWAYS WRITE?

WRITING is a form of speech, only written instead of spoken. But it is very much more difficult to learn, as we all know; and if we think for a moment, we shall see that it must have been vastly more difficult to invent. Indeed, a simple kind of speech scarcely required invention at all, for it could grow out of mere noises that meant pleasure, or anger, or distress. But writing requires invention. It needs people to agree with one another that certain marks shall mean certain things; and this is true even though we know that writing grew out of simple pictures of things like the eye, or a man standing, that any one could recognize.

We do not think there can be any doubt that, just as we all can talk and understand what other people say long before we can write, so mankind could talk long before writing was invented. We have evidence of the existence of human beings who have left us rude pictures scratched on bones, for instance, but no signs at all of any kind of writing. Indeed, "man before writing" was, until lately, supposed to have lived in Europe not many thousands of years ago; and though we now know that writing goes back much farther than we used to think, we can guess fairly well about the time that it was invented. It was easily the most wonderful invention of all time.

WHICH PEOPLE FIRST WROTE BOOKS?

WRITING is so important for mankind, as it preserves knowledge and enables it to gather like a snowball from generation to generation, that this question is one of the most interesting in the world. But it is very much less interesting if by "books" we mean something like our books—made of paper and bound together; or even if we include in the term writing on loose sheets of anything. The real question should cover all writing; whatever it was on matters very little. Writing on paper is at least as old as 2000 years before Christ, and it was done by the Egyptians. They made the paper from the stems of a plant called the papyrus; and, of course, if sheets of this paper are bound together, that is a book.

Long before paper was invented, men wrote on other things, and one of the commonest was clay. This could be made into bricks or into cylinders, and these were written on, hardened, and kept. To-day we have thousands of these most ancient of books—as they really are—in museums. They were used first, so far as we know, by the Babylonians and the Assyrians, even before the time of the Egyptian civilization; but it is quite likely that they are older still, and that the Babylonians learned how to write "books" on clay from earlier people, who were probably the ancestors of the Chinese.

WHAT DOES ENCYCLOPÆDIA MEAN?

THIS is quite an easy question. *En* means *in,* and is added to make the word stronger; indeed, the word is often used without the *en,* and just written *cyclopædia,* or both may be written without the diphthong *æ*—simply *e*. Then the next part of the word comes from the Greek word *cyclos,* a circle, and tells us that a book called an encyclopædia is not about one thing only, but goes all the way round knowledge. And the last part of the word is just the English form of a Greek word *paideia,* which means teaching or instruction. So an encyclopædia is a circle of teaching. The word that means teaching comes in Greek from another word, *pais,* which means a child, because, of course, teaching suggests a child, and a child suggests teaching. So the very word tells us that it has something to do with a child. There is a long English word for schoolmaster made from Greek, and it begins with *paed,* and really means the "man who drives a child"; but the word is so ugly, and gives such an ugly idea of a schoolmaster, that we need say no more about it.

WHAT DO WE MEAN BY TRADITION?

WHEN knowledge of any kind is handed down from father to son, we say that it is tradition, which really means "giving across." Tradition may be given across by word of mouth, or, in later stages of civilization, by books. It is one of the most unfortunate things in the history of the world that tradition so very often gets lost, as in the case of the pyramids, for instance. Probably tradition is quite safe so long as a particular civilization persists, but it is always seriously endangered when one nation is conquered by another. For one thing, books and inscribed stones and walls are destroyed by the soldiers when cities are captured, and so all the traditional knowledge which they contain is lost to the world.

DOES THE SHAPE OF THE BRAIN MEAN ANYTHING?

THE fact that the shape of the head does not correspond to the shape of the brain is one serious objection to phrenology. Another is still

more serious. It is that the differences in the mere outside shape, and even in the size and weight, of brains are probably of little or no importance. The differences between brains are of very great importance, but they are to be found only in the gray matter of the various parts, and in the number and shape and arrangement of the cells that compose the gray matter. These differences can be seen only when the brain is finely sliced and thoroughly and carefully examined by the microscope.

WHAT IS A THOUGHT?

We should always make a point of using the word thought in the strict way to mean the putting together of two ideas. "Tom is good" is a thought. It puts together the idea of Tom and the idea of goodness. We say that there is a relation between Tom and the state of goodness. "Tom is not good" is another thought, asserting another kind of relation between Tom and goodness.

So it has been said that thinking is relationing. If the relationing corresponds to the relation of the facts, then the thinking is true; if not, it is false. Of course, we cannot help asking ourselves what it is that does this relationing or thinking, whether rightly or wrongly—we all do it in both ways. Some people would say that it is your brain that thinks, but I will say that it is your brain by which *you* think.

WHAT MAKES US THINK?

In the first place, we think because it is our nature to think. We are thinking beings, and this it is which distinguishes us from all other creatures. We have brains so made that they are capable of being thought with, but we are very apt not to use our powers—just as the owner of a violin may leave it long in its case and make no use of the instrument.

It has been said that "men think very little and very seldom." Many of us are too much taken up with the business of life. We stop asking questions, though when we were children we used to ask many. This is a very great pity. We think when we are interested. There must be something to start us moving. When we grow up and have to earn our living we often cease to be interested in many things that really do matter, and simply stop thinking about them; but it is a pity we do not think about the best things.

WHY CAN WE THINK OF ONLY ONE THING AT A TIME?

If we mean thinking in the strict sense of steadily and purposely reasoning from one thing to another, then it is quite true that we cannot think of more than one thing at a time. The reason of this is that such thinking requires all our attention, and the brain is so made that close attention means running nearly all its power in one direction.

If, however, we are not thinking very hard, it is quite possible for other things to be passing through the mind at the same time. On the other hand, we all know that when we are very deeply interested in something, and give it all our attention, we may think so completely of the one thing alone that the particular part of our mind in the background which usually reminds us that we have something else to do may not be heard at all.

CAN WE EVER STOP THINKING?

As long as we are awake there is something going on in the mind which may or may not be thinking in the proper sense of the word, but which, if not thinking, is at any rate feeling and willing.

If we stop all thinking and feeling and willing, then we are no longer awake, but asleep. At least, that appears at first to be true. But when we carefully study what happens during sleep, we find reason to suppose that some parts of the brain are always more or less awake. So, if by thinking we mean simply being more or less awake, then the answer probably is that, from birth to death, this kind of thinking is, to a greater or less extent, going on all the time.

But the word thinking is best used to mean real thinking, putting two and two together, and really arguing from one thing to another, asking the why and wherefore, and trying to find out the answer. That is real thinking, and the difficulty for most people is not how to stop it, but how to begin it, and how to keep it going on when it is begun. We make a very great mistake if we suppose that all the time we are awake we are thinking in this sense of the word.

DO WE THINK IN WORDS?

We can think very simple thoughts, but they must really be very simple indeed, without the use of words, and to that extent animals may

think, and sometimes do. They think without words just as far as we can. But this is almost nothing. Practically, all our thinking is done in words. What we must try to remember is that words are good servants but bad masters. Too many people allow words to lead them astray. Instead of words being instruments for their minds to think with, they are chains in which their minds are bound. Every word has a meaning—that is to say, it stands for something, and words are not worth anything in themselves, except, perhaps, that some of them make beautiful sounds.

CAN WE THINK WITHOUT WORDS?

THERE are other kinds of what is really thinking, where the things which are put together or related are not words, but something else. Some men, for instance, in doing what is called algebra, can think without using words at all. They can find out, for instance, what this means: $A + B \times A - B$. Or, instead of thinking in words or figures, they can think in lines and angles and curves, and find out all sorts of wonderful things in this way. Euclid could think in this way about as well as any one who ever lived could think. Other men can think in sounds. One of the greatest musicians that ever lived, Beethoven, wrote some of the most marvelous music in the world, which will be listened to as long as men have ears, long after he had become stone-deaf. He put the ideas of the sounds together in his head. He could think in notes as easily as you and I can think in words.

CAN WE TEACH OURSELVES TO THINK?

DIFFERENT people vary greatly by nature in their inclination to think. A small number of people, sometimes with not very good minds, but sometimes with such that they become the great thinkers of the world, are almost bound to think most of their time, whether about big or little things. Some of them cannot stop thinking even when they want to sleep. It was the greatest difficulty for Herbert Spencer, for instance, to prevent himself from thinking, and he had to use all sorts of devices to make his mind stop working for a little.

Most of us have the opposite difficulty, because very often at school we merely have our memory crammed and are not taught to think at all. But it is possible to learn the good habit of thinking, just as one can learn bad habits. We ought to set ourselves to ask the reasons of things, and also to read the right kinds of books, which are those that simply compel us to think, whether we want to or not. The time will come when real education of the mind is seen to be the learning to think. That is the great use of *facts* in real education—that we may turn them into *faculty*, the power of thinking.

WHY DOES THE FACE CHANGE WHEN WE THINK HARD?

UNDERNEATH the skin of the face is a great number of small but wonderful little muscles. These have various uses, such as to open and shut the mouth, raise the eyebrows, and so on, but they are all governed by a single pair of nerves which come from the brain, and which are called the facial nerves, one for each side of the face. These nerves are closely connected with the brain, and so it is that almost everything which happens in the brain affects them, and may show its signs in the face by movements of the muscles which these nerves control. It is not only when we think, but also when we feel, that the face changes. This is best shown in children.

But it is possible in some degree for us to control the movements of our faces, so that, for instance, we may look happy when we feel sad. Grown-up people usually learn to control the movements of the face; but this is largely a matter of habit. People's faces do not tell nearly so much in England as, for instance, they do in Italy, where people allow their faces to show what they feel and think, just as a child does. When a person's face expresses his thoughts and feelings, we say that it is "expressive," and it is rather nice to meet some one whose face is not like a mask that cannot move.

CAN PEOPLE READ OUR THOUGHTS?

THERE are, of course, ways of guessing people's thoughts about which we all know something. Some people's thoughts are more easily guessed than others because their faces show more readily the kind of feelings that they are having; and if we can read their feelings, we can often guess the thoughts that arouse those feelings. People also vary much in their power of reading other people's faces, and so guessing their thoughts; and there is little doubt that, on the whole, women are a good deal cleverer at this than men. Of course, something depends on how well we are acquainted with the face we are looking at.

POEMS FOR CHILDREN OF ALL AGES

PART XIV



THAT LITTLE CHRISTMAS TREE

BY HELEN STANDISH PERKINS

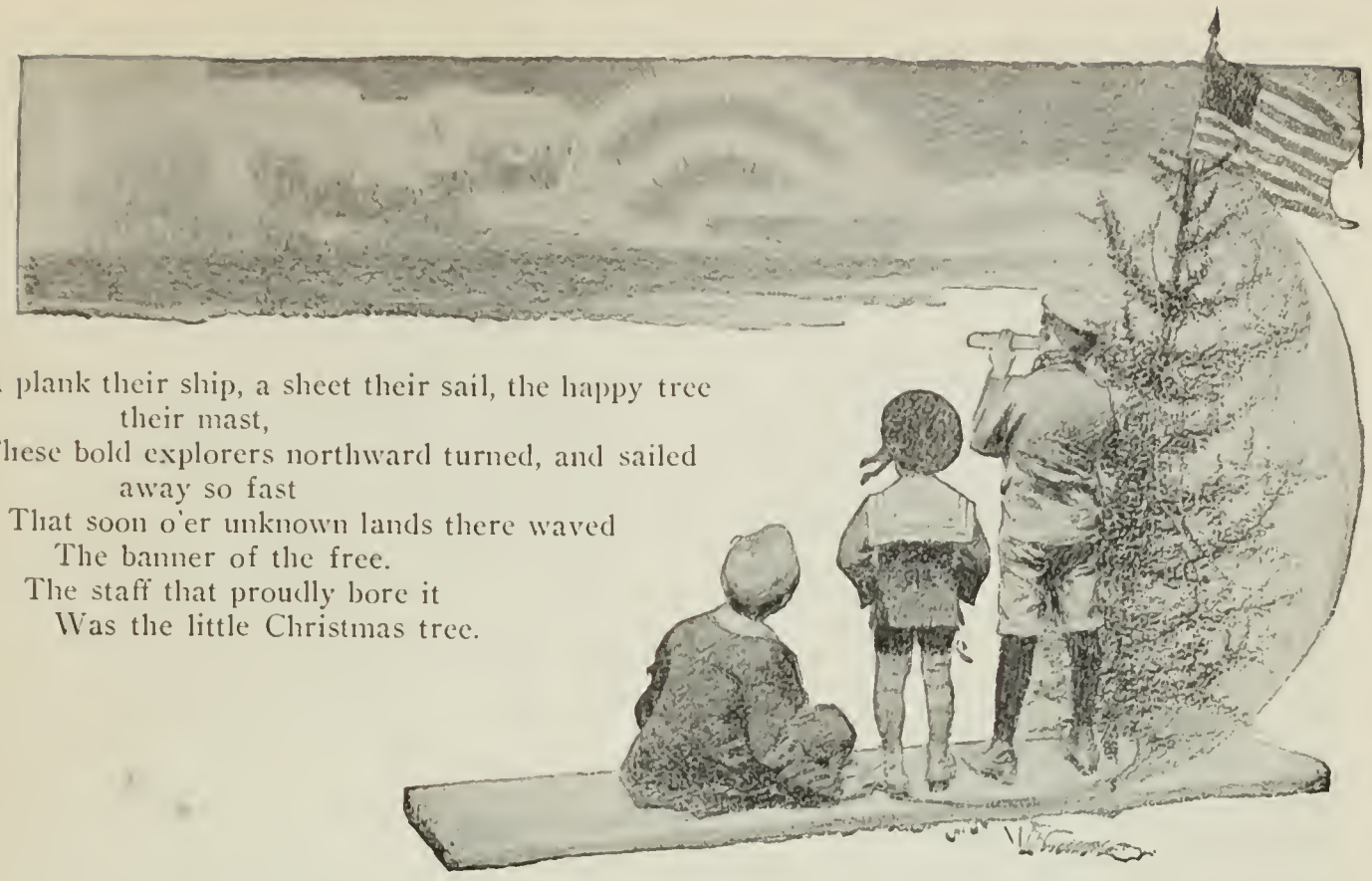
It was a little Christmas tree, with candles all aglow,
And golden balls and silver stars, a bright and shining row.
The children danced around it, and clapped their hands with glee;
And not a child was happier than the little Christmas tree.



But next week, stripped of all its gifts, and cast into the yard,
It murmured with a little sigh: "Now, surely this is hard!
To give delight for but that night,
And then to be forgot,
Would seem to be for any tree
A most unhappy lot!"



But Ned and Ted and little Fred
soon spied it where it lay.
"Hurrah!" they cried, "a mast! a mast!
We 'll sail and sail away,
And far across the Arctic seas
Our gallant ship shall go
To find the seals and polar bears
And jolly Esquimaux."



A plank their ship, a sheet their sail, the happy tree
their mast,
These bold explorers northward turned, and sailed
away so fast
That soon o'er unknown lands there waved
The banner of the free.
The staff that proudly bore it
Was the little Christmas tree.

What afterward befell it would take me long to tell:
It once became a fairy wood, where elves and dryads dwell;
And once a prancing, coal-black steed,
With a noble knight astride;
And once a dark and gloomy cave
Where bears and lions hide.



But when, one day, there wandered by a
ragged, shiv'ring boy,
He saw the little Christmas tree and
dragged it home with joy.
A merry blaze he kindled,
With its welcome warmth and shine,
And the cold bare room was fragrant
With the odor of the pine.





"THE CHILDREN DANCED AROUND IT."



The children crowded round it with
happy eyes so bright;
The tree thought of the glittering
stars and candles all alight.
The firelight shone upon the floor
And danced upon the wall.
"Ah," sighed the little Christmas tree,
"*This* is the best of all!"

This tale, dear little children,
Is true as it can be;
For I saw all these things happen
To that little Christmas tree.





"THE CHILDREN CROWDED ROUND IT WITH HAPPY EYES SO BRIGHT."



DOWN BY THE SEA

BY G. A. HARKER

When I was playing by the sea
A big umbrell' they gave to me
To shade me from the sun.

So on the beach I walked and walked,
And watched the waves, and talked and talked
And found it heaps of fun.

JINGLES

WASTED PITY

BY S. VIRGINIA LEVIS

Said Miss Kangaroo
Who lives in the Zoo,—
"Poor Mr. Tiger! he ought to be free,
To roam all at home in the jungle," said she.

"Huh!" said the Gnu,
"I differ with you;
Just look at that striped suit he wears every day
His place is behind iron bars, I should say!"

BENNIE BENT

BY CLARA ODELL LYON

"A better boy than Bennie Bent
There never was," they said;
"He eats his meals three times a day,
And at night he goes to bed."



"FOR WELL WE KNOW THE WINDING ROAD THAT LEADS TO FAIRY LAND."

THE ROAD TO FAIRY LAND

THE day is dull and dreary,
And chilly winds and eerie
Are sweeping through the tall oak trees that fringe the orchard lane.
They send the dead leaves flying,
And with a mournful crying
They dash the western window-panes with slanting lines of rain.
My little 'Trude and Teddy,
Come quickly and make ready,
Take down from off the highest shelf the book you think so grand.
We 'll travel off together,
To lands of golden weather,
For well we know the winding road that leads to Fairy Land.

A long, long road, no byway,
The fairy kings' broad highway,
Sometimes we 'll see a castled hill stand up against the blue,
And every brook that passes,
A-whispering through the grasses,
Is just a magic fountain filled with youth and health for you;
And we 'll meet fair princesses
With shining golden tresses,
Some pacing by on palfreys white, some humbly tending sheep;
And merchants homeward faring,
With goods beyond comparing,
And in the hills are robber bands, who dwell in caverns deep.

Sometimes the road ascending,
Around a mountain bending,
Will lead us to the forests dark, and there among the pines
Live woodmen, to whose dwelling
Come wicked witches, telling
Of wondrous gifts of golden wealth. There, too, are lonely mines.
But busy gnomes have found them,
And all night work around them,
And sometimes leave a bag of gold at some poor cottage door.
There waterfalls are splashing,
And down the rocks are dashing,
But we can hear the sprites' clear call above the torrent's roar.

Where quiet rivers glisten
We 'll sometimes stop and listen
To tales a gray old hermit tells, or wandering minstrel's song.
We 'll loiter by the ferries,
And pluck the wayside berries,
And watch the gallant knights spur by in haste to right a wrong.
Oh, little 'Trude and Teddy,
For wonders, then, make ready,
You 'll see a shining gateway, and, within, a palace grand,
Of elfin realm the center;
But pause before you enter
To pity all good folk who 've missed the road to Fairy Land.

Cecil Cavendish.

THE BELLS

By Edgar Allan Poe

I

Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars, that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

II

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!—
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

III

Hear the loud alarum bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror now their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor
Now—now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling,
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

IV

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
They are Ghouls:

And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls
A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances, and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells—
Of the bells:
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

HIAWATHA'S SAILING

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

"Give me of your bark, O Birch-tree!
Of your yellow bark, O Birch-tree!
Growing by the rushing river,
Tall and stately in the valley!
I a light canoe will build me,
Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,
That shall float upon the river,
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily!
Lay aside your cloak, O Birch-tree!
Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,
For the Summer-time is coming,
And the sun is warm in heaven,
And you need no white-skin wrapper!"
Thus aloud cried Hiawatha
In the solitary forest,
By the rushing Taquamenaw,
When the birds were singing gaily,
In the Moon of Leaves were singing,
And the sun, from sleep awaking,
Started up and said, "Behold me!
Geezis, the great Sun, behold me!"
And the tree with all its branches
Rustled in the breeze of morning,
Saying, with a sigh of patience,
"Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!"

With his knife the tree he girdled;
Just beneath its lowest branches,
Just above the roots, he cut it,
Till the sap came oozing outward;
Down the trunk, from top to bottom,
Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,
With a wooden wedge he raised it,
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.
"Give me of your boughs, O Cedar!
Of your strong and pliant branches,
My canoe to make more steady,
Make more strong and firm beneath me!"
Through the summit of the Cedar
Went a sound, a cry of horror,
Went a murmur of resistance;
But it whispered, bending downward,
"Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!"
Down he hewed the boughs of cedar,
Shaped them straightway to a framework,
Like two bows he formed and shaped them,
Like two bended bows together.
"Give me of your roots, O Tamarack!
Of your fibrous roots, O Larch-tree!
My canoe to bind together,
So to bind the ends together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!"
And the Larch, with all its fibers,
Shivered in the air of morning,
Touched his forehead with its tassels,
Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,
"Take them all, O Hiawatha!"
From the earth he tore the fibers,
Tore the tough roots of the Larch-tree,
Closely sewed the bark together,
Bound it closely to the framework.
"Give me of your balm, O Fir-tree!
Of your balsam and your resin,
So to close the seams together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!"
And the Fir-tree, tall and somber,
Sobbed through all its robes of darkness,
Rattled like a shore with pebbles,
Answered wailing, answered weeping,
"Take my balm, O Hiawatha!"
And he took the tears of balsam,
Took the resin of the Fir-tree,
Smeared therewith each seam and fissure,
Made each crevice safe from water.
"Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog!
All your quills, O Kagh, the Hedgehog!
I will make a necklace of them,
Make a girdle for my beauty,
And two stars to deck her bosom!"
From a hollow tree the Hedgehog
With his sleepy eyes looked at him,

Shot his shining quills, like arrows,
Saying, with a drowsy murmur,
Through the tangle of his whiskers,
"Take my quills, O Hiawatha!"
From the ground the quills he gathered,
All the little shining arrows,
Stained them red and blue and yellow,
With the juice of roots and berries;
Into his canoe he wrought them,
Round its waist a shining girdle,
Round its bows a gleaming necklace,
On its breast two stars resplendent.
Thus the Birch-Canoe was builded
In the valley, by the river,
In the bosom of the forest;
And the forest's life was in it,
All its mystery and its magic,
All the lightness of the Birch-tree,
All the toughness of the Cedar,
All the Larch's supple sinews;
And it floated on the river
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily.
Paddles none had Hiawatha,
Paddles none he had or needed,
For his thoughts as paddles served him,
And his wishes served to guide him;
Swift or slow at will he glided,
Veered to right or left at pleasure.
Then he called aloud to Kwasind,
To his friend, the strong man, Kwasind,
Saying, "Help me clear this river
Of its sunken logs and sand-bars."
Straight into the river Kwasind
Plunged as if he were an otter,
Dived as if he were a beaver,
Stood up to his waist in water,
To his armpits in the river,
Swam and shouted in the river,
Tugged at sunken logs and branches,
With his hands he scooped the sand-bars,
With his feet the ooze and tangle.
And thus sailed my Hiawatha
Down the rushing Taquamenaw,
Sailed through all its bends and windings,
Sailed through all its deeps and shallows,
While his friend, the strong man, Kwasind,
Swam the deeps, the shallows waded.
Up and down the river went they,
In and out among its islands,
Cleared its bed of root and sand-bar,
Dragged the dead trees from its channel,
Made its passage safe and certain,
Made a pathway for the people,
From its springs among the mountains,
To the waters of Pauwating,
To the bay of Taquamenaw.

THE NIGHT-PIECE

By Robert Herrick

Her eyes the glowworm lend thee,
The shooting stars attend thee;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will-o'-the-wisp mislight thee,
Nor snake or slowworm bite thee;
But on, on thy way,
Not making a stay,
Since ghost there 's none to affright thee.

Let not the dark thee cumber;
What though the moon does slumber?
The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers clear, without number.

THE "GRAY SWAN"

By Alice Cary

"Oh, tell me, sailor, tell me true,
Is my little lad, my Elihu,
A-sailing with your ship?"
The sailor's eyes were dim with dew.
"Your little lad, your Elihu?"
He said with trembling lip—
"What little lad? what ship?"

"What little lad? as if there could be
Another such a one as he!
What little lad, do you say?
Why Elihu, that took to the sea
The moment I put him off my knee!
It was just the other day
The 'Gray Swan' sailed away."

"The other day?" The sailor's eyes
Stood open with a great surprise:
"The other day? the 'Swan'?"
His heart began in his throat to rise.
"Ay, ay, sir, here in the cupboard lies
The jacket he had on."
"And so your lad is gone?"

"Gone with the 'Swan'?"—"And did she stand
With her anchor clutching hold of the sand
For a month, and never stir?"
"Why, to be sure! I 've seen from the land,
Like a lover kissing his lady's hand,
The wild sea kissing her—
A sight to remember, sir!"

"But, my good mother, do you know
All this was twenty years ago?
I stood on the 'Gray Swan's' deck,
And to that lad I saw you throw,
Taking it off as it might be—so!—
The kerchief from your neck."
"Ay, and he 'll bring it back!"

"And did the little lawless lad,
That has made you sick and made you sad,
Sail with the 'Gray Swan's' crew?"
"Lawless! The man is going mad!
The best boy ever mother had!—
Be sure he sailed with the crew!
What would you have him do?"

"And has he never written line,
Nor sent you word, nor made you sign,
To say he was alive?"
"Hold! If 't was wrong, the wrong is mine;
Besides, he may lie in the brine;
And could he write from the grave?
Tut, man! what would you have?"

"Gone twenty years—a long, long cruise!
'T was wicked thus your love to abuse!
But if the lad still live,
And come back home, think you you can
Forgive him?" "Miserable man!
You 're mad as the sea, you rave!
What have I to forgive?"

The sailor twitched his shirt so blue,
And from within his bosom drew
The kerchief. She was wild.
"O God, my Father! is it true?
My little lad, my Elihu!
My blessed boy, my child!
My dead, my living child!"

THE OWL

By Alfred, Lord Tennyson

When cats run home and light is come,
And dew is cold upon the ground,
And the far-off stream is dumb,
And the whirring sail goes round,
And the whirring sail goes round;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

When merry milkmaids click the latch,
And rarely smells the new-mown hay,
And the cock hath sung beneath the thatch
Twice or thrice his roundelay,
Twice or thrice his roundelay;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

A CHRISTMAS LULLABY

By John Addington Symonds

Sleep, baby, sleep! The mother sings:
Heaven's angels kneel and fold their wings.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

With swathes of scented hay thy bed
By Mary's hand at eve was spread.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

At midnight came the shepherds, they
Whom seraphs wakened by the way.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

And three kings from the East afar,
Ere dawn came, guided by the star.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

They brought thee gifts of gold and gems,
Pure orient pearls, rich diadems.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

But thou who liest slumbering there,
Art King of kings, earth, ocean, air.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep! The shepherds sing:
Through heaven, through earth, hosannas ring.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

THE BOOK HOUSE



A BOOK is just a House of Thought,
Where many Things and People live.
Beyond its doors Great Things are taught,
And all its Dwellers give and give.
So walk right through the open door
With kindly Heart and brain awake.
You'll find in there a Wonder Store
Of Good Things, all for you to take.

The Dwellers in *your* Book House know
All sorts of tales to tell to you,
And each will try his best to show
The way those tales of Wonder grew.
For this our Book House Friends expect
A trifling payment in return;
Just thoughtful Kindness and Respect,—
That's all they *ask* for all we *learn*.

John-martin

This BOOK belongs to

THE BOOK TREE

A BOOK TREE is a Knowledge Tree,
As almost anyone can see.
Long, long ago its seed was sown;
For *years* and *years* the Tree has grown.
Ten thousand thousand Hearts & Heads
Have cared for it, so now it spreads
Its Roots and Branches far and wide,
And casts its shade on every side.

This Tree bears Fruit of different kinds
For many Hearts and many Minds.
So all you Children have to do
Is just to take what's *best* for you.
But no one ever soils or breaks
The Golden Fruit he *needs* and takes,
And no one ever bends or tears
The Books this Tree of Knowledge bears.

"John-martin"



Copyright 1910 by Morgan Shepard